CTION

Saturday Review

OCTOBER 10, 1953 / 20¢

Margot Fonteyn, prima ballerina of Sadler's Wells Ballet Company
(See page 36)

THE FLOWERING OF CHICAGO

By Emmett Dedmon

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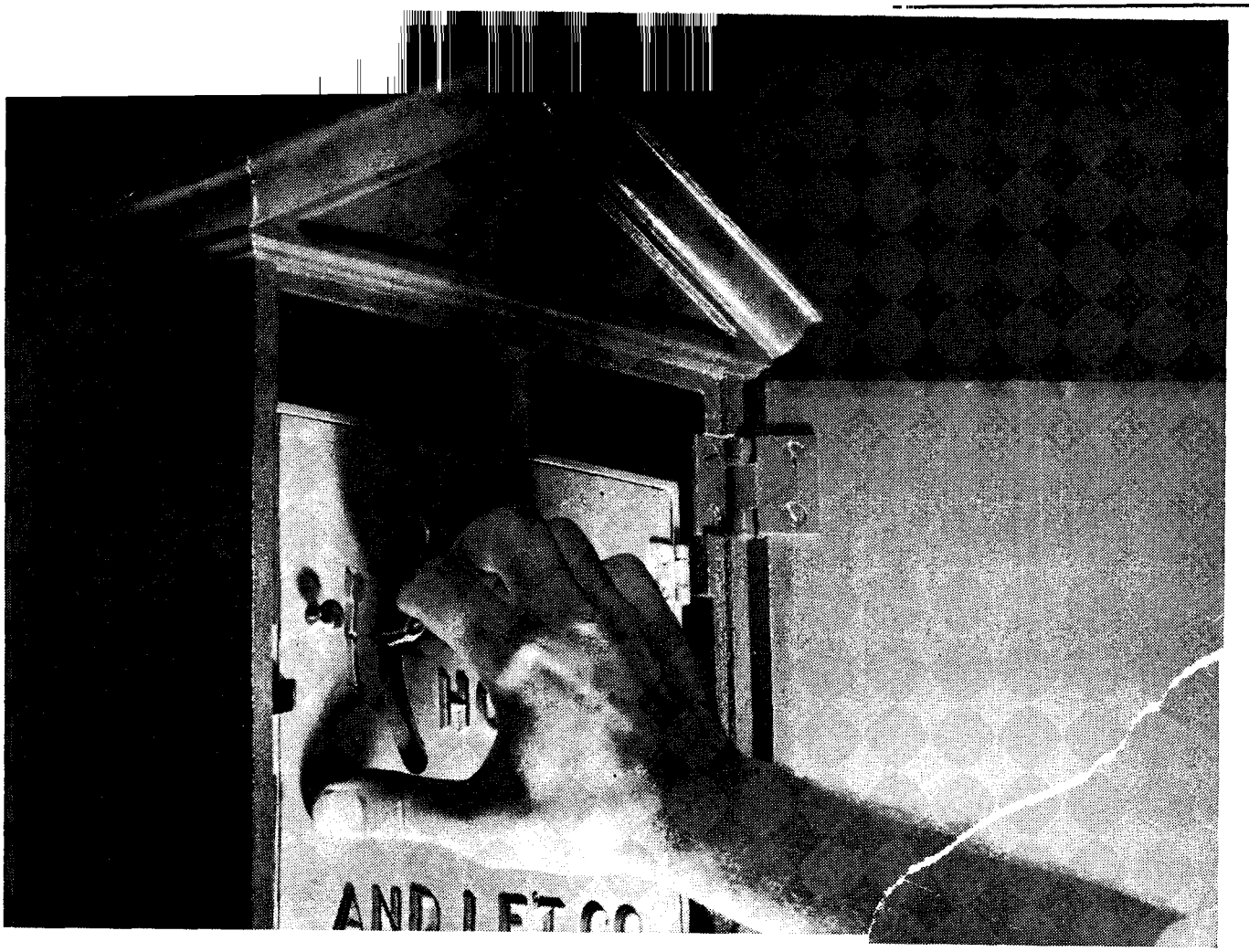

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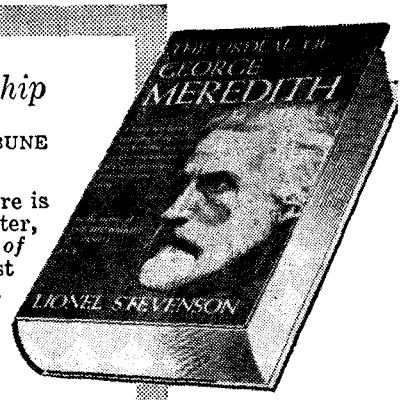

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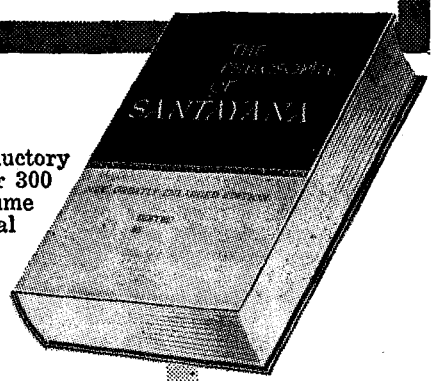

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The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 10, 1953

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVI, No. 41, Oct. 10, 1953. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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THE EDITOR

The job of the editor of a novel is one of the aspects of book publishing least understood by outsiders. To many persons, including some would-be writers, the editor is a genius who has but to wave a blue pencil over a manuscript, and, presto, there is a work of art. This picture is pleasant to contemplate; unfortunately it is not true.

¶ A successful relationship between an author and editor must be basically that of two friends. Like any human relationship, this one allows all degrees of intimacy and intensity. The editor may be father-confessor, wise friend, drinking companion, or he may be none of these. A good editor does anything for his author except one thing: he does not write his book.

¶ The writer's task is a demanding one, and a private one. While a novel is being written, it is the editor's job to sustain his writer: to encourage him, to serve as his sounding board, to aid in amending his mistakes, or to leave him alone; but, finally, to say to him — your book should now be published. For, as every editor knows, publication is the greatest writing teacher of all.

¶ In deciding when to publish, the editor must consider two factors above all others. He must first ask whether an author can work further on his book without harming it and even endangering his future career.

¶ His second decision is made on behalf of the publisher. The editor picks the time when a novel, either as a finished work, or as an imperfect product but an important stage in an author's development, represents a reasonable business venture for his firm.

¶ These decisions constitute the crucial part of the editor's job. The best editor concentrates on learning to make them wisely. And he does not worry about "discovering" writers, for he knows that no one may discover a writer but the writer himself.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

This space is reserved by Doubleday & Company of 575 Madison Avenue, NYC 22, for periodic informal comments on the reading, writing and publishing of books.

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SR's Library Poll

JUST published and heretofore not figuring in *The Saturday Review*'s Library Poll, "Sexual Behavior in the Human Female," by Alfred C. Kinsey, jumped this week to fourth position.

Another newcomer to high standing in *SR*'s weekly poll was Alan Paton's second notable novel of South Africa, "Too Late the Phalarope." Still riding the crest of popularity attending the successful motion picture made from his book, James Jones's "From Here to Eternity" continued in first place.

The leading titles most in demand at public libraries from coast to coast this week were:

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **From Here to Eternity** by James Jones (F)*
2. **The Power of Positive Thinking** by N. V. Peale (G)**
3. **Désirée** by Annemarie Selinko (F)
4. **Sexual Behaviour in the Human Female** by Alfred C. Kinsey (G)
5. **Battle Cry** by Leon Uris (F)
6. **Beyond This Place** by A. J. Cronin (F)
7. **Too Late the Phalarope** by Alan Paton (F)
8. **A Man Called Peter** by Catherine Marshall (G)
9. **The Strange Case of Alger Hiss** by The Earl Jowitt (G)
10. **The Silent World** by J.-Y. Cousteau (G)
11. **Call Me Lucky** by Bing Crosby (G)
12. **Time and Time Again** by James Hilton (F)
13. **Lélia** by André Maurois (G)
14. **The Second Sex** by Simone de Beauvoir (G)
15. **The Rommel Papers** ed. by B. H. Liddell-Hart (G)
16. **The Silver Chalice** by Thomas B. Costain (F)
17. **Come, My Beloved** by Pearl Buck (F)
18. **The High and the Mighty** by Ernest K. Gann (F)
19. **The Robe** by Lloyd Douglas (F)
20. **A House Is Not a Home** by Polly Adler (G)

CONTRIBUTING LIBRARIES

Atlanta (Ga.), Birmingham (Ala.), Boston (Mass.), Buffalo (N. Y.), Chicago (Ill.), Cleveland (Ohio), Dallas (Tex.), Des Moines (Ia.), Louisville (Ky.), Los Angeles (Calif.), Milwaukee (Wis.), Minneapolis (Minn.), New York (N. Y.), Omaha (Neb.), Philadelphia (Pa.), Pittsburgh (Pa.), Richmond (Va.), St. Louis (Mo.), Washington (D. C.). —W. D. P.

* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

"A most ingratiating book, a delightful recital of cheerful yesterdays." —AMY LOVEMAN, *Saturday Review*

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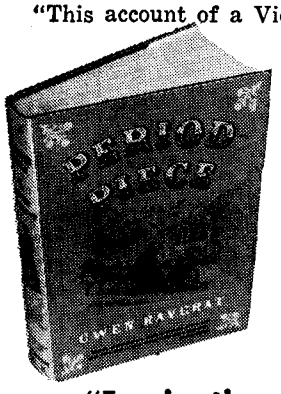

"This account of a Victorian childhood in Cambridge, England, is an unaffected delight from beginning to end. The gifted and witty author is the granddaughter of Charles Darwin; the reader is about the luckiest person alive. The illustrations are another reason to buy your copies by the dozen."—DAVID MCCORD

"A little masterpiece . . . all of it will be read again and again."
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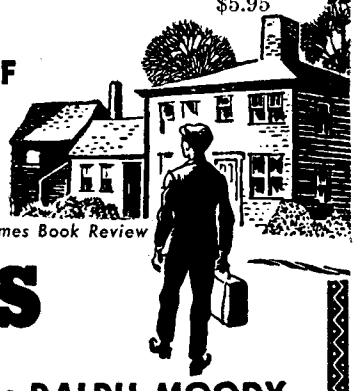

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"Should be read aloud in every family circle in America."
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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

● ● In Milwaukee, Lt. Gordon Brandes is bringing home from Japan his bride, Ranko Koizumi, to set up a home in strictly American style. There is poetic justice in attractive Ranko's move. Her grandfather had migrated from New Orleans sixty-odd years ago, fallen in love with Japan, and remained there for the rest of his life. His name: Lafcadio Hearn.

● ● In Long Island City, Maurice Rosenfeld, wily paper-bag tycoon and deputy police commissioner of New York on the side, wearied of opening book containers that promptly sprayed him with confetti and what looked like acres of mouse hair. He ordered experiments on a new cardboard product, lined with an uncrushable corrugated board, that could be adjusted to hold a book of any size, weighed less than anything now on the market, and kept book corners so beautifully unsullied that even perfectionist Maurice Firuski, in his Connecticut aerie, could find no fault. Several leading retail store chains and four big publishers have already lined up to buy his "Pillo Pak Bags," doubling their orders when the Commissioner himself gave a demonstration in Mt. Kisco that left his flipping wing sorer than Sal Maglie's. For further details address 50 Van Dam Street, Long Island City.

● ● Aloft for her first transcontinental airplane ride, Addie Williams, long-time subscription manager of the Theatre Guild, tried to quell the butterflies in her stomach and regain her normal composure. At that point her husband settled back complacently in his chair and opened a novel. It was Paul Bowles's "Let It Come Down"!

● ● In the Toledo Public Library, S. S. McConoughley reached high for a

copy of "The Canterbury Tales," lost his grip on the book, and was hit on the head by a flying Chaucer.

● ● In Chicago, Bill Goodpasture, big-shot at Brentano's and apologist for the punchless Cubs, has assumed the added chore of general editor of a series of garden books for Rinehart. Goody can pamper a petunia even more effectively than he can fill an inside straight.

● ● In Evansville, a grasshopper found its way into the Smith and Butterfield Book Store and perched

firmly—I have the word of the six prettiest girls in the shop for this—atop a copy of Rand-McNally's "Hoppy the Grasshopper." Reminds me of the time Belle Rosenbaum's little darling, Robin, couldn't be enticed away from a pile of Lin Yutang's "Wisdom of India," and Allan Ullman muttered grimly, "Try taking Gandhi away from *that* baby!"

● ● In "Merely Colossal," Arthur Mayer nominates Adolph Zukor, veteran of Paramount, as the politest gent who ever invaded Hollywood. "I have a telegram from him to prove it," continues Mayer. "It reads, 'You're fired. Best regards'."

● ● In a study of Henry James, Philip Guedalla divided the work of the American writer into three periods: James I, James II, and the Old Pretender.

● ● In the "Columbia Lippincott Gazetteer of the World" you can, by studious application, discover some obscure facts that may stand you in good stead on a quiz program some day. For instance:

Part of Greenland is covered by ice over one-and-a-half miles thick, and its northernmost point of land, Cape Morris Jessup, is only 440 miles from the North Pole.

The Soo Canals in Michigan and Ontario carry more tonnage than any canal in the world, far more than the Panama and Suez Canals combined.

Highest peak in the Western Hemisphere is Aconcagua in the Andes on the Argentine-Chile border. It is 22,835 feet high, one-half mile higher than Mt. McKinley, and I expect Elliot Macrae, of Dutton, to climb it any minute.

Part of Manhattan borough, Marble Hill, is not on Manhattan Island at all, but in the Bronx, across the Harlem River.

Read TRADE WINDS and acquire all kinds of invaluable information!

● ●At the Ellenville Library, a patron walked off with copies of "Moses" and "Grandma Moses," confiding to Librarian Dorothy Sanderson, "I don't know how these two'll get along together but I'm going to give 'em a try."

● ● In Stockholm, an ingenious bookseller has placed at the entrance of his store a pincushion bearing red and white flags. A sign directs, "Pin a flag in your lapel. Red means 'I'm just browsing.' White means 'Please wait on me quickly'."

● ● In Hollywood, Humphrey Bogart told the most improbable story of the year. "That character Truman Capote is O.K.," he allowed, "but I got mad at him when, the very first night we met in Italy, he tried to demonstrate some judo and nearly broke my arm."

● ● In New York, Alfred Knopf, into whose generally impeccable lists the darndest eye-openers occasionally creep, published a book some months ago called "It Takes More Than Talent." The author was Mervyn Leroy, one of the most fabulously successful producers and directors in Hollywood, but hardly a man, I would have thought, who considered himself competition for Thomas Mann or John Hersey. After scanning the total sales figures, Mr. Knopf sadly commented in his quarterly report on operations, "This is just the book to tell you how to go about getting a job in Hollywood, whether you are an actor, director, bricklayer, electrician, stenog-

rapher, dressmaker, hairdresser, or cameraman. But judging from its sales . . . very few people must hanker after jobs in motion pictures these days!"

● ● In Los Angeles, poet Rod Maclean soliloquizes:

I try to shape each poem like a
softly feathered dart
To seek and find its haven in an
editor's kind heart;
But I miss my guess, I flub the

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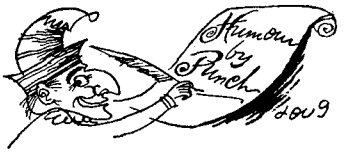
dub, or have the wrong religion—
Each verse I write, turns out, in flight, to be a homing pigeon!

● ● In Cleveland, World Books has just published one of the most interesting and amusing anthologies of the year: "The Best Humor from Punch," edited by William Cole. "The only difference between English



humour and American humor is the way they spell it," insists Cole, and this collection of ninety-five articles and thirty-three poems bears him out.

● ● In London, publisher Gollancz announces that Daphne du Maurier has run into some unexpected snags with her new novel, "Mary Anne," necessitating postponement until next spring. Doubleday will probably hold it to lead off its summer 1954 fiction list.

● ● In Las Vegas, Joe E. Lewis wired Abel Green that the City Council, suddenly book conscious, is rushing to completion a new public school, within walking distance of all the best roulette wheels and crap games. They're calling it, vows Joe, "P.S. 6-to-5."

● ● In Barnard College, Mirra Komarovsky, prettier than many of the finalists in the 1953 "Miss America" contest, defies all laws of probability by being one of the top professors of the sociology department. Furthermore, Miss K's "Women in the Modern World" (Little, Brown) will be serving as a text long after three or four more luridly publicized books on sex now in the spotlight are being remaindered for about nineteen cents apiece.

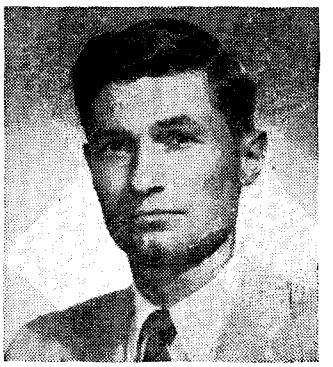
● ● In Seattle, Ed Adams, thumbing through the new Doubleday catalogue, came upon the title "The Fon and His Hundred Wives," murmured enviously, "Some Fon, eh, kids?"

● ● In Dayton, Walt McCaslin, book editor of the *News*, told about a would-be author who was advised that the best way to go about beginning a story was to write the word "the" in the proper place and then go on from there. The tyro made all the necessary arrangements, typed the word, and stared helplessly at the page for over an hour. Finally he added, "Hell with it," and went out to play golf.

—Bennett Cerf.

Stanford University Press *Announces:*

THE MOST TIMELY BOOK OF THE NATION'S FALL PUBLISHING SCHEDULE—



Robert C. North

MOSCOW AND CHINESE COMMUNISTS

By Robert C. North

"Like a best-seller detective story—"

"Mr. North has written the *first full-length, inside story of the Communist conquest of China.* Broad in scope and based on both Comintern and Chinese sources, *Moscow and Chinese Communists* puts together for the first time on this level of documented scholarship the long story of Marxist-Leninist strategy, Russian double-dealing, and Chinese Communist experimentation in the drive for power over China's masses. *Like a best-seller detective story* (for Mr. North is a novelist as well as a Hoover Institute research specialist), this volume describes the Chinese Communist party's minuscule beginnings, the plots and failures of Stalin and the Comintern in the 1920's, the rise of Mao thereafter, and the failure of our Chinese policy in the 1940's. The last chapter brings this saga down to date and points toward the new effort the West must make if we are to help mankind survive above the totalitarian level in Asia.

"The stark details of Bolshevik inspiration and guidance, of Chinese Communist success in mobilizing the patriotic intellectuals and the peasantry of China, and of American inability to comprehend or keep up with the dynamics of Asian revolution have nowhere been so vividly portrayed. This case-study shows what we are up against on the more-than-military levels of the anti-totalitarian struggle of the world's underdeveloped and overpopulated regions. The careful marshalling of new evidence from Mr. North's own research and other recent studies and official studies puts our China tragedy in a new perspective."—**John K. Fairbank,** *Professor of History, Harvard University.*

CAN THERE BE REAL PEACE IN ASIA?

—See the North formula in chapter 15—

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NOTES *from* CALIFORNIA

William Michael Harnett, the American painter, enjoyed a considerable reputation in his own day, but was almost forgotten after his death until 1939, when the Downtown Gallery in New York held the first Harnett exhibition of modern times. Then there was a rush to buy his canvases. This enthusiasm was no mere fad. Harnett's work is remarkable for its fantasy, imagination, humor, and incredibly perfect realistic craftsmanship. It is also extraordinary in its apparent prediction of such modern trends as cubism and surrealism.

The distinguished art critic Alfred Frankenstein set upon Harnett's trail and promptly uncovered a fascinating brew of misattribution, misinformation, and even forgery. He discovered that nearly one-third of the pictures ascribed to Harnett and signed with his name had actually been painted by other, little-known artists of his time. He tracked down, identified, and investigated these other painters. As a result, a study which began as a critical examination of the life of one painter actually investigates the lives of some twenty-three artists.

Mr. Frankenstein's manuscript was published last month. It is titled **After the Hunt** and it sells for $10.00. There are 136 illustrations. The frontispiece is in full color and is a reproduction of the painting called *After the Hunt*.

Joseph Henry Jackson has this to say of the book, "The University of California Press has said that this is its 'big book' for the fall of 1953, and a claim of this kind has seldom been better justified. I'll make two prophecies, since prophecy is one of the normal hazards of reviewing. One: Mr. Frankenstein's accomplishment here will earn him more kudos from his colleagues in the art world and from interested laymen than even he realizes. Two: The book will be in next spring's list of the Fifty Books of the Year for 1953—the top acknowledgment of quality in design and production made annually by the American Institute of Graphic Arts." Even we wouldn't say more.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS

(Advertisement)

Good News

▶ The Chicago Ethical Society is cooperating with the Episcopal Diocese of Chicago and the Episcopal Church in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, to aid in the rehabilitation of Haitian crippled children suffering from tuberculosis and malnutrition. Hundreds of pounds of powdered milk and thousands of buttons, needles, spools of thread, and yards of cotton cloth have been sent.

▶ Senator Guy M. Gillette (D.), of Iowa, backed by a militant group of homemakers calling themselves Housewives United has introduced a resolution to establish a select Congressional Committee on Consumers Interests. Business, labor, and agriculture have their specialized representation in Government, but what about the consumer—which is all of us? Housewives United, with national headquarters in Washington, D.C., is in favor of a Congressional committee on consumers' interests, a world trade policy that will increase trade and decrease prices, and a law that will give the Federal Food and Drug Administration authority to inspect plants and factories without prior notice.

▶ Waterbury, Connecticut, was treated recently to a shining example of contrite good spirit. Twenty-five women employees had walked out of the Mattatuck Mfg. Co. saying it was too hot to work. The company disciplined them. Their union objected. After discussion the union admitted it hadn't followed strict grievance procedure and the company admitted it had been a pretty hot day. It expunged all disciplinary action from the women's work records. Then each side fined itself $250 and voted to give the money to the Waterbury Community Chest.

▶ Recently 5,200 members of the Augustana Lutheran Youth League held a baked-bean supper on historic Boston Common. As usual after large conventions, the city sent a large crew to "clean up the mess." This time, however, the crew was surprised. There was no mess. The young people had left the park clean and tidy. "Cleanliness *is* next to Godliness," one official remarked.

▶ British Protestant cathedrals and the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge are helping to restore the priceless library of Roman Catholic Monte Cassino Abbey. A first consignment of rare classical and historical books has already been dispatched to the abbey from these British churches and colleges which once were connected with or founded by the Benedictine Order in pre-Reformation days.

While his Super-ego played piano for the President . . .
and his Id played Tarzan on the local game preserve and hob with anything in skirts . . .
this poor guy made a play (touch-and-go) for his own wife!

THE STRANGE BEDFELLOWS OF MONTAGUE AMES

By NORTON PARKER

A hilarious story of psychic fission —and of a unique love quadrangle involving a man, his wife, and his better thirds.

$3.00 at all bookstores

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Drinking in College

by **ROBERT STRAUS** *and* **SELDEN D. BACON**

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The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 10, 1953

THE FLOWERING OF CHICAGO

By EMMETT DEDMON

"In Chicago," H. L. Mencken once wrote, "a spirit broods upon the face of the waters," and that spirit was to inspire an impressive galaxy of writers —among them Sherwood Anderson, Vachel Lindsay, and Carl Sandburg. This account of the literary flowering of Chicago is drawn from Emmett Dedmon's book "Fabulous Chicago," to be published by Random House Oct. 23. (Copyright 1953, by Emmett Dedmon.)

AFTER the turn of the century a new kind of commerce animated Chicago. From the prairie states that produced the grain and livestock which funneled through Chicago for the East came a sudden outpouring of writers, all of them attracted by the vigor and promise of the young city by the lake. These new arrivals traded as voraciously and as greedily in ideas as an early speculator dickered in real estate. They found in Chicago an eager if often uninformed audience, willing to tolerate artistic experiment and to give an unprejudiced acceptance to artistic forms which represented a break with the traditions of older communities. The period of their activity was brief. Like the hundreds of trains which daily snaked into Chicago's rail terminals, many paused only long enough to refuel—or perhaps to switch tracks or change to another line. But no one was to forget they had passed by.

There was always to be a transient quality about Chicago's relations with the arts. A few years earlier young George Spoor and E. H. Ahmet had been among the pioneer experimenters with a new kind of drama which could be represented by moving figures on film. In their Essanay (S and A) studios on the North side they had formed the nucleus of a film colony that brought to the screen Wallace Beery, Gloria Swanson, Lewis Stone, Colleen Moore, Edward Arnold, and Tom Mix. By 1910 one-fifth of all the movies in the world were being made in Chicago. Carl Laemmle, hearing of the opportunities in the young film industry, sold his clothing business in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, to open a Chicago movie theatre. Adolph Zukor gave up the fur business he established in Chicago after the World's Columbian Exposition to investigate the possibilities of these new films. But as soon as the industry prospered it fled its North and West Side studios for California. There, the owners explained, it was possible to make motion pictures outdoors without the expense of artificial lighting—an economy necessary to pay the salaries of such stars as Francis X. Bushman who demanded and received $125 a week. Bushman was so popular that the department stores discouraged his visits—they were afraid he would distract their girl clerks and shoplifters would have a holiday. The hostile Chicago climate was another factor in the movie. In the winter the actors, like the musicians of Theodore Thomas, suffered too much from colds and coughs. Even the growth of the city militated against the screen pioneers. The prairies used in the Western films which formed most of the industry's product were vanishing in the ever-accelerating expansion of the city itself.

THE literary journalists, who as in earlier years formed the center of the new writing ferment, were a hardier strain. They brought to bear on the problems of writing a fresh view, based on the reporter's traditional disrespect for authority and a skill in dealing with the raw materials of the drama to be found in ordinary daily life. They worked individually, but because there was a fundamental similarity in their approach they came to be known as the Chicago school. Together they formed an academy

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from whose writings the best authors of the twentieth century were to acquire their precepts and maxims.

Because it was a time for muckraking, there was a strong tone of social protest in much of the writing. Frank Norris, famous as a war correspondent, was drawn back to the city of his birth to write "The Pit," a fictional account of the gargantuan manipulations in grain and dollars on the Board of Trade that was intended to be part of an epic trilogy on wheat. Theodore Dreiser, gone on to New York but remembering his Chicago newspaper days, drew on Chicago's Charles T. Yerkes to create the character of Frank Cowperwood, hero of his novels "The Financier" and "The Titan." The stockyards were the magnet of the young social rebel Upton Sinclair, who wrote with sociological meticulousness and called his novel of stockyards life "The Jungle." No sociological tract was ever so effective in dramatizing the need for reform as his novel. Robert Herrick, a professor at the new University of Chicago, who claimed the city as his permanent home, took a skeptical look at politics in "The Memoirs of an American Citizen." In the novel he told of the accepted devices by which a poor Indian boy might rise to the heights of the United States Senate. Some readers called it cynical; others saw in it an effort to unmask some of the hypocrisy of politics.

The revolt against the old order in society extended to a rebellion against traditional forms in expression. It was here that the Chicago influence was to be greatest. The first prophet of this revolution in language was Harriet Monroe. Bored with composing odes for civic dedications and teaching elocution to the children of wealthy families, she announced a new magazine called, with a poet's economy of words, *Poetry*. It was to be centered entirely around poets and their work. There were many reasons why poets could look to Harriet Monroe for leadership. One which was basic was her unique ability to make poetry pay in the best Chicago business manner. When she was asked to write a Columbian Ode for the exposition of 1893, she demanded twice the sum the national commission offered her and held out until the committee of businessmen met her terms. When the *New York World* published the ode prematurely she sued that publication and collected an additional $5,000 for her efforts. She did not compromise easily. A portion of her ode was a tribute to her brother-in-law, architect John Wellborn Root, who before his death had sketched out the ground design for the Columbian Exposition. The national commission did not think it should subsidize eulogies to relatives, however distingushed, and asked to have the lines deleted. Miss Monroe refused, fighting her cause with such fervor that the commission finally conceded defeat and voted to let them remain. It was not surprising that when Harriet Monroe founded *Poetry* she specified that it would pay its poets.

The disrespect for established precedents, a Chicago trait, was important to *Poetry*'s success. "The old prosody is a medieval left-over," Harriet Monroe proclaimed. "It is as completely out of relation with the modern scientific spirit as astrology would be if solemnly enunciated from the summit of Mount Wilson. All the old terms should be scrapped and a modern science of speech rhythms should be built up." Fortunately for Miss Monroe's aspirations, there were in Chicago two young writers with the ability to express in poetic form the substance of her editorial theories. They were Carl Sandburg, soon to be a reporter on the *Daily News,* and Edgar Lee Masters, a law partner of Clarence Darrow, who was experimenting with a number of free verse styles that he was finally to merge into the form of his "Spoon River Anthology," published in 1915.

SANDBURG'S "Chicago Poems" were the signal of a break as defiant as Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" had been. William Morton Payne, defending the old order in *The Dial,* read Sandburg's verses with horror. Most of Sandburg's lines, he said indignantly, "were nothing less than an impudent affront to the poetry loving public." Payne refused to recognize the "Chicago Poems" by the name of poetry, calling them only a "collocation of words descriptive of Chicago." Sandburg, not replying to his critics but going his independent wanderer's way, insisted that the spoken language of the people was the only proper language for poetry. The artist, he said, should express his sympathy for people by speaking with their tongues and out of their hearts. "Unless we keep on the lookout," he warned, "we write book language and employ the verbiage of dead men instead of using the speech of people alive today, people whose tools, games, and sacrifices are wearing out an old language and making a new one." Of style, in his "Chicago Poems," he said this:

> Style—go ahead talking about style.
> You can tell where a man got his
> style just as you can tell where
> Pavlowa got her legs or Ty Cobb
> his batting eye.
> *Go on talking*
> Only don't take my style away
> It's my face.
> Maybe no good
> but anyway, my face.
> I talk with it, I sing with it, I see,
> taste and feel with it, I know why
> I want to keep it.

Sandburg was a radical in the American tradition of Thomas Paine (one of his early jobs had been as secretary to the Socialist mayor of

(*Continued on page* 48)

—*Culver.* —*Culver.* —*Steichen.*

Upton Sinclair, Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Lee Masters—"a sudden outpouring of writers."

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When Dollars Were Dollars

"The Age of the Moguls," by Stewart Holbrook *(Doubleday. 373 pp. $5), is a popular account of American business titans from J. J. Astor to William Randolph Hearst. It is reviewed here by Thomas C. Cochran, chairman of the history department of the University of Pennsylvania, editor of* The Journal of Economic History, *and author of a forthcoming volume, "Railroad Leaders, 1845-1890."*

By Thomas C. Cochran

AS the aggressive leaders of the early period of American industrialism recede in time they take on the color of folk heroes. This is to be expected. Americans want human symbols of an heroic age, and during the period 1865 to 1898, at least, no other men of action had the stature of the great entrepreneurs.

Two types of books have spread this mellower view of the former robber barons: scholarly business histories or biographies, full of detail and theory; and more popularly written volumes, usually authorized and paid for by company or family. Between these two extremes fall a few books by professional writers such as Wayne Andrews, Marquis James, and Matthew Josephson, in which the authors, while writing for the general reader, have done the same kind of original, "objective" research expected of the academic scholar.

One professor of American history, Allan Nevins, has also combined scholarly research with colorful writing. Through company histories, biographies, doctoral theses, and numerous speeches and articles Professor Nevins has sought to brighten the dim view of American business leaders held by many of his colleagues. The gist of the Nevins argument, as illustrated in his two works on John D. Rockefeller, is that these men did not commit all of the dishonest or predatory acts with which they have been charged, and that even when they were somewhat ruthless they must be judged by the standards of the day. Mr. Nevins has likened them to the Elizabethan sea dogs, who through privateering, piracy, and seizure of territory laid the foundations of the British Empire.

Stewart Holbrook's "Age of the Moguls" expresses a similar point of view. Starting chronologically with John Jacob Astor (1763-1848), a series of colorfully written and deftly interlocked biographies, running from a page to more than a chapter, describe the famous business leaders. The age ends with the death of William Randolph Hearst (1863-1951). Mr. Holbrook's main theme is that these men built industrial America. "The moguls alone," he contends, "did not do all this, but they were chiefly responsible for the miraculous speed with which it was done." Furthermore, in keeping with the emergent hero-tradition, he notes that "as the moguls died there were no replacements. . . . One can believe that the moguls earned every dollar they got, and they earned too the restrictions that brought an end to their kind and their age. Without realizing it, they committed class suicide—an ironic and rather pleasing circumstance."

The Nevins and Holbrook thesis, as well as that of the business leader's chief critics from Lloyd to Josephson, attributes unusual merit or responsibility to the individual who fills the spectacular leading role. Mr. Holbrook, for example, credits Cornelius Vanderbilt, E. H. Harriman, and J. J. Hill with the rapid spread of the railroad network. Rockefeller is said to have "invented big business," and the Chicago packers to have "brought about a revolution in food that was felt from the Argentine to Siberia." Their justification is found in their works; the end justified the means. Or, to take the contrary position within the same framework, these men corrupted the nation, crushed more virtuous smaller rivals, and produced rule by a plutocracy.

Surely from the standpoint of colorful writing this is the best philosophy. Heroes are necessary for epic drama or tragedy. But some historians and most social scientists would see the period differently. They would argue that prominent men, often made so by exploits that reached the newspapers rather than achievements in building business organizations, should be seen as representative of the general culture of the age. Their virtues, vices, and abilities were widely shared, other men usually did the same things as effectively as the mythical figures, and one should judge the culture as promoting desirable or undesirable values rather than judge each of a score of individuals.

It must be recognized that in accepting the heroic framework Mr. Holbrook is in most respectable company. A large part of the historical profession would be found on his side. Criticism of his work, therefore, should be devoted to the way in which he has developed his thesis.

The free-lance who makes a living from writing history cannot be expected to examine afresh all his source materials. To do this for the broad and varied fields that appeal to the public would require many years for each book. But the man writing for the general reader has, nevertheless, an important role in advancing knowledge: he should bring to the public the results of new scholarly research entombed in long or difficult monographs. If the "popularizer," however, does not take the time to read the up-to-date standard scholarly works to acquire the results of new primary research, he is not performing his educational function, he is merely rewriting the popular folklore created haphazardly by contemporary journalists and commentators, and perpetuated by a continuous chain of borrowing.

A RETELLING of old stories characterizes large sections of Mr. Holbrook's book. Scores of anecdotes that constitute the folklore of American men of wealth are repeated, sometimes without regard to correction made by later scholars. Since there have been few scholarly biographies of twentieth-century businessmen, this fault is more obvious in the earlier period. Astor is treated without benefit from Kenneth Wiggins Porter's two-volume biography; Vanderbilt appears to have been written of without reference to Wheaton J. Lane, and Jay Cooke

Hetty Green—"the color of folk heroes."

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—From "Lincoln in Caricature."

"The Spirit of '76" (*Vanity Fair*, 1861).

without proper regard to Henrietta M. Larson.

Equally unfortunate in a book dealing in large part with economics is Mr. Holbrook's failure, judging from both text and bibliography, to use the scholarly literature of economic history, including "Historical Statistics of the United States." Had he done this for the Civil War, for example, he could not have pictured it as a "hothouse forcing process" on railroads, when in fact it largely checked construction in the North and destroyed much mileage in the South.

Granting the limited sources from which it appears to have been written, "The Age of the Moguls" has its virtues. It is an up-to-date overall survey of the popular literature of American business written in an intelligent, dispassionate style; an entertaining one-volume digest of the historical folklore of American capitalism—most of which contains a good deal of truth. The book ends with a provocative summary of how some of the great fortunes were used for both conspicuous expenditure and the benefit of mankind. After noting the museums, galleries, and foundations established by some of these men, Mr. Holbrook adds: "It is amusing to contemplate the possibility, years hence, that the very names of these semi-literate or at best unlearned moguls will survive and somehow carry the authentic flavor of art, letters, and scientific inquiries; and Americans of that day will be proud to look back on the New World Renaissance which came into being in so young a country as the United States." In foundations, the names of companies, the great country houses, memorials, and annals of society, the family names of the moguls will live as long as the memory of nineteenth-century America.

Richmond, Columbia and the Future

Allan Nevins's "The Statesmanship of the Civil War" *(Macmillan. 82 pp. $2.25) is a collection of three lectures evaluating the contributions of Lincoln, Davis, and their contemporaries in the mid-nineteenth-century crisis. Our reviewer, Avery Craven, is professor of history at the University of Chicago and author of "The Coming of the Civil War" and other books.*

By Avery Craven

DURING the past few years Allan Nevins has been engaged in a detailed study of the American Civil War crisis. Four volumes, covering the period from 1850 to the outbreak of war, have already appeared under the titles "Ordeal of the Union" and "The Emergence of Lincoln." He is now engaged in writing of the war period itself.

As a kind of preview of his conclusions regarding that struggle he delivered in 1951 at the University of Virginia three lectures now published in a little volume, "The Statesmanship of the Civil War." Well written out of wide knowledge, they present not only a stimulating historical interpretation but, what is of equal importance, a clear statement of the author's approach and understanding of the whole Civil War period.

The first lecture is a careful and thought-provoking effort to define statesmanship and to answer the question as to why so little of it was revealed in the Civil War crisis. Mr. Nevins denies that mere ability or even success constitutes statesmanship. He insists that there must be present a deep appreciation of moral values and the ability to comprehend the forces that affect the minds of people and to know what they will support. Above all, the real statesman must bear "a constructive relation to the emergent forces of his era" and a passion for its trends.

The American Civil War, Nevins argues, lacked the qualities which inspire statesmanship. It did not represent the dawning of a new era for mankind, but rather the failure of one of man's great dreams—democracy in government. It opened no "endless vistas of progress," no new chapter in human affairs. It was merely the climax of an era of political fumbling and failure to create even "a rudimentary planning mechanism." In the end the problem of statesmanship for Jefferson Davis was that of creating a new nation; for Abraham Lincoln, of preserving an old one.

The two remaining lectures depict the dismal failure of Davis at his task, and the magnificent statesmanship of Lincoln. The reasons for the failure of the one and of the success of the other seem to have been largely those of personality.

As a result of such an approach, Nevins's discussion of statesmanship in a highly complex period of American history becomes primarily a treatise on the greatness of Abraham Lincoln. That has its value, but it neglects the larger fact that our Civil War was just the American phase of the great new Western-world problem of finding a satisfactory balance between local freedom and central efficiency. It misses the fact that all the great economic, intellectual, and technological forces of the Industrial Revolution were making men and regions more interdependent and loading the dice in favor of nationalism and a new kind of democracy. The North had already caught stride with these movements and the war effort only made their triumph more certain. Lincoln's personality was a fortunate asset, but technology and finance-industrialism were already busy saving the Union, not for any great moral or humane reasons, as the next decades would prove, but for themselves. William H. Seward had seen it all back in 1850.

AS for the South, the necessity of fighting a war called for a central efficiency which its local values could not grant. Success would have required the acceptance of a democracy which would have destroyed her social order. Even if led by a man with all of Lincoln's qualities and fired with a passion for building a new nation she could not have achieved unity. Her great weakness for living in the modern world lay not in slavery as a reality half so much as in the obsolete values which slavery came to symbolize.

As a matter of fact neither Lincoln nor Davis fully grasped the deeper drift of the age in which they worked as the perfect statesman might have done. Neither had much to do with the new America after 1865.

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Abe's Errant Secretary

***"Stanton: Lincoln's Secretary of War," by Fletcher Pratt** (W. W. Norton. 520 pp. $5.95), is the first biography in fifty years of the strange, contradictory man who served both Republicans and Democrats during the Civil War period. David M. Potter, who reviews it below, is professor of history at Yale and author of "Lincoln and His Party in the Secession Crisis."*

By David M. Potter

WHEN President Lincoln appointed Edwin M. Stanton Secretary of War people warned him that Stanton would try to run the whole Administration. Lincoln replied, "We may have to treat him as they are sometimes obliged to treat a Methodist minister I knew out West. He gets wrought up to so high a pitch of excitement in his prayers and exhortations that they are obliged to put bricks in his pockets to keep him down. We may be obliged to serve Stanton in the same way, but I guess we'll let him jump a while first."

Ultimately very few bricks were placed in Stanton's pockets, and he jumped prodigiously throughout the war. With demonic vigor and incredible capacity for work he drove the War Department day and night to deal with its endless responsibilities. He substituted system for anarchy, swiftness for delay, and energy for torpor. With a fierce honesty which marked all his business dealings (and was conspicuously lacking in his other relationships) he intimidated the grafters swarming around the Department, and established standards of rigorous integrity. Sparing neither himself nor anyone else, he struck dread into friends as well as enemies by harsh, tactless, domineering methods, which were sometimes incongruously punctuated by displays of sensitive pity and deep emotion. The President recognized him as indispensable, and tolerated his arrogant ways. If he wanted to call Lincoln a "damned fool" that was all right, and Lincoln whimsically complained about himself that he "hadn't much influence with this Administration, but hoped to have more with the next."

Historians have long dealt very severely with Stanton, partly because of his constant double-dealing, but also because of their predilection in favor of his enemy, McClellan, their conviction that civilian meddling hampered the military in the prosecution of the war, and their verdict against the Radicals with whom Stanton consorted. In recent years the merits of Lincoln's civilian leadership have been recognized and McClellan has been deflated with what should be finality. Thus the time grew ripe for a reappraisal of Stanton.

At this juncture Fletcher Pratt has written the first biography of the War Secretary in more than fifty years. As in his earlier books, Mr. Pratt shows a firm mastery of the campaigns, a keen sense of wartime atmosphere and personalities, and a gift for vivid portrayal and trenchant statement. His narrative of the war sweeps the reader along, and he defends Stanton with a skill and vigor which are certain to cause a revision of conventional estimates. To some extent the war narrative runs away with the biography, for there are many passages which tell about army operations without making clear what, if anything, Stanton had to do with them. Moreover, the whole vital story of Stanton's stormy role during Reconstruction is crowded into one inadequate final chapter.

A more significant fault, which seriously mars the value of the book, is that Pratt does not really face up to the problem of the strange, chronic underhandedness and duplicity in Stanton's behavior. For instance, when we know that Stanton served in James Buchanan's Cabinet, and that during his service he sent regular secret reports to the Republicans on disloyalty in the Administration, we may with difficulty swallow Mr. Pratt's explanation that Stanton was serving his country and not the President personally. But why was it that after Buchanan's term had ended Stanton wrote him fulsome letters denouncing Lincoln? In the case of McClellan Stanton deserves full commendation for his opposition to that preposterous general. But why when working constantly to get rid of McClellan did he write to him, "You have never had anything from me but the most confiding integrity"?

In dealing with Reconstruction Mr. Pratt argues that Stanton's sense of public duty justified a refusal to leave the Cabinet of President Johnson, and he even suggests that Johnson might have avoided Stanton's communication of inside information to the enemies of the Administration by withholding confidential matters from the Cabinet (!). But he does not make clear the fact that, while urging the Radicals to pass laws stripping Johnson of his powers as commander-in-chief, Stanton was still pretending, in the Cabinet, to approve the policies of the Administration.

Edwin M. Stanton was in some ways a great man, but with a strangely warped and corroded personality. He needs understanding even more than he needs vindication. But a biography which will take account of the incredible mixture of callousness and pity, egotism and selflessness, integrity and falsity, and nobility and meanness in this extraordinary man still remains to be written.

—From "Lincoln in Caricature."

"McClellan Tries to Ride Two Horses" (National Union Party Cartoon, 1864).

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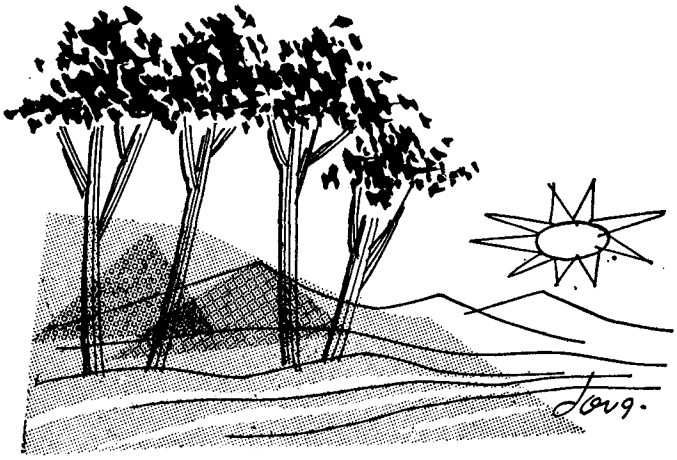

Britannia Rules the Mesquite

***"Westward the Briton," by Robert G. Athearn** (Charles Scribner's Sons. 208 pp. $4.50), tells what some three hundred English men and women who visited our Far West in the three decades after the Civil War thought of it. George Dangerfield, our reviewer, is author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning "Age of Good Feelings."*

By George Dangerfield

IN "Westward the Briton" Robert G. Athearn has written a brief, disarming, and rather casual study, drawn from the writings of nearly three hundred English men and women who visited the Far West between 1865 and 1900. Most of them arrived by railroad; that is to say, after 1870. Some of them were in a state of excitement bordering upon panic—they expected to be plunged into a wild, bawdy, drinking, fighting region, menaced by savage indigenes and administered—if at all—by lawless supermen. All went home with the impression that the Wild West was far more sober than wild.

It is true that this fabulous region was subdued more by harsh, anonymous, and unremitting toil than by violence and derring-do; and it is certainly arguable that when the mining and cattle kingdoms lost their picturesque autonomy—which seems to have occurred between 1875 and 1884—much that was romantic and lawless vanished at the same time. But was the myth of the "Wild West" entirely mythical? Even these calm British narratives are sometimes porous, and from them there leak little driblets of evidence which would seem to indicate that this was not the case.

"Westward the Briton" barely touches upon the economic aspects of the Far West—it tells us little or nothing about the nature, extent, or fate of British investments in this region, or about their possible influence upon British observers. Professor Athearn is interested chiefly in manners and appearances. Here, of course, the visiting Englishman had things to say which cannot and should not be disregarded. As Allan Nevins has pointed out, Englishmen were less likely to "confuse nonessentials with essentials" than were other European observers. While they swallowed the tallest tales with an unflinching innocence, they subsequently digested them into a more reasonable shape, for they were temperamentally indisposed to accept the extravagance either of American humor or of American patriotism. None the less, their background and destiny must have had some bearing upon their views of the West.

Some visitors, like the ineffable Lady Carbutt and the faintly idiotic Sir Lepel Griffin, found everything distasteful. Some, like Rudyard Kipling, suspected the existence of a rival Empire, and grew jealous and quarrelsome. Such diehards as Sir Rose Lambert Price even went so far as to suggest that the cowpunchers and miners of the Far West would never stay in the Union unless the Union were transformed into an Empire, with a reigning imperial family, presumably coming from guess where. (It is true that the Westerner was not very impressed by elected dignitaries. When President Grant's train stopped at Laramie in the fall of 1875 "a man near me," writes Sir Rose Lambert Price, "shouted 'Which is Grant?' 'I guess he's that red-faced coon in the plug hat,' replied another, in a by no means *sotto voce* tone; and this information seeming to be sufficient, the mob shortly raised a faint cheer.")

MANY were disheartened by the immense distances; many found it difficult to adjust themselves to the egalitarian manners of the frontier—one Scottish duke, anxious to prove his belief in the equality of man, adopted the rather curious expedient of riding only on the cowcatchers of locomotives.

Almost all, however, were agreed that the typical Westerner was kind, hospitable, and notably chivalrous in his attitude to women. The mining and cattle towns, they said, were certainly crude, but they were not vicious or lawless. Indeed, as far as his own kind of property was concerned, the Westerner (they believed) had a keen feeling for law and order; and they were convinced that he was anxious to import into his new cities and even into his remoter hinterlands all the social amenities of the more civilized East.

Professor Athearn maintains that these English visitors were "inclined to look upon the scene as one of virgin land under development by a group of Anglo-Saxons." This point of view must certainly be called narrow and proprietary; but the upper and upper-middle class English men and women who held it would be obliged to cast the Westerner into their own more respectable and reserved image . . . a formidable feat, but not an impossible one. And it may well be that after 1880, when their English agriculture was irretrievably ruined by bad harvests and a fatal deluge of cheap American wheat, they were tempted to think of the Far West as a new, agrarian, Anglo-Saxon paradise, lamentably but not incurably marred by certain purgatorial American habits, such as spitting, profanity, and bad table manners. Was it some such point of view as this, or was it simply a more realistic attitude, which made them emphasize the sober and hardworking aspects of the Far West? Each reader must decide for himself. Professor Athearn has given us many valuable and delightful insights into a vanished way of life; but the frontier—even the last frontier—was to some extent a state of mind, and for myself I believe that he has told us even more about the British than he has about the West.

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From Pirouettes to Picas

"Purple Passage: The Life of Frank Leslie," by Madeleine B. Stern *(University of Oklahoma Press. 281 pp. $3.75), is the first biography of the dancing girl who became one of the most successful magazine publishers in American history. Helen Beal Woodward, who reviews it here, is the author of a recently published collection of sketches of lively ladies, "The Bold Women."*

By Helen Beal Woodward

THE MEMOIRS of the nineteenth century, growing stained and brittle in library subcellars, seem in no danger of being wholly forgotten so long as Madeleine B. Stern is writing biographies. Miss Stern has blown the dust off stacks of neglected books, in her time. She knows her way around in the nineteenth century like a native, and her bibliographies and fact-crammed prose testify to a scholarship of prodigious patience and integrity.

Her "Life of Margaret Fuller," when it appeared in 1942, annoyed purists by its use of some of the techniques of the novel, but most readers, lacking the prejudices of the professional historian, found this new Margaret miraculously human. In 1950 Miss Stern did it again, with "Louisa May Alcott." She did not put speeches in Louisa's mouth, as she had put them in Margaret's, but her saturation in the literature of the period seeped out in vivid detail. Here was the last word on Louisa Alcott. Indeed, if the book had a fault it was its very definitiveness: one quailed at following the author through Miss Alcott's collected prose works.

In Miss Stern's latest book, "Purple Passage: The Life of Mrs. Frank Leslie," there is the same meticulous tidiness about what for a less careful author would be the little loose ends of research. But "Purple Passage" differs in a number of interesting ways from its predecessors. The period is later, for one thing—Mrs. Leslie lived from 1836 to 1914, and flourished most spectacularly in the Eighties—and the heroine is about as far a cry from Louisa Alcott as absinthe from fudge.

She was born Miriam Florence Folline, but won the legal right to call herself "Frank Leslie." An extraordinary figure, "part man but all woman," Miss Stern calls her, and tells for the first time the story of the beautiful adventuress from New Orleans who did a sister act in vaudeville with Lola Montez; married a jeweler's clerk, a famous ethnologist, a millionaire publisher, and Oscar Wilde's brother, in that order; inherited a bankrupt publishing empire and made it pay all over again; toured the country as lecturer and wound up "electrifying the world for the last time by leaving two million dollars to woman suffrage."

Getting the facts for any initial biography involves plenty of hard, dull digging. In this case, the task was complicated by the pains Mrs. Leslie had taken to bury certain phases of her past. Doggedly, Miss Stern has tracked down the men in Mrs. Leslie's life, including her shadowy first husband, who married her to protect himself from being sued for seduction, and left her on the spot, and the married bank president and ex-Congressman from Tennessee who shared a house with her in her vaudeville days. It is a remarkable piece of literary detection. (Oddly enough, Miss Stern in the telling tends to use one of the mannerisms of detective fiction, the "little did I dream" gambit. Miriam "could not know . . ." "Although the possibility could never have occurred to her . . ." "Neither of them imagined . . ." "Miriam did not dream that just six or seven months later . . .").

The journals of Margaret Fuller and Louisa Alcott gave Miss Stern a chance to get inside her subject in a way that proved impossible in the case of Mrs. Leslie. This is a story told from the outside, looking in. Miss Stern salutes the part of Frank Leslie that was "part man," but she cannot forgive the feline streak, the vanity and opportunism. When the lady publisher interviewed Brigham Young in 1877 she turned on all her sex appeal, and her *Lady's Journal* report implied that President Young had not been unmoved by her charms. Miss Stern's account of the interview is sardonically accurate, but perhaps she does not quite give Mrs. Leslie her due as a journalist. Among the swarms of curious reporters who pried into Mormonism in the 1870's few pried as tactfully and good-humoredly as Mrs. Frank Leslie.

More of Mrs. Leslie's own picture of her times and less of the bric-a-brac of her background might have been fun for the reader; but this is a personal quibble. Miss Stern has written a top-notch biography. Mrs. Leslie has been "done," done with such skill and sagacity that her first biography is very likely to be her last.

Mrs. Frank Leslie—"all woman."

Americana Notes

QUAKER CITY ARCHITECTURE: If Professor William P. Harbeson, whose tribute to "Yesteryear in Our Town" in **"Philadelphia Architecture in the Nineteenth Century"** (University of Pennsylvania Press, $3.50) sets the stage for an unusual monograph, is not already under contract to write a history of the city, there is every reason to suppose that his publishers are guilty of criminal negligence. For it is hard to imagine a more graceful summary than his of the hundred years which ended with the banquets honoring Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who "read aloud his verse and prose with great unction."

A six-page résumé by Professor David M. Robb of the buildings shown in this amply illustrated volume, a by-product of last season's exhibit at the Philadelphia Art Alliance, is as cogent as it is concise. "Philadelphia," admits Professor Robb, "can offer no buildings of major importance by those architects generally recognized as outstanding in the later nineteenth century." Yet nothing could be more foolish than to overlook what happened in the vicinity of Broad and Market Streets, especially now that we no longer dismiss the inventive contributions of our grandfathers as "aberrations, inconsequential, if not actually inartistic." Surely no one in

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his right mind would want to neglect such figures as Louis Sullivan's teacher, Frank Furness, or Wilson Eyre, Jr., who was so happily inspired by William Morris's friend Philip Webb.

Incidentally, if you are not familiar with all of the architects under discussion the fault may not be altogether your own. It is not every day that you can pick up an architectural history like this, a book which all students of the subject will consider essential, and which any one of us with a taste for Philadelphia can enjoy.

—Wayne Andrews.

YALE'S HOME TOWN: The account of events in the life of a provincial American city Rollin G. Osterweis gives in **"Three Centuries of New Haven"** (Yale University Press, $6) is concrete, accurate, and comprehensive. New Haven, one of America's oldest cities (1638), grew slowly from colonial Puritan beginnings to its present rank as fifty-ninth city in the United States, a city of limited industrial expansion and great civic and educational advance. Like the expert historical painter, the author creates a pageant which is colorful, vivid, and interesting. Complemented by superb type design and excellent illustrations, the work sets a new standard for urban history.

But why is it that New Haven's industrial expansion in every period has been so limited and conversely its civic and educational progress so constant? Why is it that the issues which so plague the modern industrial metropolis have so little effect on New Haven? Apparently the even tenor of the city's life takes little heed of racial discrimination, political corruption, labor organization, or banking finance.

Because his emphasis upon the correlation of local and national history yields such impressive results, one wishes that Mr. Osterweis had time to probe into American attitudes and their shadows in the Elm City. The curious vigor of the New Haven inventor, the delicate relationship of town and gown, the familial strength of the city's elite may all be nice variations of a national pattern which demands the sympathy of a lifelong resident and the analysis of a detached scholar to unravel, capacities which Professor Osterweis has amply demonstrated in the present work.

—Anthony N. B. Garvan.

"AMERICA FIRST": With more than 800,000 members, most of them in the *Chicago Tribune* area, the America First Committee led the battle in 1940-41 against intervention by the

(*Continued on page* 41)

FICTION

King Mark's Roving Queen

"The Enchanted Cup," by Dorothy James Roberts *(Appleton-Century-Crofts. 368 pp. $3.75), is a retelling of the perennially popular romance of Tristram and Iseult.*

By Ben Ray Redman

IN "The Enchanted Cup" Dorothy James Roberts gives us one more version of a tale that has been written times beyond counting; a tale that was already old when Thomas and Béroul told it in the twelfth century, when Gottfried von Strassburg translated and perfected it in the thirteenth; a tale that is fairly described by its latest publishers as "the most splendid love story of the Western world." Whoever tries to tell this story in these later days issues a brave challenge, and faces an ordeal by comparison. Wagner, in his own medium, survived the test triumphantly. Edwin Arlington Robinson endowed the legend with new poetic beauties and new psychological depths. Hardy's "The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall" is but one respectable failure among many. And Miss Roberts?

She has written a prose narrative that should please readers who have little previous acquaintance with Tristram and the two Iseults; and not displease those whose knowledge of the three doomed lovers is considerable. She is good at description, particularly landscape — the marshes of Lyonesse, Tintagel's cliffs, the headlands and green turf of Ireland are visible in her pages. She is competent in the drawing of character. Her dialogue is easy and believable, innocent of studied archaism. Her style in general is unaffected, and never high-flown. Her sense of proportion is usually excellent, her transitions are smooth. She is not bad when it comes to battle, mayhem, and sudden death. But whatever of passion and poetry there may be in "The Enchanted Cup" is there by inheritance —Miss Roberts has made no contribution of her own.

—*Bradford Bachrach.*

D. J. Roberts—"unaffected."

She has followed, in the main, the tale of Tristram as it is found in Malory's "Le Morte d'Arthur," because, as she says, this rendering "has had more appeal for the present storyteller than earlier, purer versions." Like Malory, and unlike Robinson, she has cheapened the character of King Mark, and thereby made impossible the high tragedy that results when he is depicted as a man of nobility and understanding. Like Malory, and unlike Robinson, she has failed to make the most of the amorous rivalry of Iseult of Ireland and Iseult of Brittany; and she has chosen a version of Tristram's death that robs her of the immortal drama of the white sail and the black. Malory killed off Tristram almost as an afterthought, in the course of a knightly roll call; Miss Roberts kills him in a final paragraph, without dramatic preparation. But she has refused to pass along much of Malory's dross. She has ignored the shabby Segwarides affair, she has not seen fit to have her hero chop off a lady's head at Castle Pleure, and she has spared Tristram and her readers much dull, redundant fighting. She has, to sum it all up, written a novel that should be popular for at least a season —but not, I think, a novel that enters the lists of literature.

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The English Heir

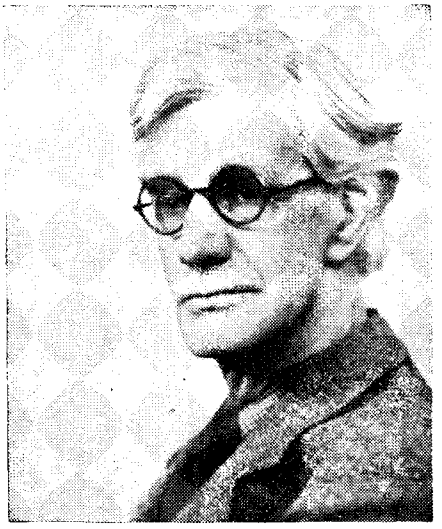
Howard Spring's "A Sunset Touch" *(Harper. 308 pp. $3.50) tells of the awakening of a British bank clerk with an ancestor obsession to the pleasures and vexations of twentieth-century reality.*

By James Kelly

IN his new novel, "A Sunset Touch," Howard Spring has built an oddly forbidding Georgian house with the shades drawn and weeds in the yard. Inside it there is an untidy hodge-podge of Smollett antique and Spillane modern. And the master of it all is a timid forty-five-year-old sawdust man who lives in the twentieth century, looks with extended nostalgia at the eighteenth century, and plainly belongs to neither.

Roger Menheniot, "the last of the Georgians," comes to us first as a threadbare London bank clerk with a family fixation. And when an American soldier with the same name wills him a fortune Roger is free to buy "Rosemullion," the ancient family seat in Cornwall. With power and tradition in his grasp, Roger begins to rub his eyes and wake up. He is then deflowered by a passing prostitute, enraptured by a virginal spinster, and educated by worldly-wise villagers. In the end it looks very much as if the Master of Rosemullion will adjust to the world he lives in after getting off to a miserable start.

The trouble for many readers of "A Sunset Touch" (title from "Bishop Blougram's Apology," by Browning) will be that they cannot relate themselves to the principal characters. Menhenoit seems too meaningless and his sexual meanderings too trivial a cure for what ails him. Bella Thoroughgood, the good-time girl, comes straight from pulp fiction. Heroine Kitty Littledale, the village spinster, is descended from Charlotte



Howard Spring—"abandoned houses."

Brontë, and Henry Savage, the crazed old vicar, derives from a composite of all the English novelists who have admired Goldsmith. At one point Menheniot sternly warns himself: "Don't be a fool. Don't wrap yourself up in *where* you are. Come out of your parcel and look at *what* you are." Unfortunately, he never quite manages to take his own heroic prescription.

With previous novels such as "My Son, My Son!" and "Fame is the Spur" Mr. Spring has won a good foothold on both sides of the ocean as an avuncular storyteller with lyric gifts. At times, though, his lyricism has faded into sentimentality, his story has become a charade, and his characterizations have run the gamut from Dickensian subtlety to pulp banality. Blessed with a fine sense of place, his reverence for English history and his genuine understanding of inhabitants of the beloved Cornish countryside have helped him over the usual novelist's problems of form and flow.

Unhappily for Springians, "A Sunset Touch" offers too much of its author's weakness, too little of his strength. Patches of human warmth and blunt sexcapades decorate the story like oases in a drought area, but they are not enough. Mr. Spring views his people dimly and morosely. They, in turn, putter through the tasks set for them without much enthusiasm and without any real belief that they are getting anywhere. Intending to write a warm, evocative novel of human awakening, he has merely assembled a flaccid pastoral which turns upon coincidence and loses its way in antiquarian detail.

Here's a novel for the special reader who likes to poke around in old abandoned houses and is prepared to be interested in *whatever* he finds.

The Lazuli Bunting

By Ethel Jacobson

LAZULI bunting! Bit of sky
Perched in the alder's eaves,
An azure sheen against the green
Of trembling leaves,
Bright swatch of heaven, bravely hung
Where boughs bend low—
Celestial bird, Sign and Word,
We see, we know!

Self-Destructors

Charles Jackson's "Earthly Creatures" *(240 pp. Clothbound, Farrar, Straus, & Young, $1.50. Paperbound, Ballantine Books, 35¢) is a collection of short stories whose chief characters all have the same fundamental human failing.*

By William Peden

THE central character of most of the short stories in Charles Jackson's "Earthly Creatures" is his own worst enemy. He turns up in many forms: as an adolescent boy, as a young woman, as a middleaged novelist, as an elderly mother. Something is either going wrong in his life, or has already gone wrong. Self-pitying and self-indulgent, he lashes out wildly at life. We watch him, in story after story, methodically going about the business of destroying himself. But he is seldom a fool, and herein lie the power and pathos of most of his stories.

Mr. Jackson's characters are human beings worthy of the love or security or understanding they need so desperately and seek so wildly. In most cases they are aware that in seeking to damage or destroy others they are destroying parts of themselves. Like the schizophrenic writer of "The Boy Who Ran Away"—one of the longest, most ambitious, and best stories in this collection—who hates his gawky nephew for possessing the very traits which had made his own childhood unhappy, they know what they do.

The writer knows that in depriving his children of their anticipated pleasures he is hurting them only temporarily; the damage he does to himself is irreparable. He hates himself for it, yet is powerless to do more than resort to another fifth, or to the ever-handy seconal. He is own "devil, his own black beast . . . he has quitted life, abdicated." He knows the truth but, alas, the truth does not set him free. A debased, half-emasculated, latter-day Prometheus, he is chained with bonds of his own forging, tearing endlessly at the exposed viscera of his own self-respect.

As his novels and earlier short stories have demonstrated, Mr. Jackson is a writer of palpable talent. He possesses a fine sense of humor (this, I think, has not been sufficiently recognized) and a facility for incisive characterization and caricature. What he does in a few lines with someone like "Brooksie," the professional glad-hander of "The Cheat," is wonderful

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to behold. This facility is almost at times Mr. Jackson's undoing; the young actor and the rich widow of "Money" are meaningless caricatures.

On the other hand, some of the author's characters grow remarkably: the absurd mother of "Parting at Morning" becomes a human being, as does the whining writer of "A Sunday Drive." This kind of continuous character growth, development, and change is the sort of thing which only an expert can accomplish within the spatial limitations imposed by the short story.

Mr. Jackson's fiction has always been big in concept. He is concerned with important subjects—man's loneliness, his capacity for self-destruction, his need for understanding. These stories are good enough to make us want them to be a little better. They make us wish that Mr. Jackson weren't frequently quite so glib and facile in tossing off a character or disposing of a situation. His treatment, in other words, doesn't always measure up to the demands of his subject matter.

Book of Recognitions

Mark Van Doren's "Nobody Say a Word" *(Henry Holt. 276 pp. $3) is a new collection of short stories by the distinguished poet and critic.*

By Milton Crane

MARK VAN DOREN's fiction, like his more celebrated poetry and criticism, is the product of a rich and powerful imagination. Admirers of "The Transients" and Mr. Van Doren's other novels and short stories will find in "Nobody Say a Word," his latest volume of short stories, his characteristic delicacy of perception and poetic precision of expression.

Other themes and qualities of Mr. Van Doren's earlier work recur in these stories. The young hero of his novel "Windless Cabins" was moved to ponder a line from "Macbeth": "These terrible dreams that shake us nightly," in his own extremity. Here the hero of "Still, Still So," in love with a girl to whom he has never spoken, copies out Florizel's exquisite praise of Perdita and lets Shakespeare speak for him. The mysterious, otherworldly transients of Mr. Van Doren's first novel, permitted to spend only an appointed time on our earth, look forward to the supernatural figures in short stories in this collection, "The Witch of Ramoth," "The Little Place," and "The Tall One," and to the inexplicable events of "A Great Deal of Weather."

Normally, however, Mr. Van Doren's matter is of this world. Love is his favorite theme: the love of a wife and children for an errant father, in "Nobody Say a Word"; of an overdemanding father for his son in "Grandison and Son"; of an old woman for her priest in "Father O'Connell." No story in this book is more suffused with love than "I, Tobit," in which an old watchman receives a visit at night from a young couple. These are his son, returned after an absence of ten years, and the son's bride. The reunion helps to fulfil the old man's identification of himself and his family with the family of Tobit in the Apocrypha. The beauty of the story lies not so much in the development of the Biblical parallel (which helps to characterize the father) but in the gradual revelation of the young man's identity. Mr. Van Doren here pays his own handsome tribute to the beautiful and moving recognition-scenes of Shakespeare's last plays and of the Joseph-story.

"Mrs. Lancey" is an admirable example of Mr. Van Doren's ability to conceive a highly effective situation and to bring it to life by giving his characters the best possible words to speak: in short, by employing the technique of that poetic drama of which he has written so eloquently. Here a visitor is entertained by a brilliant but taciturn lecturer, Lancey, and by the lecturer's charming but garrulous wife, who explains—rather too freely—her husband's insights, in a series of florid metaphors. When Lancey himself speaks at last he is unaccountably disappointing; after the visitor's departure we gradually learn

(*Continued on page* 40)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

GET YOUR MAN

Barbara E. Callarman of Los Gatos, California, asks you to name the killer or near-killer (and the book, and the author) in each of ten murders which occur (or nearly occur) in novels that are *not* detective fiction. Allowing five points for the killer, three for the book, and two for the author, a score of sixty qualifies you as a patrolman, seventy as a detective sergeant, and eighty or better as an inspector, first grade. Answers on page 39.

1. This grave-robber knifed a doctor in a cemetery before the frightened eyes of two hidden boys who had come there to charm away a wart.
2. This Southern bell shot and buried a Union soldier who came to loot her family mansion.
3. This cannibal "cleverly" cut off the head of another with a single stroke of the sword handed him by his English benefactor after the Englishman had first knocked down the victim.
4. This mountain man shot his best friend in a fit of unjustified jealousy over his Indian wife.
5. This sea captain used his vessel to ram and sink a man-of-war as an act of vengeance, sending its entire crew to their death.
6. This ranch-hand killed his feeble-minded friend to save him from the consequences of a murder unintentionally committed.
7. This man shoved a prison turnkey down a well after the turnkey tried to kill him and his young friend to rob them of the diamond they had found hidden in the well.
8. This one-legged sea-cook polished off a former shipmate after the latter had been wounded from ambush and had fallen into an empty treasure pit.
9. This youth planned to murder his pregnant sweetheart and lacked the courage to go through with it, but when she was accidentally drowning he grasped the opportunity by failing to try to save her.
10. This ex-convict intended to murder and rob a bishop, but was deterred from slaughter by the sublime aspect of the good man peacefully sleeping.

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The Poet of England

Scarcely a day passes that does not see the publication of a book or article on William Shakespeare. Here an authority in the field, Professor G. B. Harrison of the University of Michigan, appraises a dozen volumes issued during the past few months.

By G. B. Harrison

THE latest volume of that annual survey of Shakespearean scholarship, **"Shakespeare Survey 6,"** edited by Allardyce Nicoll (Cambridge University Press, $3.75), is almost as good as its predecessors. Though some of the articles are not so generally interesting as in previous years, the chronicles are now essential for any student, for, as Miss C. M. Bradbrook declares in her survey of critical studies, there is nowadays a "new book or article on Shakespeare every day of the year."

Three of the latest batch to come my way have real importance. **"Shakespeare and the Rival Traditions"** (Macmillan, $6) makes the point that in Shakespeare's time there were two kinds of theatre, the public and the private. The public theatres catered to the general mass of Englishmen and were served by Shakespeare and his lesser professional colleagues of the Chamberlain's and the Admiral's Companies. The choirboys who acted in the private theatres were patronized by a small coterie of intellectuals who took pleasure in the plays of Jonson, Chapman, Marston, and others of their sophisticated kind. Writers for the public theatres believed in the divine plan of the universe, the dignity of man, personal chastity, fidelity in marriage, social unity, and the major decencies of life. The values of the intellectuals—if they may be called values—were bleakly negative; thus, observes Professor Harbage, "the ideal of wedded love, on the few occasions when it is expressed at all, serves to highlight the squalor of marriage, as it is assumed normally to be." In the end actors and dramatists grew more and more to play to the coteries; and drama died.

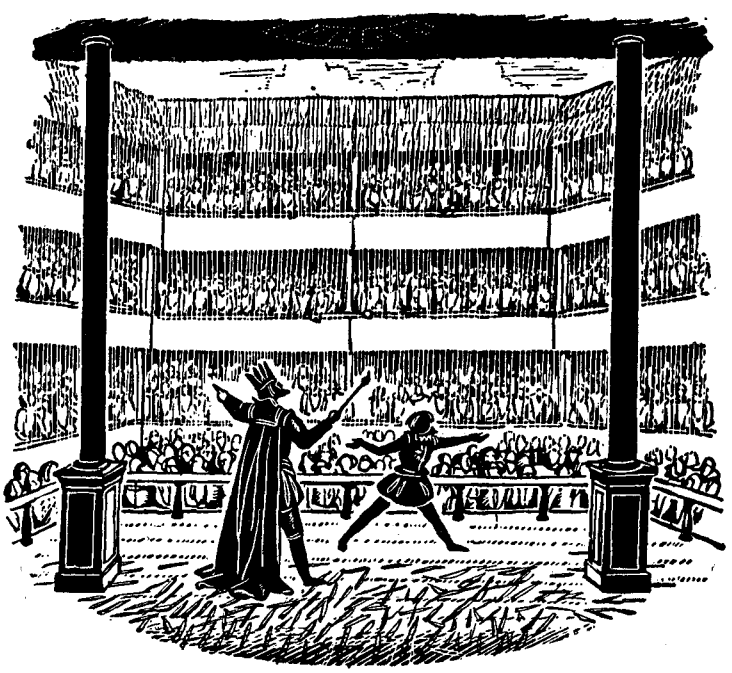
There is nothing particularly original in Professor Harbage's general theme. These matters have long been known and understood by anyone who has intelligently studied Elizabethan drama, but they have not hitherto been worked out with such detail or erudition, and, as will be expected of the author, the selection of facts is skilful.

The book is divided into two parts. The first is a historical account of the two kinds of theatre. It assumes a specialist's knowledge of Elizabethan stage history and is therefore not always easy reading; it is too detailed for a general introduction and too short for a full account. In the second part Professor Harbage contrasts "The Two Views of Life," beginning with "The Divine Plan" and "The Dignity of Man" and descending to "Sexual Behavior and Wedded Love," in which he illustrates the differing attitudes of the two groups with abundant quotation. Indeed, at this stage a reader may become surfeited with these greasy gobbets from forgotten dramas; but when he reaches the final chapter—"Shakespeare's Tradition: Conclusion"—he is made to realize that all the time in writing about Shakespeare and the rival traditions Professor Harbage's real concern is with his own contemporaries who also are in some danger of being dominated by coteries: "In the literary world of our own day," he laments:

> . . . we witness a more than usually determined effort by a critical elite to usurp the role of posterity—to tell us not only which authors do certain things best, but also what those best things are, to pronounce on both degrees of quality and value of kind, to nominate and elect. . . . It is the scent of bigotry about the idols of the modern coterie that is most disturbing. It is a scent wholly missing from such artists as Shakespeare. Universal, many-sided, protean as he may be, there is still one role in which Shakespeare cannot be conceived—the role of Grand Inquisitor.

There is some vigorous writing in this last chapter which will find an echo in many breasts but, unfortunately, as he reaches his conclusion Professor Harbage grows reticent of detail. The nine previous chapters have been fortified with 943 items of documentation; only sixteen support the conclusion. This sudden shyness may be due to prudence or to charity, but it disappoints those who would gladly join the party, for Harbage on "Shakespeare and the Coterie Critics" could be an exciting book.

Henri Fluchère's **"Shakespeare"** (Longmans, Green, $5) was originally intended for a French audience. The English version—excellently translated by Guy Hamilton and pompously



—Illustrations from "On Producing Shakespeare."

". . . scarcely a day [without] publication of a book or article on Shakespeare."

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introduced in a foreword by T. S. Eliot—is a rare specimen of a book that is far better than its blurb. It gives, as it were, a metaphysic of Shakespeare and Elizabethan drama; and it provides the best introduction so far available to the modern criticism of Shakespeare. The book is in three parts—"The Age," "Technique," and "The Themes"; of these the second is the best and most generally useful. With great skill M. Fluchère synthesizes the various ingredients that make up a Shakespearean play, such as order, convention, space and time, action, character, and language. He recognizes that Elizabethan rhetoric "is a very special art—the art of one epoch and of one kind, pursued for definite ends, working with and upon a certain form of sensibility." And he continues:

> We must remember that the theatre cannot neglect ethical purposes (taking the word in the widest sense), and the Elizabethan dramatist was constantly reminded of this by Seneca, the Middle Ages, and the last of the Moralities. Vices and Virtues, variously disguised, fill the stage and remain—whatever changes they may undergo—the antinomies that constitute the moral world. Man's destiny is a strife, continually renewed, between Good and Evil, and without trying to make of the theatre a kind of misbegotten, misapplied pulpit, Drama takes up man's cause, incessantly opposing a moral order to the forces unleashed against him when hope is at its lowest ebb. By direct or roundabout channels, according as the author's intention is deliberate (which the author of Moralities was), or instinctive (as any playwright's generally was), the essential aim remains the same: to persuade by argument and by emotion, so as to induce man to give a positive meaning to life. The two functions of argument and emotion are inseparable, and the exercise of them calls for the use of rhetoric.

The last part of the book—"The Themes"—gives a quick analysis of some of the more interesting plays. M. Fluchère acknowledges considerable debt to the more modern critics such as T. S. Eliot, F. R. Leavis, and Wilson Knight (whose **"Wheel of Fire,"** in its latest form, is now published in this country by Macmillan at $4.50). The greatest merit of M. Fluchère's work is its objective sanity.

While M. Fluchère belongs to the modern critics, another Frenchman, the late Professor Albert Feuillerat, will doubtless be categorized as a "neodisintegrator." **"The Composition of Shakespeare's Plays"** (Yale University Press, $5) revives several notions that have long been current; in particular that some at least of the plays, as we now have them, are the final result of a series of revisions, collaborations, and rewritings. This view in its extreme form was loudly advocated thirty to forty years ago by the late J. M. Robertson, a soured bardolator who suffered from intellectual rabies, for he was always more eager to bite his critics than to prove his own case. Robertson claimed that he could intuitively detect the writer of any passage and he left only the best bits to Shakespeare.

From another angle, textual students—sometimes called "scientific bibliographers"—of whom J. Dover Wilson is the most conspicuous, essayed to detect the adventures and layers of the written manuscript from a close examination of the printed text. General students of Shakespeare are liable to react with more scepticism than assent to both processes. Professor Feuillerat, however, has approached the problem with such dispassioned and obvious competence that his conclusions must be treated with considerable respect. In this volume six plays are examined— "II and III Henry VI," "Titus Andronicus," "Richard II," "Richard III," and "Romeo and Juliet." Each is closely dissected and submitted to tests for vocabulary, verse, imagery, and textual readings, and the findings recorded. Thus, to take one example, Professor Feuillerat concludes that "Richard II" was originally a straight chronicle play with no one prominent character but two rivals for the throne. Shakespeare suppressed various passages of historical events, destroyed the old balance, and turned a history into a personal tragedy. If Professor Feuillerat is right in his general interpretation of the evidence he will have dealt at least a sidelong blow at much modern criticism; for if any given play, as it now exists, is made up of Original Author 18 per cent, First Reviser 12 per cent, Reviser Shakespeare 61 per cent, and Enthusiastic Copyist 9 per cent then it is hazardous to make much of Shakespeare's symbolic unity, recurrent imagery, ethical undertones, and the rest until we first know just what Shakespeare himself wrote. Professor Feuillerat's methods can be checked only by independent investigations of a panel of scholars, each of whom must have the same kind of critical tact, industry, and detachment. But what a godsend to harassed directors of graduate studies, for "The Composition of Shakespeare's Plays" opens up a hundred topics for Ph.D. theses!

Professor Allardyce Nicoll in his little handbook called **"Shakespeare"** (Oxford University Press, $2.50) is concerned with many of the same problems as M. Fluchère, and he offers a summary of the diverse modern approaches to Shakespeare. His sympathies on the whole are with the "new" as against the "historic" critics, but he is too judicious to commit himself to any school. A reading list of selected modern works would have made the book more useful.

IN **"Shakespearian Players and Performances"** (Harvard University Press, $4.50) A. C. Sprague successfully tries to catch the impression made by some of the famous actors of the past in their greatest Shakespearean roles—Betterton and Kemble as Hamlet, Gar-

(*Continued on page* 38)

"I laid it this morning but I'm afraid to sit on it!"

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—United Press.

East Berliners dashing across the line for food distributed in the Western sector—"their crime was a simple one."

BERLIN, 1953

By NORMAN COUSINS

In this first instalment of a two-part report on Berlin today SR's *editor describes his encounter with two women from the Soviet zone in a West Berlin food distribution center. Part Two, coming next week, tells of a visit to East Berlin's famous Stalinallee.*

BERLIN, 1953.

LET me begin by telling you about two German women.

I can't tell you their names; I don't know their names. Nor did I have any right to ask. They were from the Soviet zone of Germany and they were wise to conceal their identities. They feared that if what they were doing became known they and their families might be hurt.

Their crime was a simple one. They had violated an order and had come from the East zone to West Berlin. They came simply because they were hungry, and they came to get free food.

I should like you to know about these women because you might like to know more about a situation in which it is a crime for hungry people to accept free food. When I met them they were at one of the six free food distribution centers in West Berlin. One of the women was about fifty-five, the other about forty. In common with countless thousands of other Germans from the Soviet sector of Berlin or the surrounding Soviet zone outside the city, they came because the Americans were providing emergency food packages. They knew that they could get only one package per person per month. They knew, too, that one package would meet the basic nutritional needs of one person for only one week. But even this was necessary and welcome.

By word of mouth or by secret radio, the hungry people had learned the address of where they would be given food. When they arrived at the factory they found an efficient and swift-moving distribution system in operation. A large area on the first floor of the factory had been cleared away; long tables had been set up and dozens of Germans were at work, unpacking the crates of food. The hungry people moved by the tables at the rate of about twenty a minute.

Near the door was a West Berlin policeman, a tall youth of about twenty-two, who was answering the questions of anxious and bewildered people, many of whom were in West Berlin for the first time since the end of the war. To those who came without proper cards he explained that it is first necessary to have their East Germany or East Berlin papers checked

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at the nearby town hall, where food cards would be issued. One person could obtain as many as seven or eight food cards if he had that many people in his family—so long as he could prove it with their identification papers, and so long as he had the strength to carry the food away.

I was astounded to see women of sixty or seventy years make off with bundles that must have weighed sixty or seventy pounds. An elderly woman who couldn't have weighed more than one hundred pounds herself was carrying at least half her weight in two old burlap bags, one in each hand.

For an hour I had been watching the East Germans as they came to collect their food. They were of all ages. Mostly, though, they were people in late middle age or older. All were poorly dressed, some in clothes that had been patched and repatched. Even the younger people had a drab look about them. And almost all of them had come on foot. I saw at least a dozen young mothers with baby carriages.

At the beginning the crowds would average 20,000 to 30,000 people per day at this particular food center. But that was at a time when it was feared that the giveaway program might last only a few days or so. Now that the food package distribution plan is being set up on a continuing basis, providing for one package per person per month, the East Berliners have leveled off to a steady rate of about 4,500 per day at each of the six distribution points.

As you have no doubt read, the East Berlin authorities have tried every trick in the book to keep the people in the East zone from getting the free food packages. It is impossible to build barriers at every one of the thousands of streets which connect Communist Berlin with Free Berlin. But the authorities have tried everything else—including threats, force, and propaganda persuasion. They even sent thousands of Communists to apply for the food packages; no questions are asked by West Berlin, of course, concerning a person's political ties. These Communists would then trail the other East Berliners back to their homes and inform on them.

THE resultant punishment would take various forms, of which confiscation of the food package was the most lenient. In some cases people would be deprived of their identification papers, which had enabled them to move about the city. Some were deprived of their jobs. I have no way of verifying the story, but I was told that some East Berliners were sent to jail.

The Soviet authorities even set up a food distribution center of their own in East Berlin for the "relief of" 300,000 unemployed West Berliners. This plan was advertised over the radio. It turned out that the food packages were the very ones that had been confiscated from people returning to East Berlin. Thousands of West Berliners went over to East Berlin in response to the offer, collected their packages, and returned to West Berlin, where they promptly handed over their packages to the same distribution centers where the East Berliners had picked them up in the first place. There was some speculation that some of the packages might have shifted back and forth a dozen times or more. The shifting stopped, however, when the Communist authorities realized their plan had backfired.

ANOTHER device they tried was to publicize the propaganda line that President Eisenhower's offer to 15,000,000 Germans in the Soviet zone actually averaged down to about only eighty-five cents per person. No more than the price of a handful of telephone calls, the argument ran. This argument began to lose its charm when writings began to appear on walls or on the bottom of public signs to the effect that eighty-five cents might not be very much, but that was still eighty-five cents' worth of food more than the Communists were providing.

Whether eighty-five cents is a lot or a little, the fact remains that it is being translated into effective emergency food supply units. I watched the attendants as they filled up the individual packages. This is what an individual card obtained: one and a half pounds of lard, two tins of condensed milk, one packet of powdered milk, one packet of lentil beans, one pound of flour or rice. It is enough, the experts say, to meet the average food requirements of a single person for one week. Besides, there's another food package available next month.

The people left the main counters and made off for one side where they would unpack their food kits and then reassemble them in somewhat more concealed form. The women with the baby carriages were carefully stuffing their tins and packets under the mattresses. It was then that I met the two German women I am anxious to tell you about. They were stuffing small tin cans into pockets of their coats or into the sleeves of sweaters or coats to be carried over their arms. Other items were stuffed into oversized pocketbooks or valises or shopping bags carefully covered at the top with camouflage materials. Each seemed to have at least six food supply units.

As I looked at these two women with their extra food parcels I knew that no matter how many sleeves and coats they filled, they wouldn't be able to conceal the fact that they were carrying American food into East Germany. I went up to them and asked if I might talk to them.

I don't think I shall ever forget their look of horror as they stared up at me, eyes and mouths open and faces taut. After a brief moment one of them said they had nothing to say. The other said there was no way for her to know that I wasn't someone who was trying to get information about them in order to report her to the Communist authorities.

I told her I knew exactly how she felt; then through an interpreter, Werner Dietrich. I explained that I had come to observe the food distribution plan in action, I didn't want to have her name; all I wanted to know was how she was going to manage all these bundles and how far she had to go.

The young policeman who had been standing nearby reassured the women and little by little they began to show confidence. After a few minutes the older woman explained her fright and caution by saying that her friends had advised her against coming, saying that the food was merely bait and that she might endanger her family.

"ALREADY we have suffered much," she said. "My husband owned a flour factory. When the Communists came in they said he was a capitalist and took it away and made it a people's factory. They gave him nothing for the factory but they said he could work as a foreman at the shipping station for the flour. He had to take the job or there would be no work and we would have no food.

"My son, he was in the war and lost both legs. When he came home from the hospital my husband had given him a job as an accountant. Then when the Communists took over the factory they told my son he could keep his job if he joined the SED (*Socialiste Einenger Democratische*—that is, the local Communist Party). My son, he didn't want to join because of what they had done to my husband, and they took away his job and said he could have no other. They said all he could have would be a veteran's pension, which is only seventy-five East Marks a month. [About $4.]

"We have had enough trouble already."

All this while the younger woman

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had been searching my face. I could tell she still wasn't quite sure. I thought it might be a good idea to show her my passport and my wife's photograph. She asked me how many children I had. It developed that she had the same number of children, four; and she said, "Ach," with a slight play of disbelief and amused solicitude when I told her all my children were girls. She said she had two boys and was certain that my luck would change if I kept trying. Everyone joined in the laugh, including the victim. That broke the ice and the women spoke freely.

When I asked how far they had come they said they were from a town some seventy miles from Berlin. They had started their journey at five A.M., that morning, taking a train and a bus and then working their way across the city in order to avoid the checking points.

WEREN'T they concerned about getting all the food out of West Berlin? What about the other people on the trains and buses? Some of them might be party functionaries or informers, *nein*?

That wasn't the way it worked, they were prompt to reply. What you did was to leave the big items of food with friends in West Berlin who would carry the packages into the East zone, without too much vulnerability. Besides, the homes of friends were good parking stations, and you could have the food picked up by other friends from East Berlin who happened to be going into West Berlin for one reason or another.

"Ach," she said, "there are so many ways to get the food through."

We offered to drive the women to their friends' home in the French zone of West Berlin, and they accepted. As we drove away from the food center the younger woman, who up until this time had been the more shy and hesitant of the two, spoke up.

"I am sorry I am so soon having to go home," she said. "This is the first time since before the war I have ridden in a private car. And never have I seen so many autos before—"

Our car swung into the Kurfürstendamm near the Wilhelm Memorial Church. We passed some big department stores, their windows displaying oversize Persian rugs, attractive furniture, and stylish evening gowns.

"It is so hard to believe," she continued. "The Communists tell us that there is luxury in West Berlin but it is all owned by the Americans, and that the new buildings and the new stores are all paid for by the Americans, who are going to make the Germans pay for it many times over with high interest. They have said that the working people cannot afford to buy these capitalist goods. But where do all these rich people come from? Everywhere I look I see people going into the stores and coming out with packages. Maybe these are not just rich people. Maybe the working people have enough money to buy these things, too.

"In the Soviet zone we have to use these"—she fished some rationing coupons out of her bag and waved them—"but even then it is no good. A spoonful of butter for one person has to last a full month.

"Not enough milk. My young boy has tuberculosis. In West Berlin you can buy butter and milk enough for your family. I will tell my husband about this."

This was the first time the younger woman had referred to her husband. When I asked her what her husband did there was an awkward pause and the women looked at each other as though trying to decide whether they ought to answer the question. I was afraid I had touched on a sensitive point and started to change the subject when the younger woman replied.

"He is a clerk who does bookkeeping and he is a member of the Communist Party. But he is not a real Communist. I swear he is not a Communist. He joined because he had to. When they came and invited him to join the SED he knew he would lose his job and not find another if he did not join. He is always thinking of his family. He surrendered and joined the SED.

"BUT he is not a Communist. I would know it if he were. He doesn't bother to read the literature they give him, and many times he doesn't go to the meetings. He promises me he won't inform on his friends, like they want him to do. And he knew I was coming today and what would happen to him if I got caught, and he said it was all right for me to come. He listens secretly to the radio from West Berlin and he knew that America was giving us food and he didn't say, as the other real Communists say, that it is only a cheap trick to get us into trouble."

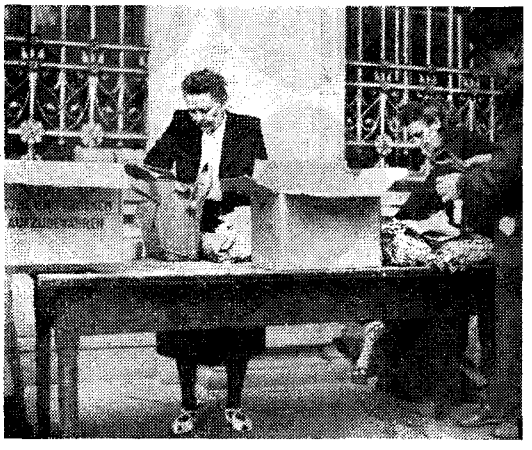
I looked first at one, then at the other, then asked the inevitable question. If conditions in the Soviet zone were as bad as all that, why stick it out? Why not come over to West Berlin and make a fresh start?

The question didn't go down too well.

"It is not so easy, just to come over

(*Continued on page* 40)

A policeman directing.



A woman repacking her carton.

—*Photos by N.C.*

A boy very much happier.

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The Saturday Review

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The Fifth Freedom

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest editorial is by Seymour St. John, headmaster of the Choate School, Wallingford, Conn.*

MORE than three centuries ago a handful of pioneers crossed the ocean to Jamestown and Plymouth in search of freedoms they were unable to find in their own countries, the freedoms we still cherish today: freedom from want, freedom from fear, freedom of speech, freedom of religion. Today the descendants of the early settlers, and those who have joined them since, are fighting to protect these freedoms at home and throughout the world.

And yet there is a fifth freedom—basic to those four—that we are in danger of losing: *the freedom to be one's best.* St. Exupéry describes a ragged, sensitive-faced Arab child, haunting the streets of a North African town, as a lost Mozart: he would never be trained or developed. Was he free? "No one grasped you by the shoulder while there was still time; and nought will awaken in you the sleeping poet or musician or astronomer that possibly inhabited you from the beginning." The freedom to be one's best is the chance for the development of each person to his highest power.

How is it that we in America have begun to lose this freedom, and how can we regain it for our nation's youth? I believe it has started slipping away from us because of three great misunderstandings.

First, the misunderstanding of the meaning of democracy. The principal of a great Philadelphia high school is driven to cry for help in combating the notion that it is undemocratic to run a special program of studies for outstanding boys and girls. Again, when a good independent school in Memphis recently closed some thoughtful citizens urged that it be taken over by the public-school system and used for boys and girls of high ability; that it have entrance requirements and give an advanced program of studies to superior students who were interested and able to take it. The proposal was rejected because it was undemocratic! Out of this misunderstanding comes the middle-muddle. Courses are geared to the middle of the class. The good student is unchallenged, bored. The loafer receives his passing grade. And the lack of an outstanding course for the outstanding student, the lack of a standard which a boy or girl must meet, passes for democracy.

The second misunderstanding concerns what makes for happiness. The aims of our present-day culture are avowedly ease and material well-being: shorter hours; a shorter week; more return for less accomplishment; more soft-soap excuses and fewer honest, realistic demands. In our schools this is reflected by the vanishing hickory stick and the emerging psychiatrist. The hickory stick had its faults, and the psychiatrist has his strengths. But the trend is clear: *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner.* Do we really believe that our softening standards bring happiness? Is it our sound and considered judgment that the tougher subjects of the classics and mathematics should be thrown aside, as suggested by some educators, for doll-playing? Small wonder that Charles Malik, Lebanese delegate at the U.N., writes: "There is in the West"—in the United States—"a general weakening of moral fiber. [Our] leadership does not seem to be adequate to the unprecedented challenges of the age."

The last misunderstanding is in the area of values. Here are some of the most influential tenets of teacher education over the past fifty years: there is no eternal truth; there is no absolute moral law; there is no God. Yet all of history has taught us that the denial of these ultimates, the placement of man or state at the core of the universe, results in a paralyzing mass selfishness; and the first signs of it are already frighteningly evident.

ARNOLD TOYNBEE has said that all progress, all development come from challenge and a consequent response. Without challenge there is no response, no development, no freedom. So first we owe to our children the most demanding, challenging curriculum that is within their capabilities. Michelangelo did not learn to paint by spending his time doodling. Mozart was not an accomplished pianist at the age of eight as the result of spending his days in front of a television set. Like Eve Curie, like Helen Keller, they responded to the challenge of their lives by a disciplined training: and they gained a new freedom.

The second opportunity we can give our boys and girls is the right to failure. "Freedom is not only a privilege, it is a test," writes De Nöuy. What kind of a test is it, what kind of freedom where no one can fail? The day is past when the United States can afford to give high-school diplomas to all who sit through four years of instruction, regardless of whether any visible results can be discerned. We live in a narrowed world where we must be alert, awake to realism: and realism demands a standard which either must be met or result in failure. These are hard words, but they are brutally true. If we deprive our children of the right to fail we deprive them of their knowledge of the world as it is.

Finally, we can expose our children to the best values we have found. By relating our lives to the evidences of the ages, by judging our philosophy in the light of values that history has proven truest, perhaps we shall be able to produce that "ringing message, full of content and truth, satisfying the mind, appealing to the heart, firing the will, a message on which one can stake his whole life." This is the message that could mean joy and strength and leadership—freedom as opposed to serfdom.

—SEYMOUR ST. JOHN.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EDUCATION ISSUE

HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS to you on your outstanding September Education Issue [*SR* Sept. 12]. You can indeed be proud of what *SR* is contributing to the growth and improvement of the American public school, the institution which, as much or maybe more than any other, will provide for the growth and improvement in our method of government and our way of life.

I find it difficult to join Mr. Lynd's indictment of the people in our public schools from both the point of view of my own conscience and my family's experiences. Along with the majority of my fellow citizens, I have done too little to make the teaching profession a financial inducement to young men and women. Along with the majority of my fellow citizens, I am too heavily in debt to the teachers of my children.

When Mr. Hersey says, ". . . we must get out of our heads the idea that education can be, or should be, cheap. It will always be as expensive as our children are precious," he rings another bell and this time it's a bell for all Americans.

DENNIS O'SHEA.

Chicago, Ill.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Now do you believe what we say in Damascus about our swords?"

"QUACKERY" DEFENDED

MAURICE R. AHRENS in his review of Albert Lynd's "Quackery in the Public Schools" [*SR* Sept. 12] resorts to two tricky devices which are "traditional" but reliable to try to discredit the charges brought against the philosophy and policies practised in the public schools. First he states that the evidence presented is subjective (a curious comment about a book so substantially documented) and second he seeks to dissolve the basis of Mr. Lynd's thesis by affirming that "the same subjects are being taught that were taught fifty years ago."

The joker in this statement is that the same subjects are being taught but in fewer schools and to fewer students. The school administrators, as a general policy, do not advise, much less urge or require, the competent students to take the college preparatory subjects. . . .

What has been substituted for these basic tools of higher education? According to the U.S. Office of Education, "the largest enrolments are in health, safety, and physical education; English; and social studies. This is not surprising since these subjects are required in most states." No one objects to the serious study of English, or of the social studies rooted in the substance of history; few persons will find fault with moderate emphasis on health, safety, and physical education. But to require the latter and to de-emphasize physics, geometry, mathematics, chemistry, Latin, French, German, and Spanish makes no sense to me.

The declining enrolment in the college preparatory subjects in the public schools has made its influence felt on college and university entrance requirements. The school administrators find these to be embarrassing obstacles to curriculum revisions. They find it difficult to convince parents who want their children to study geometry and foreign languages that the colleges and universities are behind the times in maintaining these subjects as requirements for admission. And, as Mr. Lynd points out, a majority of institutions of higher education have been pressured into abolishing their requirements. . . .

Contrary to the reviewer's conjecture that "no great number of informed thinking people in our country will take it seriously," "Quackery in the Public Schools" will be read by thousands of Americans who *will* take it seriously. Instead of trying to shrug off this charge as that of a misguided layman against a phantom windmill, Mr. Ahrens and his colleagues would do well to take it seriously and acting on its manifold challenges should re-examine the nature and purposes of their difficult responsibilities as mentors of our youth.

BOYD CARTER.

Lincoln, Nebraska

NO DOGMATIST DEWEY

THE CHARGES against modern education which Dr. Gordon Chalmers utters in his review of "Quackery in the Public Schools" could be somewhat more judicious. He dislikes John Dewey for his "dogma that the soul does not exist." Therefore the kind of schooling which Dewey wanted must be harmful. So, likewise, today's teachers' colleges are mere hot-beds of "political necessity, compromise, mental laziness, and pedagogical empire-building."

But even if Dewey had held his view as a dogma and therefore beyond question, we must ask, "Do modern educators really insist that teachers accept every item in Dewey's philosophy?" Atheist; Jewish, Christian kindergartners have not been induced by the pantheism of Froebel to reject what is sound in Froebel's suggestions about pre-school education. Nuns and priests attend those awful teachers' colleges to learn what modern methods can be adopted even in parochial schools. Many good Protestants are doing this today so as to win more children to attend Sunday school. One result is that more boys and girls are being saved for future church-membership than if the Sunday procedures stayed traditional.

The writer of this letter is not a disciple of Dewey. I am aware that modern schooling has its needless jargon, its extremists, and, not unlike a few practitioners of the older ways, its blunderers. But it is trying to find out how to turn the native tendencies of children into channels leading to the best results for all thereby affected. It is seeking to win pupils to do necessary learning with all their minds and all their hearts, even though some may never quote Deuteronomy. It urges the teachers to employ projects which lead the children both to better awareness of the world around them and to the self-training and the group-practices needed for right behavior in that world. . . .

HENRY NEUMANN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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The Lacedemonian Sourpusses

"Ancient Sparta," by K. M. T. Chrimes *(Philosophical Library. 527 pp. $8.75), is a British scholar's examination of the many inscriptions recently unearthed at Sparta. Here Joseph Ward Swain, professor of history at the University of Illinois and author of "The Ancient World," appraises it as part of the centuries-old effort to discover what the civilization of that almost legendary city-state was really like.*

By Joseph Ward Swain

AT different times and in different places the word "Spartan" has evoked widely different emotional responses. In the eighteenth century, when Plutarch's "Lives" was required reading for every educated person, there was great talk about "Spartan virtue," and Lycurgus, the reputed founder of the Spartan system, was hailed as the wisest of ancient lawgivers, as a John the Baptist to Frederick the Great and the Enlightened Despots.

Early in the next century, when most of Germany's intellectual leaders were in a frenzy of patriotic enthusiasm, Sparta took on even brighter colors. In a widely praised book, "The Dorians," the classical scholar Otfried Müller, after depicting the Spartans as fine examples of civic patriotism and as models of every other human virtue as well, eloquently expressed a hope that their noble example would inspire everyone who wished Germany to become great. His writings left so deep an impression that interest in Müller and his ideas has continued down into the present century. When Hitler inaugurated his totalitarian program of regimentation, rigorous youth training, guns before butter, helotism, eugenics, and the like "Sparta" once more became a word to conjure with, for the Spartans too had done all these fine things.

Elsewhere scholarship tended to follow a different path. Historians preferred to idealize the Athenian democracy, Sparta was usually pictured in an unpleasant light, and sometimes poor Lycurgus was even deprived of his historical existence. These views eventually filtered down into elementary textbooks, and when our high-school teachers asked us to compare Spartan institutions with those of Athens they expected us to make Sparta the villain of the piece.

It must be admitted that if we turn to the ancient historians and writers who described Spartan institutions Sparta's admirers have the weight of ancient authority on their side. All these ancient writers were non-Spartans, the most eminent among them being Athenians, yet almost always they praised Spartan institutions more eloquently than did the Spartans themselves. A few years ago a French scholar, François Ollier, dealt at length with this ancient idealization of Sparta in a brilliant study, "Le mirage spartiate." At first, it seems, the idealization was primarily for political purposes. It was the work of Athenian aristocrats who had opposed Pericles's democratic war against Sparta (431-404 B.C.) and who later claimed that Sparta's victory proved the superiority of her aristocratic institutions. As the great war gradually receded into the background, however, the moralists took over, with Cynics, Stoics, and Plutarch repeating what the aristocrats had said and edifying their readers with disquisitions upon Spartan virtue.

The greatest of these pro-Spartan enthusiasts, the philosopher Plato, was both a disgruntled Athenian aristocrat and a lofty moralist. His two famous Utopias, set forth respectively in the "Republic" and the "Laws," clearly betray their Spartan origin. In their general outlines and in countless matters of detail they are simply idealized versions of the Spartan state. More than any other individual, perhaps, Plato has supplied the intellectual foundations for totalitarianism, with its Gestapos, its inquisitors, and its brainwashings, and Plato derived his inspiration from Sparta—that is, from his misunderstanding and idealization of Spartan institutions.

But, though our literary evidence may, at first glance, favor the pro-Spartan faction among scholars, archeology has come to the support of the critics. Early in the present century British archeologists began their important discoveries at Sparta. They found that the pottery made there before the end of the seventh century B.C. ranked with the best in Greece, but that thereafter it was cheap and without artistic merit. Other evidence supported their conclusions that Sparta had once been a cultural and intellectual leader of Greece, and that her cultural decline began at about the time of the establishment of what were later considered the characteristically Spartan institutions.

PUTTING all this information together, scholars then wrote the story somewhat as follows. Sparta differed little from her neighbors until she conquered and annexed Messenia in the seventh century. Thereafter the Spartans had to remain strong militarily, in order to hold down their conquered provinces. They therefore recast their state in a totalitarian mold, rejecting everything that did not obviously augment their military power. Sparta became an enormous barracks. The Spartan army became the strongest in Greece, and after the defeat of Athens in 404 Sparta dominated the entire peninsula. Yet at the very time when Plato, Xenophon, and other Athenian aristocrats were praising her institutions so highly those institutions actually were breaking down. Sparta's weakness was that, while she could produce armies that won victories, she could not produce statesmen to make wise use of those victories. She never recovered from her shattering defeat by the Thebans at Leuctra in 371.

This version of the development of Spartan institutions did not satisfy Miss K. M. T. Chrimes—a British

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scholar at University College, Leicester—and she therefore undertook a re-examination of the evidence. Heretofore scholars had paid scant attention to the many inscriptions recently unearthed at Sparta. Most of these inscriptions date from the second century after Christ, but Miss Chrimes believes that the old Spartan system continued virtually unchanged even at this late date. On the basis of this contemporary evidence, she describes, in her book "Ancient Sparta: A Re-examination of the Evidence," the various Spartan institutions as they existed in Roman times. The second part of her book then traces them back step by step to their prehistoric origins. The author believes that there were rather extensive "Lycurgan" reforms, which she boldly dates in 809 B.C., but she holds that the fundamentals of the Spartan system antedated them by several centuries.

Her book is written by a scholar for other scholars—that is to say, for readers who will not be deterred by frequent technical discussions, by long and close arguments on rather minute points, by untranslated Greek quotations sometimes running to several lines, or by long and complex English sentences. The author has carefully studied an enormous mass of material. Perhaps not all her conclusions will be accepted by specialists, but there can be no doubt that she has added greatly to our knowledge of ancient Sparta. She brings forward evidence to show that, even at a late period, the Spartans were not so benighted as their critics sometimes charge, but she nowhere discusses the larger issues, and she does not ask the great question, what would Western civilization be like today if all Greeks had been Spartans?

The Immemorial River-Kingdom

"The Scepter of Egypt: Part I, From the Earliest Times to the End of the Middle Kingdom," by William C. Hayes *(Harper. 351 pp. $12.50), is the first of a copiously illustrated two-volume work based on the Egyptian antiquities in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. James H. Breasted, Jr., who reviews it below, is director of the Los Angeles County Museum and author of "Egyptian Servant Statues."*

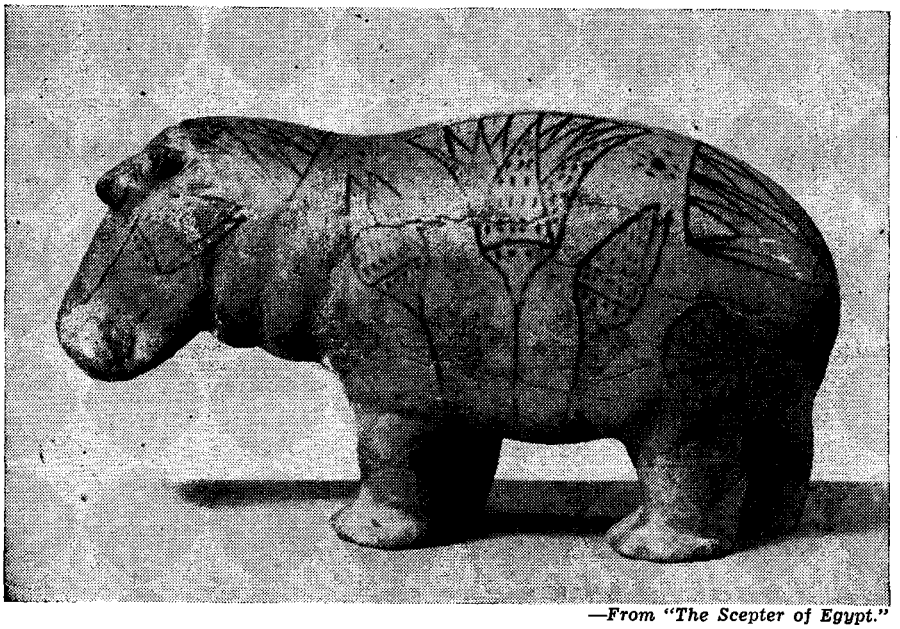
By James H. Breasted, Jr.

IN 1942, during World War II, the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston published an excellent little guide to its Egyptian collection by William Stevenson Smith, then assistant curator of Egyptian art. For over a decade it has been an up-to-date model of what a layman wants and ought to know about Egyptian culture in general and a very distinguished collection of Nile Valley antiquities in particular. It has also had the twofold virtue of brevity and low cost.

Now, eleven years later, the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has just issued the first half of a splendid two-volume work about its very large collection of some 35,000 objects of Egyptian art and civilization, by William C. Hayes, curator of Egyptian art there. Its cost reflects the present inflationary period. The present book covers Egyptian culture and art from their beginnings down through the Middle Kingdom, and, while it treats of the Metropolitan Museum's collection, it is at the same time a history of Egypt based upon the rich store of surviving antiquities. How refreshing it would be if a work of similar nature were available for Classical civilization! If we are patient and remember that the wetter climate of the northern shores of the Mediterranean Sea has destroyed so much of the household objects which have survived in Egypt perhaps we shall be rewarded.

In the field of Egyptology nothing quite like Dr. Hayes's book has ever appeared in this country. It is rich in every kind of information. The author is very gracious toward sister institutions having pertinent antiquities in their collections (Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago, Cairo, etc.). He is particularly generous toward the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston and the work of its renowned curator and Egyptologist, the late Dr. George A. Reisner. Wherever meaning is correspondingly enriched he has included the related ancient Egyptian hieroglyph in the text. A few photographs are lacking in sufficient contrast to be very clear when reduced to a small scale, as some have to be.

Dr. Hayes deserves much credit for conveying so much interesting information so masterfully organized and with occasional lighter touches. A detailed king-list with terminal dates precedes each historical section, and the historical facts are neatly interwoven among extended discussions of individual antiquities. For this reviewer the most successful and fascinating sections are those summarizing what is known about earlier Egyptian architecture, about the people, about their burial customs, their professions and crafts, and their home life in city, town, and country. Here the author brings together the fruit of careful research, rich and wide reading, and long years of acute study of the monuments. He sometimes falls into the habit of tending to imply that naturalism in Egyptian art is a higher development than greater conventionalization. Art critics, such as the late Roger Fry and the very much alive Sir Herbert Read, would not agree to this. Dr. Hayes regrets the Egyptian artist's adherence to strict canons of conventionalization govern-



—From "The Scepter of Egypt."

The figure of a hippopotamus in blue faience (XIIth Dynasty).

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of the human figure of the upper classes, in contrast to much greater freedom in representations of animals, plants, socially inferior persons, or even conquered enemies. But is this not part of its charm?

What caused the Egyptian artist to conventionalize the human form, especially the high-born? Dr. Hayes asserts it was the result of the artist's memory picture. But if this is true, and it may be, then why did the same artist treat low-class Egyptians, foreigners, animals, and plants much more freely? Surely the cause may be traced to an early hardening of the style by social and religious factors. The conventional contortion of the human figure, according to Dr. Hayes, did not disturb the Egyptian artist or his patron. Of course not. Nor has contortion bothered most artists during the past 30,000 years since man has produced art. It is only during the relatively brief period starting with the Italian Renaissance that foreshortening and perspective have occupied a central position in the composition, form, and style of the Western artist. And this Renaissance interest is giving way to more traditional concepts. Witness the work and growing popularity of the sculptor, Henry Moore! It is perhaps too much to expect modern Egyptologists in their difficult field of study to keep their own esthetic judgment abreast of contemporary developments. But it might add a certain freshness and timeliness to their writing.

The first volume of "The Scepter of Egypt" is a major contribution to the layman's understanding of ancient Egyptian civilization down to the fall of the Middle Kingdom. It is suitable for adolescents and adults. It convincingly debunks any attempt to attribute hidden power or esoteric lore to the Egyptians by exponents of various modern cults. It contains no serious inaccuracies of omission or commission. This very much needed book offers something of real interest for almost every age group and for people of widely differing tastes. We can only hope that its companion volume will soon be available.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1019)

ARCH. MacLEISH:
IMMORTAL AUTUMN

I praise the fall: It is the human season.
Now in autumn with the black and outcast crows
Share we the spacious world: The whispering year is gone.
There is more room to live now: The once secret dawn
Comes late by daylight and the dark unguarded goes.

—*From "Fra Angelico."*

St. John the Baptist (detail from the Linaiuoli triptych), by Fra Angelico.

The Golden Violence

Will Durant's "The Renaissance" *(Simon & Schuster. 776 pp. $7.50), is a history of civilization in Italy from 1300 to 1576, the fifth volume in his "Story of Civilization." Here it is reviewed by Sidney Painter, chairman of the history department at the Johns Hopkins University and author of several specialized works on the Renaissance period.*

By Sidney Painter

THE Renaissance was a movement that began in Italy in the fourteenth century and spread throughout all Western Europe in the fifteenth. Its chief characteristics were the increased secularization of life and thought, the revival of interest in classical civilization, and the breaking of the standard patterns in almost every phase of civilization. As it spread, the medieval world was transformed into the modern.

The most thorough and scholarly account of the Renaissance in English can be found in the last volume of the "Cambridge Medieval History" and the first volume of the "Cambridge Modern History." Good general works in briefer scope are rare, the most satisfactory being Wallace Ferguson's "The Renaissance" in the Berkshire Series. There are excellent specialized works on the Renaissance, but a real need remains for a large-scale history of the movement as a whole and for a similar work on the Renaissance in Italy.

Unfortunately, Dr. Will Durant's new book, "The Renaissance," fills neither of these wants. It is not a history of the Renaissance, but confines its attention entirely to Italy. Even there it is extremely limited in scope. Art, architecture, and literature are dealt with very thoroughly. Political events, social customs, and the biographies of important men receive fairly adequate treatment. But there is little discussion and less analysis of

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political and military institutions and, while the importance of economic conditions is heavily stressed, economic institutions are almost entirely neglected. Moreover, much of the information supplied by Dr. Durant in these fields is obsolete as well as inadequate. He has failed to use the most recent and authoritative studies on such subjects as the Medici bank and Venetian commerce. His bibliography does not list even so basic a work as Ferdinand Schevill's "History of Florence."

These criticisms must not be taken to imply that Dr. Durant has wasted his time and effort or that a reader will regret the hours devoted to his book. A period of history can be both known and felt. The reader of Dr. Durant's book will not have a comprehensive knowledge of the Renaissance period in Italy, but he will feel its spirit. Dr. Durant's style is lively, vigorous, and clear. He has a keen and mordant wit that flashes forth frequently to enliven his pages. And while his broad historical generalizations are likely to be unconvincing, he has a decided capacity for sound judgment on narrower questions. But above all he is an artist in words. He can convey to his reader with unusual force and clarity the essential character of an individual and the central features of a work of art. Although one may not always agree with either his characterization or his taste, the result is never dull and is usually exciting.

Dr. Durant has collected an enormous mass of material. Renaissance Italy was a land of many states and even within the states regional and local feeling ran strong. Dr. Durant ranges from the hills of Savoy to the marshes of Venice and from the feet of the Alps to the Straits of Messina. Each town large or small produces an array of politicians, soldiers, artists, men of letters, and patrons of the arts and learning. All these men are depicted with both sympathy and gusto and their works are described and judged with critical insight. Here is a vast compendium of information rather vaguely organized but presented with clarity and vigor. While the Italian Renaissance does not emerge as an orderly panorama, one gains a kaleidoscopic view of many detailed pictures—marvelous pictures of the astounding age during which the problems which the West has confronted since—State vs. Individual, Instinct vs. Discipline, Luxury vs. Asceticism—were first formulated in their modern terms. For one who has read this book the great men of the Italian Renaissance will live and breathe through their lives and their works.

Notes

INDISPENSABLE MEN: At first glance it seems a little ridiculous to attempt to tell the story of Western philosophy in fewer than three hundred pages. It is a story which, by any reasonable standard, would consume many volumes. Yet in **"The Great Philosophers: The Western World"** (A. A. Wyn, $3) E. W. F. Tomlin, who teaches at the University of London, has achieved a fair degree of success with his enterprise, a success due largely to his approach and technique. His book is not so much a history of philosophy as a history of the philosophers; that is, he has written here a series of biographies with the doctrines of his thinkers skilfully interwoven with the story of their lives.

Philosophers, according to Mr. Tomlin, are the keepers of the public consciousness, men without whom the very course of civilization would have been in doubt. He is tempted to inquire into the consequences of the loss of all their works: "Would the loss to mankind be very great, or would we carry on much as before?" His unequivocal answer is that we should not be able to carry on at all. This is the attitude, a wholly appropriate one, which informs his discussions of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Augustine, Abelard, Aquinas, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Kant, Hegel, Nietzsche, and Bergson. Frequent "interludes" take care of less imposing figures, although one is inclined to wonder why Bacon, for example, or Voltaire or Mill or Comte or Spencer or James does not "rate" a chapter of his own. The whole the book is a competent, satisfactory piece of work. The author plans a companion volume on the philosophers of the Eastern world.

—Robert Bierstedt.

INTRODUCTION TO "THE BROAD-SHOULDERED ONE": Ordinarily it is no pleasure to come upon another book on Plato. The Platonic literature is very rich and, however great a tribute this may be to the genius of the "broad-shouldered one," it is difficult to see how anyone now can say something about him which has not been said many times before. To say something new, however, is no part of the intention of Eugene Freeman and David Appel, authors of **"The Great Ideas of Plato"** (Lantern Press, $3). Mr. Freeman, who teaches philosophy at the Illinois Institute of Technology, and Mr. Appel, who is book editor of the *Philadelphia Inquirer,* would be the first to concede that they have contributed nothing to Platonic scholarship. What they have done here is to select the leading ideas of Plato and to present them in the philosopher's own words. They then supplement these brief excerpts with explanations and comments on the issues raised. Among these issues are Plato's theory of knowledge, his views on justice, the problem of obedience to unjust laws, the nature of virtue, education, the ideal state, temperance, the source of evil, wealth and poverty, the place of women, love, and the ideas of the true, the good, and the beautiful. All of this, of course, is most familiar. The book, however, is designed not

(*Continued on page* 45)

"Such a pleasant sight—and to think for years they just looked like so many Democrats!"

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Seeing Things

STILL WATERS

HAZLITT'S review of Sarah Siddons when, at sixty-one, she emerged from retirement to re-enact Lady Macbeth is one of the great criticisms of acting in the English language. It has outlasted its dateline because it happens to state in memorable terms a melancholy fact before which even the supremest actor must bow.

"Players," wrote Hazlitt, "should be immortal, if their own wishes or ours could make them so; but they are not. They not only die like other people, but like other people they cease to be young, and are no longer themselves, even while living. Their health, strength, beauty, voice, fail them; nor can they, without these advantages, perform the same feats, or command the same applause that they did when possessed of them. It is the common lot: players are only *not* exempt from it."

Ethel Waters is certainly not Sarah Siddons. But she *is* Ethel Waters, and that is a lot. Everyone who heard her some thirty years ago at the Plantation Club or has followed her subsequent career in such musicals as "Africana," Lew Leslie's "Blackbirds," "As Thousands Cheer," and "Cabin in the Sky," or in such plays as "Mamba's Daughters" and "Member of the Wedding," is happily aware of her unique endowments. Certainly, no one who has read "His Eye Is on the Sparrow" can fail to realize that as a human being Miss Waters must be no less remarkable than as a performer. Her autobiography is a success story rooted in tragedy—her own tragedy and the tragedy of her people. Few actors have written with such candor about their careers; few have had such a life to write about. Although the sorrows, handicaps, and humiliations she records are terrible, the gallantry with which she met them is unmistakable. It lights up every page of her book just as she has always lighted up every stage upon which she has appeared.

In "At Home with Ethel Waters"* that familiar, that expected and welcome light is still there. Miss Waters has as radiant a personality as any performer of our time. Goodness and warmth spill from her, and that great, widespread smile of hers continues to be one of the most irresistible expressions of happiness this world knows. Just seeing her makes you feel better. But let's face it—Ethel Waters today is not the Ethel Waters she once was. The passing years have not passed her by. Although they have left much, they have taken their inevitable toll.

It does not matter that she has grown very stout or that her hair has grayed. In such an artist these time tags are irrelevant. What does matter is that Miss Waters has lost some of her superb vitality. What matters even more is that her voice is only an echo of what it used to be.

DO NOT mistake me. She remains an exceptional actress and entertainer. Her fine flair for comedy is demonstrated when she talks-sings her way through "I Ain't Gonna Sin No More"; when she parodies a Sutton Place woman, broad "a" and all; or turns monologist to communicate the woes and perils of a dance-hall hostess in Harlem. She likewise makes clear that she has not lost her genuine gift for tragedy when, in Irving Berlin's "Suppertime," she releases the agonies of a Negro woman who has just learned that her husband has been lynched.

Miss Waters's program is recollective as such programs are apt to be when a famous star decides to do a

* AT HOME WITH ETHEL WATERS, a one-woman show with Reginald Beane at the piano. Staged by Richard Barr. Setting by Oliver Smith. Costumes by Robert Mackintosh. Presented by Charles Bowden and Mr. Barr. At the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, New York City. Opened September 22, 1953.

—*Culver.*

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one-woman show. In terms of the theatre it is similar to "An Evening with Beatrice Lillie"; in terms of books it could be likened to "The Portable Hemingway" or "The Portable Steinbeck," though "portable" is hardly the word for Miss Waters today. More than dipping into her past, the program anthologizes it. And what a past she has to turn back to!

"Sleepy Time," "Dinah," "Suppertime," "Stormy Weather," "Takin' a Chance on Love"—when Miss Waters first sang them, as they can be heard on records today, or as they have lingered in the memory, each and all of them have given pleasure beyond calculation or description. The mere thought of hearing her sing any of them again sends expectations soaring. In advance, who could ask for anything more? But to "hit the pipe of the past," as O'Neill once phrased it, is a tricky business, as full of hazards as it promises to be of delight. After all, there is that Moving Finger that writes and having writ moves on, and luring it back is impossible.

ONCE many years ago I went to the Palace to hear Fay Templeton sing "Rosie." Although I had always heard about her, the woman I saw and heard was not the Fay Templeton I had heard about. Seeing her and listening to her must have been very moving to the older people in the audience who had known her in their youth and hers. As a young person I was moved, too, though for a different reason. I was touched because I realized that, since I had no memory of the real Fay Templeton to bring to the performance, I would have none to carry away. I had seen what she was not rather than what she was.

In the case of Miss Waters's program I was one of the older people. That I enjoyed much of the evening I gladly admit. When her voice was thin I could hear over the thinness the full, rich tones that had once been hers. When she forced a song, as she forced "Takin' a Chance on Love" memory enabled me to hear that song as she originally sang it with an ease, simplicity, and jauntiness which were delectable. I could see her, too, as she was, at first slim and a dynamo of vitality, and then Junoesque but still a dynamo. In other words, recollection gave me my cue, and I continued to find much to marvel at in the Miss Waters I was seeing. No doubt young people also find much to marvel at. Even so, I felt protective about Miss Waters. I so admire her that I resented the young seeing her when she is not displayed to complete advantage.

Sweetness and rowdiness have always been mixed in Miss Waters. No

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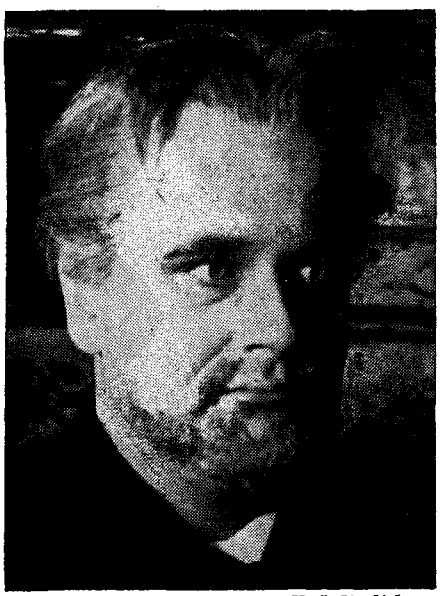
ever been more torn between "do" and "don't" in human nature. When she sings "Half of me says let's find salvation, half of me says let's be lowdown," she is summarizing that wonderful mixture of the spiritual and the earthy which has always been one of the sources of her genius. At present, however, there is a difference. The tempting "do" is for her now a grandmotherly memory rather than a serious threat; the tropical heat wave is merely warmish weather. Blame time for this.

BUT time cannot be blamed for some of the program's errors in showmanship. As far as I am concerned, putting her in evening dress in a drawing-room is not one of these. I think she is given too many songs to sing. Twenty numbers would tire any throat. Asking her to sing them without the comforting aid of an amplifier seems to me inhuman. Although Reginald Beane is a superior pianist and does take over occasionally, the evening has an inescapable monotony. To avoid this, I wish Miss Waters had been granted a chance to prove her undiminished powers as an actress by playing scenes from "Mamba's Daughters" and "Member of the Wedding."

There must also be short stories, dealing with the tragedies of her race, which could be turned into monologues for her.

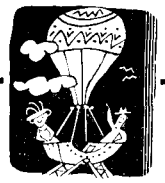
While Miss Waters cannot be expected to be the Ethel Waters of the Plantation Club days or of the earlier shows, she is by no means through. She has much to offer the theatre which she, and she alone, can bring to it. Indeed, she is far too good to be shown at anything except her best.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.



—*H. J. Mydtskov.*

Wieth—"most talented Danish actor."



BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The State of Denmark

"IN COPENHAGEN the Tivoli Gardens are lighted," wrote Tennessee Williams during a magic wonderstruck moment in "Camino Real." Then he added, "Is this what the glittering wheels of the heavens all turn for?"

In selecting the Danish amusement park as a symbol of romantic pleasure Mr. Williams perhaps came closer to the truth in his tribute to Copenhagen than did the man who wrote the singing commercial for the Hans Christian Andersen film. For here in this park of multicolored lights and fizzy fireworks, of elegant restaurants and cheap dance halls, is all of the dreamy richness of life. Only occasionally does the terror-ridden sing-song horn of a passing ambulance threaten the illusion.

While everything that goes on at Tivoli is theatrical, the display of most interest to theatre students is the nightly performance of the Commedia dell Arte pantomimes. Balletmaster Poul Huld, who stages the fifteen different sketches at the open-air Peacock Theatre, claims that Tivoli is the only place in the world where Harlequin, Pierrot, Cassandre, and many other traditional Commedia dell Arte characters are preserved. The routines were brought from Italy by way of Paris in the late eighteenth century by a dancing master named Casorti, and although Mr. Huld has pieced together a couple of new pantomimes, all of the old ones have been kept intact. The performances themselves are played without words, but to a strict musical accompaniment by a company half of whom are pure actors and half pure dancers. Their borrowed art falls somewhere between the artistic mimes of Barrault or Marceau and the uncomplicated buffoonery of American burlesque comics.

Borrowing from the artistic traditions of other countries is inevitable for the tiny state of Denmark, situated as it is between so many other larger countries. In the case of the theatre, at least, Denmark's eclecticism has worked out well. A brief exposure to Copenhagen's drama leaves you with a very favorable impression indeed.

First there is the Royal Danish Theatre, which is best known to foreigners for its excellent ballet company. Not intensely creative, it features a corps de ballet which is probably lovelier and livelier than any in the world. Alternating with the ballet company at the larger and older of two theatres is the Royal Dramatic Company. At this playhouse they present a classic repertoire, with its main ingredient the plays of Holberg. Also two productions that proved themselves last season when presented at the smaller theatre will be moved over. They are "As You Like It" and "Colombe."

The company is not large enough to play at both theatres simultaneously, and usually performs at the smaller theatre only when the ballet or the opera has taken over at the other house. But when they do play here they give modern plays or modern interpretations. The production of "Pygmalion" which I saw is splendidly produced and acted. Ebbe Rode as Professor Higgins and Bodil Kjer as Eliza Doolittle head an excellent cast, all of whom feel free to contrive artifices much as do the French, but on the other hand work together and never really lose the play's train of emotion. Miss Kjer resembles Olivia DeHavilland, but is a much superior actress. In the early scenes of the Shaw play she is just being inventive, but in the final scenes where Eliza becomes more than a caricature the Danish star comes to life and seems to do dozens of expressive and deeply felt things simultaneously.

UNFORTUNATELY, neither Poul Reumert nor Ingeborg Brams are with the company this month, and Mogens Wieth, who is considered the most talented Danish actor, is busy in London, where he has just scored a great success in a new English version of "A Doll's House." (Incidentally, the Ibsen play will be given by the Royal Dramatic Company at the modern theatre, along with "Mother Courage," "The Living Room," and "A Month in the Country.") Mr. Wieth, a personable young actor resembling Kent Smith, did take enough time out from rehearsals in London last month to tell me that the Finnish Theatre was very exciting (I couldn't fit it into my trip), that Bodil Ipsen was Denmark's greatest actress (she is no longer acting), and that he wanted to play Goetz in Sartre's "Le Diable et le bon Dieu" and "Hamlet" (both will be played in Copenhagen this winter without him). Mr. Wieth speaks perfect English, having joined the British paratroopers during the war, and can sing well

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enough to do musical comedy, all of which make him an excellent prospect for American importation. The Royal Theatre hopes, nevertheless, to reclaim Mr. Wieth to its group some time during the 1953-54 season.

As for Mr. Reumert and Miss Brams, they will be seen in several roles. Their most exciting collaboration might well be the "Hamlet." Mr. Reumert should from all accounts make a strong Polonius, and Miss Brams with her hysterical and religious qualities should prove a truly strange and fascinating Ophelia. The title role will be assumed by the young Joergen Reenberg, and if this production lives up to expectations it may be moved to Elsinore next summer.

But it will have to be very good to survive the competition of the production in nearby Göteborg. There the brilliant young Swedish director Bengt Ekeroh has devised the most interesting "Hamlet" of the three I saw in Europe this past summer. Per Oscarsson plays Hamlet as extremely caustic, and at moments as violently insane. The innovations are numerous, although there is much that has been borrowed from the Barrault production. At the beginning Hamlet throws his cap after the departing Claudius, spits on the throne, and finally flings himself on the floor for his first soliloquy. In the play scene the prince does a mocking dance for the king and queen which occupies them during the dumb show, not only solving the problem of why they are not alarmed, but giving Hamlet a fine base on which to build after Claudius reacts to the spoken play. But possibly best of all, though not so sensational, is Hamlet's death. Claudius, Gertrude, and Laertes have all died within the confines of a semi-darkened stage. But when it comes Hamlet's moment the black curtains are drawn open for Fortinbras's arrival, and Hamlet dies in a gracious shower of sunlight.

The scenery at Göteborg is excellent in its economy, and director Ekeroh as often as he can places Hamlet downstage left while the rest of the actors are upstage right. In this way he approximates the illusion of distance for the soliloquy that the actor on the Elizabethan stage arrived at by merely moving downstage.

THERE seems to be no question about it that this kind of play is most effective when the setting is nonrealistic and the actor can on occasion separate himself from the rest of the characters to address the audience directly. A startling and most effective proof of this theorem is currently being offered in Copenhagen. There, at the New Theatre, Corneille's "The Cid" is being presented within a unit set. From the outset the audience is called upon to imagine that distances are greater than they are, that places that look very similar are in fact very different, and that the actors are illustrating a story for us rather than being the story itself. Accordingly our *illusions* are not shattered when a character suddenly leaves the stage picture and moves to the front of the stage and says to us what he cannot say to those in the play.

The production has been beautifully directed by Gabriel Axel, a former associate of Louis Jouvet. Very probably he has employed a formula that can be applied to a great many plays of heightened language which the modern theatre has submerged in naturalistic scenery and acting. The formula might well be tried when the New Theatre produces "The Crucible" this fall. "The Crucible" is a play of ideas stated naturalistically. If it had been stated poetically—and it is reported that Arthur Miller's next play will be in verse—"The Cid" method might have been ideal. As it was, the New York production was considerably improved by the removal of scenery altogether. Still, before we write QED to the problem, we must remember that there are many poetic plays of pure emotion—not to mention farces, naturalistic plays, and spectacles—that benefit from having a great deal of scenery and being performed on the picture-frame stage. Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" and Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" and either "Picnic" or "Come Back, Little Sheba" by William Inge are on the New Theatre's schedule and would all seem best with rich scenery, although the realistic Inge plays might be even more moving if performed in the round.

There are several other nonsubsidized theatres in Copenhagen, and choice items for the coming season will be "The Children's Hour," with Heller Virksted, regarded as Denmark's prettiest actress, "The Taming of the Shrew," with the popular and competent Lily Broberg as Kate, "The Fourposter," with the talented but easygoing Angelo Bruun, "Golden Boy," and a wonderful-sounding children's play called "Pippi Longströmpe," or "the Strongest Girl in the World."

Of course, here as in the other Scandinavian countries most of the best actors perform in the Government-subsidized companies where they have the security of a pension and tend to stick closer to a true repertory system. However, there are always excellent actors like Stockholm's Gunn Wallgren, Oslo's Lillibel Ibsen, and Copenhagen's Gunnar Lauring, who prefer to get choice roles in the freer private companies. The latter must, of course, do their share of bread-and-butter plays, for even such a magnificent production as "The Cid" will not pay back its cost. Yet the private theatres in Europe are not commercially minded. Barrault in Paris, Norman in Oslo, or Peer Gregaard in Copenhagen do not see the theatre as a get-rich scheme. As Mr. Gregaard says, "There is something else besides money. Part of our actor's wages is the opportunity to participate in fine productions of great plays."

It seemed a happy thought with which to return to America.

"TAKE a Giant Step," an autobiographical first play by the thirty-two-year-old Louis Peterson, is extraordinarily honest and strangely provocative. This is because the author has not let his story of a proud and lonely Negro boy in a white community become a thesis on race prejudice, and because he has refused to judge any of his characters. Thus, we are presented with a picture of parent-child relationship so true that the most biased person will find it difficult not to identify himself with it. The fact that Spencer Scott is a Negro only means that he is pushed into responsible adulthood a little earlier.

The acting is similarly honest. High-school senior Louis Gosset plays himself through six grueling scenes in which he is suspended from school, runs away from home, proposes to a worldly woman who turns out to be married (though available), spends a few terrified minutes in the room of a prostitute, returns home to quarrel violently with his parents, is overwhelmed at the death of his only real companion—his grandmother—makes love to a lonely young widow, and finally is unintentionally insulted across the line to maturity by one of his white playmates. Mr. Gosset is supported admirably by more experienced actors: Frederick O'Neal, deftly comic as the father; Estelle Hemsley, properly unsentimental as the militant grandmother; and Jane White, warm and understanding as the worldly woman. They help smooth the rough edges, as do Eldon Elder's poetic sets.

"Take a Giant Step" is perhaps more a novel than it is a play, and Mr. Peterson as yet lacks the poet's economy. But he has left the theatre-goer with something to chew on.

—HENRY HEWES.

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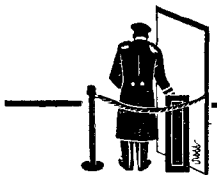

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Neatest Trek of the Week

—From "Mogambo."

Clark Gable with company, discussing the day's duties and other matters.

APPARENTLY bent on demonstrating how the wide screen can add a new dimension to an old property, M-G-M has exhumed a 1932 Clark Gable-Jean Harlow classic, "Red Dust," and, suitably refurbished, now sends it forth as **"Mogambo."** The principal refurbishment, aside from the new screen shape, is Ava Gardner, acid and amusing in the once-famous Harlow manner. Clark Gable, on the other hand, repeating his original role, remains very much as he has always been, the tough, assured, half-humorous he-man who can take his women or leave them alone. It is a role he has done so many times since 1932 that he could play it in his sleep (which may account for his lack of animation here). Even so, the film itself is lively enough and, in a silly sort of way, quite engrossing, the unpredictability of Africa's wild life more than compensating for the predictability of John Lee Mahin's script.

"Mogambo" casts Gable as a big-time hunter, who after a bit of preliminary sparring consents to lead a pair of anthropologists into gorilla country. (Anthropologists in general have been taking a beating from the movies ever since the appearance of Hortense Powdermaker's unflattering study of Hollywood.) Mrs. Nordley, however, a pretty blonde, quickly makes it clear to Gable that, while science may be her husband's sole passion, it isn't necessarily hers. Also along on the expedition, for reasons too complicated to go into here, is Kelly, a party girl from New York. Kelly views the growing attachment between hunter and lady anthropologist with alarm and considerable sarcasm, mainly because she has designs on Gable herself. Indeed, so serious are her designs that just before the trek begins she ducks into a convenient Catholic mission in order that she might pursue *her* big game with a clear conscience.

Fortunately, all of this romancing has been handled with considerable humor, for since Kelly is played by co-star Ava Gardner the outcome is scarcely a surprise. What is surprising is the way Miss Gardner, aided by bright, crackling lines, keeps her synthetic role vivid and alive. But the picture is essentially an adventure tale in the tradition of "Trader Horn" and "King Solomon's Mines." Photographed in splendid color in Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda, and French Equatorial Africa, it has frequent and thrilling passages involving snarling panthers, ululating natives, and those inevitable crocodiles. A cloud of pink flamingoes rising suddenly off the gray-green surface of a broad African river provides one of the handsomest single shots of recent years. And the climax of the hunt, with huge (and real) gorillas charging directly into the camera lens, provides some of the most exciting. Their shrieks, amplified by stereophonic sound, are enough to flatten you in your chair. Incidentally, "Mogambo" seems to be the first film actually composed with the wide screen's aspect ratio specifically in mind. The sweeping veldt, the bounding animals, the long lines of bearers threading through the bush on safari —in short, the accent on horizontals— lends some justification to this shape of things to come. John Ford's direction is capable, but lacking completely the stamp of individuality that once characterized his films.

* * *

"The Titfield Thunderbolt" (U-I) is another of those quiet, unpretentious, but deliciously funny spoofs of national types and customs that the British do so well. As in "Passport to Pimlico" and "Tight Little Island," earlier efforts from the resourceful Ealing studio, all the comedy stems from a perfectly possible and logical situation. Here it is the closing down of an antiquated and unprofitable railroad, the pride of the tiny town of Titfield, its service to be replaced by a modern, efficient bus. The Titfielders rise to the support of their train, winning a month's respite from a marvelously mustachioed Minister of Transport to master the operation of the road on their own. The local vicar takes over as engineer, the ladies sew curtains and doilies for the compartments, and the town tippler puts up the required capital on the assurance that the club car will open hours before the nearby pub. Even the skullduggery of the bus company doesn't keep these amateur railroadmen from maintaining schedule. T.E.B. Clarke's screenplay seems a bit more cluttered than absolutely necessary, but the English countryside through which the little train chugs its way is miraculously beautiful in Technicolor, the actors—such regulars as Stanley Holloway, George Relph, Naunton Wayne, and Godfrey Tearle—are completely delightful, and the Thunderbolt has a real charm of its own. So does the film.

* * *

Adria Locke Langley's novel **"A Lion Is in the Streets,"** which appeared soon after, and concerned itself with, Huey Long's timely demise, has finally reached the screen with the same title (WB). Unfortunately, the film is about twenty years too late,

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and a good deal of the point of the original work has been lost in the adaptation. As it stands, it's the story of an itinerant peddler in an unspecified Southern state who comes within an ace of being made Governor through his almost instinctive ability to manipulate people. A number of the characters in this movie are shocked or angered by his callous disregard for all decency; but instead of carrying him on to the Governorship to show the corrosive effect of demagoguery and corruption upon broad sections of the populace, as in the book, the picture ends abruptly on the eve of his march on the State Capitol when an irate housewife shoots him down in a sudden fit of moral indignation.

There are still suggestions of what used to be called "social consciousness" back in the Thirties, but the development is thin and pallid, episodic and inconclusive. James Cagney, as the peddling politico, still moves with cocky assuredness, but the years have robbed him of the coiled-spring resilience, the personal magnetism that used to make him such a joy to watch. Now there is nothing left to suggest how anyone could either be charmed by his aggressive insolence or place much trust in his choleric rantings. Far better is Barbara Hale, lending a quiet distinction to the no more credible role of Cagney's schoolteaching wife. Anne Francis, badly cast as Cagney's mistress, Flamingo, simply disappears somewhere in the middle of the inept script. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SR Recommends

The Actress: Spencer Tracy, Jean Simmons, and Teresa Wright join to act out Ruth Gordon's reminiscences of her youth in a New England village. (*SR* Oct. 3)

Captain's Paradise: Alec Guinness plays a singularly contented sea captain with a split personality and two very disparate wives. (*SR* Sept. 26)

Roman Holiday: Audrey Hepburn cavorts through the Eternal City with style and winsome insouciance. (*SR* Sept. 5)

The Cruel Sea: A very smooth, very tight, very moving British staging of the Monsarrat novel about a sub-chaser and its war. (*SR* Aug. 22)

The Beggar's Opera: The eighteenth-century opera by John Gay about London lowlife is the scene of cavortings and vocals by Sir Laurence Olivier. (*SR* Aug. 15)

From Here to Eternity: This enormous epic of the Regular Army sprawls across the screen, carrying with it Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (*SR* Aug. 8)

Vice Squad: Edward G. Robinson supervises in a semi-documentary on the Los Angeles detective force. (*SR* Aug. 1)

The Band Wagon: The old master, Fred Astaire, ably assisted by Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan, and a galaxy of Dietz-Schwartz tunes. (*SR* July 25)

NEW EDITIONS

A Neglected Classic

STARK Young's "So Red the Rose" ($1.75) is a notable addition to Scribner's Modern Standard Authors. In his excellent introduction Donald Davidson remarks that the informed reader "may be inclined to wonder—as indeed he is entitled to wonder—how it has happened that 'So Red the Rose,' which from the time of its first publication in 1934 has steadily commanded an audience of devoted readers and gone through renewed printings, has been just as steadily passed over by the learned writers of critical essays and the compilers of anthologies of modern literature. For it is perfectly clear that if Faulkner and Warren and various others are entitled to be placed in the highest rank of literary distinction, so, too, is Stark Young."

It should, indeed, be clear. "So Red the Rose"—which tells the story of two Mississippi families, before, during, and after the Civil War; which dramatizes and interprets the murderous clash between two American ways of life, between two concepts of life; which describes the destruction of the cotton aristocracy of the Deep South, and points to the aftermath of that destruction—is one of the few American novels in which a serious artist has succeeded, almost perfectly, in doing just what he set out to do. It has scope and depth, beauty and power, wisdom and humor. It is tragic without bitterness; indeed, in true tragedy there is no place for bitterness. It is rich in sentiments that never sink into sentimentality. It is alive with love, in all its manifestations. In it the Old South—or Southern dream, if you like—stands four-square, its strong white pillars gleaming at the end of a driveway flanked by foliage and flowers.

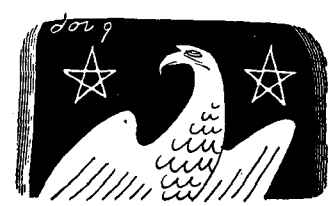
Another addition to Modern Standard Authors is "Three Novels of F. Scott Fitzgerald" (Scribner's, $2.50), with introductions by Malcolm Cowley and Edmund Wilson. The three novels are "The Great Gatsby," in which a clever short-story writer made his best try at a successful novel; "Tender Is the Night," which contains some astonishingly bad writing and juvenile thinking; and "The Last Tycoon," an unfinished novel that got off to a bad start, because the author chose, incapably, to follow Conrad in an extremely difficult method of narration, and also lifted his protagonist straight out of Hollywood's pool of well-worn stock characters. Fitzgerald's devoted friends and admirers are still beating the drums to have a popular writer taken seriously as a literary artist—but I do not think that posterity will hear the fanfare.

FROM France come Anatole France's "The Gods Are Athirst" (Roy Publishers, $2.50), newly translated by Alec Brown, and two editions of Françoise Delisle's translation of Alain-Fournier's "The Wanderer" (*Le Grand Meaulnes*), the one with an introduction by Bonamy Dobrée (British Book Centre, $2.75), the other with an introduction by Fredrika Blair (Anchor Books, 75¢). France's ironic study of revolutionary cannibalism is one of his most substantial, most entertaining novels, and it has acquired new values with the years. Fournier's single masterpiece—he was killed in action in the first World War, at the age of twenty-eight—is a blend of fantasy and realism that fascinates the reader and haunts his memory. But, if you choose the Anchor edition, do not read Miss Blair's introduction until you have read the novel. By telling too much, she robs Fournier of the power of artistic surprise.

Another new Anchor book is Henry Green's "Loving" (75¢), the most delightful servant's-hall novel I have ever read, unless memory fails. Mr. Green's ear for the accents and intonations of a mixed lot of servants in an Irish castle, during World War II, is flawless in its accuracy; his eye for their gentilities and vulgarities is unfailing; his knowledge of their fears and hopes, taboos and ideals, is convincing; the social and amorous dance he puts them through—or in which he lets them lead him—is a joy to witness. And the little drama that goes on above-stairs puts a neat lid on the whole performance.

Recommended: "Henry James Selected Fiction" (Everyman's, $1.65); "Maugham's Choice of Kipling's Best" (Doubleday, $3.95.).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.



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As Goes Margot, So Goes Sadler's Wells

AT FIVE feet four inches, when she is earthbound, Margot Fonteyn is a vital, unquestionably attractive young woman whose appearance in repose—when she can be briefly found that way—suggests someone unquestionably artistic, say an able designer or a clever handworker. At an additional altitude of four inches, *on point,* when she is on the way to being airborne, Miss Fonteyn is a nimble colossus, mistress not only of all she surveys, but also of all who survey her.

What is cause and what is effect in such a relationship is hard to evaluate, but the ascension to prominence of the full-length versions of "Swan Lake" and "Sleeping Beauty"—formidable stocks in trade of the Sadler's Wells Ballet—is closely related to the motor energy provided by her considerable source power as prima ballerina. Now it has even been surpassed by the addition to the visible repertory being presented at the Metropolitan Opera House of two such admitted, though usually inactive, classics as "Daphnis et Chloë" and "Sylvia."

First credit, of course, must go to Frederick Ashton. His animation of these musical masterpieces makes him a transatlantic counterbalance to George Balanchine, whose recent work with the City Center Ballet had dangerously weighted the balletic scales to this side of the ocean. If Miss Fonteyn may be regarded as a kind of slender balance on which these considerable values have been realigned, that is just one more pale image to suggest the colorful original.

What seems to me singular about Miss Fonteyn among many splendid ballerinas New York has seen in the last twenty years emerged like sunshine through mist the evening on which "Daphnis et Chloë" had its triumphant introduction. It came during the "General Dance" at the end, where she is one of an ensemble of thirty. Her responsibility at the moment was hardly crucial, and the focus of attention, which had been for much of the previous half-hour rather rigorously on her, was dispersed across the well-filled stage. But just here as the intoxication of Ravel's score filled the air and the ears—almost, even, the nostrils—Miss Fonteyn was *dancing,* head bobbing from side to side, as one possessed by a sheer ecstasy of movement. Somehow the wreath that circles her knotted hair had come loose and fallen to the floor—adding to a picture of exhilaration that will remain when others of breathtaking discipline have faded.

How much is ecstasy, how much discipline remains a question—but the laws of nature and art suggest that the discipline is fundamental, though it is hard for us to say, since we have never known her without it. Fonteyn came upon us four years ago like Minerva—full-fledged. America didn't observe the slow, painful process by which the child born in England just after World War I, briefly educated in Louisville, Kentucky (where her father paused en route to a business assignment in China), through an unorthodox girlhood in Shanghai, and back to adolescence in England, emerged (in the photo pages of the ballet books published just before the war) as the first star to be produced by the Sadler's Wells Ballet School. Doubtless she was awkward once, and inexpert certainly; perhaps she was even unmusical—which seems a downright impossibility—until the proper magnetism was applied to draw the deep things out of her. She remains, for certain, a testimonial to the will and sensitivity of the late Constant Lambert's belief in the old first fact that ballet is as much a musical experience as a visual one.

If we were denied the growing pains, we have been exposed to something even more testing—the gradual, almost imperceptible refinement of detail in the midst of adhering to the day in, day out standard of excellence expected of the elite of any profession—such as Markova or Danilova in her own, a Heifetz, Rubinstein, or Horowitz in an allied one. As I have seen them in this engagement, Miss Fonteyn's roles, old and new, seem more dimensional, subtler in accent, warmer in tone than ever, the feeling for the musical phrase surer, the ability to mold it in space as the composer conceived it in time unfettered by bone structure or muscle response.

CONSIDERING all that Miss Fonteyn has given to America, it appears a happy fact that America has given something back to her, in addition to adulation and acclaim. "Before I came to New York," she will tell you, "everybody impressed me with how big it is. But nobody remembered to say how beautiful it is. I have a real nostalgia for it in the autumn of the years we don't come here. I miss the turning of the leaves, the steam coming up through Park Avenue and shining in the distance when the nights grow colder, the steep walls of the skyscrapers, the vista across Central Park as the lights come on . . ."

In London, for example, Miss Fonteyn has just taken a flat in Knightsbridge because it is *eight* floors up and overlooks a long expanse of Sloan Square—a block and a half—which strikes her as "a miniature Central Park." It even has central heating, which, if you have earned her confidence, she will admit "I now regard as indispensable." She is also a connoisseur of skyscrapers and their esthetic development culminating in the Empire State, and an appreciative if unbelieving patron of the transatlantic Stratocruiser. Well, if one is absorbed daily by the idiosyncrasies of the foot and the tensing power of the leg muscles, anything that soars a thousand feet vertically or lunges through space at 350 miles per hour must seem a little perverse, however admirable.

Comparing notes on past experiences, Miss Fonteyn remembers with special pleasure Fokine's "Coq d'Or" with Irina Baronova. "Wonderful, wasn't it? Best thing Baronova ever did." She was recently impressed with the power and vitality of the Russian-trained Hungarian dancers Kovach and Rabovsky, who will be heading this way soon, but added with no attempt at pseudo-sophistication: "Don't

In a Canoe—1953

Margaret B. Hitchcock

HENCE, vain, deluded city boys!
Why must you always make a noise?
Beside the leafy fringéd banks,
You come to play your speed-boat pranks.
You blast the peace with chugging roar,
Which bounces back from shore to shore.
Birds retreat to woodsy quiet,
Distracted by your noisy riot.
Turtles feel bull-dozer shocks,
And quaking slip from sun-baked rocks.
Under cool, translucent waves,
Fish seek out their darkest caves . . .
Just as I've been idly floating,
On the lovely silence doting,
Thinking nothing really mattered,
You whiz by, and Heaven is shattered!

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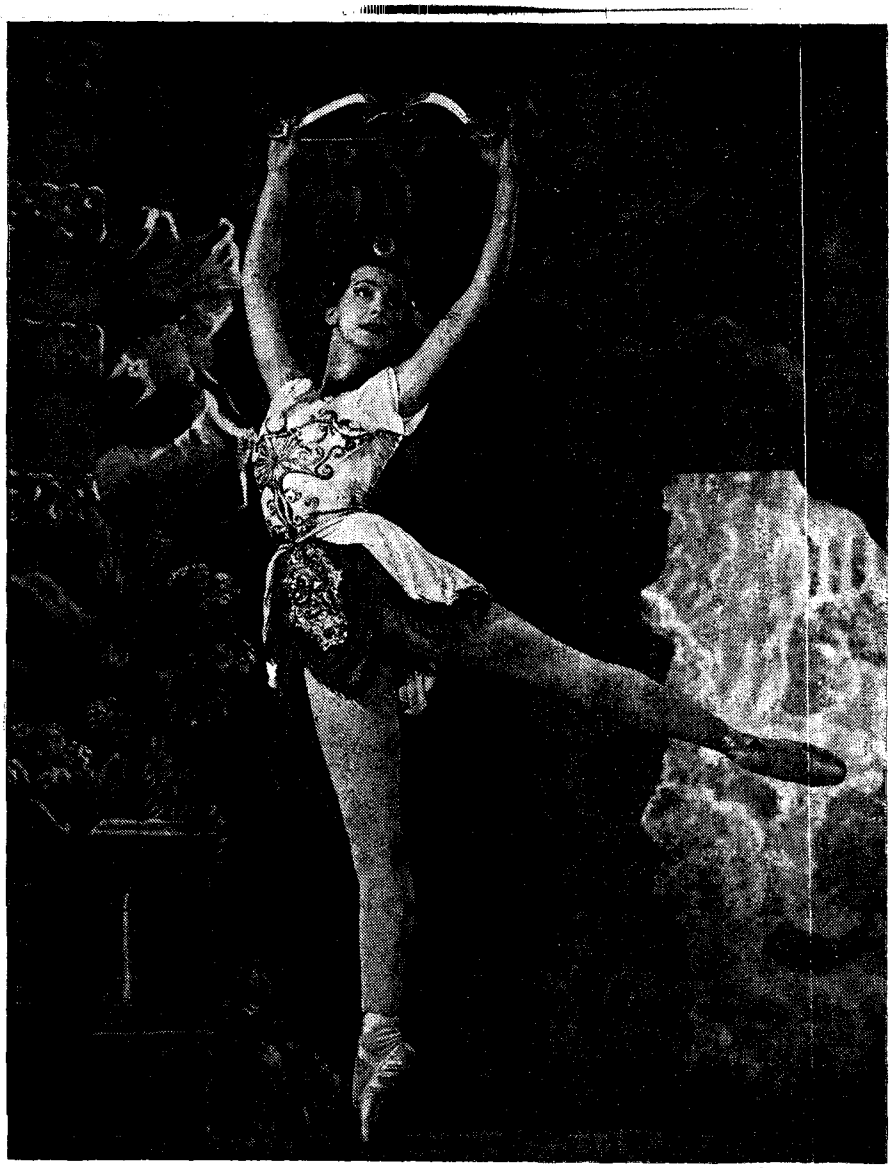

—Felix Fonteyn.

Margot Fonteyn—"as one possessed by a sheer ecstasy of movement."

ask me about ballet. I'm too close to it. I'd much rather go to opera—especially Italian opera. Did you see the 'Idomeneo' at Glyndebourne this summer? It was terrific. Carl Ebert is an absolute genius."

DEADLY serious as she is about work, Miss Fonteyn is capable of efficient self-appraisal and a freshening lack of pomp about herself. "Don't look at this next part," she said during a rehearsal of "Sylvia." "It just can't be rehearsed—much too full of silly action. It's like the 'Mad Scene' of 'Giselle.' You can't rehearse that either." Noting a look of surprise, she added, "You learn it of course . . . and you perform it . . . then it goes. But rehearse . . . ?" She shook her head in a positive negative. In effect she was saying that the emotion can be felt "in the part," but not turned on or off at will.

Among many balletic ambitions which she has realized, there is one still unfulfilled—to appear as Pocahontas, a character for whom she feels a strong attraction. "We talked about it long ago," referring to Lambert as the musical executant of an overall plan. "He wanted to use music of Purcell, and had it all assembled when the war started and it became impractical. Then some of it got sidetracked to Helpmann's 'Comus' because the 'ballet in hand' always takes precedence. Maybe the scene at the court of Queen Elizabeth *is* static, but Pocahontas is such an admirable character and it would be such a relief to do her instead of the fairy tales all the time."

Anything that is a relief for Margot Fonteyn should be instituted at once, for her wish should have the force of law. But even without this relief—which we wish for her fervently—we can only add: much thanks.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Bookmarks

THOSE who have safaried through the basement of the Library of Congress will recall being disturbed, startled, and then terrified by a rumble and a roar and the passage of a subterranean bat winging from the old building over to the annex. Actually this hurtling monster was nothing more than the pneumatic carrier transferring a load of books under (if memory serves) Second Street S. E. We now learn, from the latest report of the Librarian of Congress, that this device was formerly padded with hair-felt in order to cut down the racket and to help the books endure the shock of rapid transit. But the felt became infested with insects (*Anthrenus vorax*, to be precise, with the accent on the vorax) who used the carrier as a dining-car, nibbling at the felt, and presumably doing the books no good. The Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine (which is not a division of the Library of Congress) was called in, and, as the Librarian's report briskly summarizes the sequel, "these insects were killed." The ounce of prevention has now been applied; the hair-felt has been replaced by "a mineral-wool insulating material" (trade name and Dewey classification not given). Result: *Anthrenus vorax* fini, kaput, washed up. Our nation's books, *our* books, now ride in splendid unparasitic isolation from the ancient stacks to the new researchers.

* * *

An honest friend of ours reports a storm in which the hailstones were as big as orange pips.

* * *

We have never been among the more dedicated aficionados of the serial story, largely because we have always found it difficult to pick up the threads after a thirty-day interval. The serial, probably for half a dozen unrelated reasons, does not today have anything like the vogue it once had. Yet a century ago if you read fiction the odds were that you read it in monthly instalments. You would have required nineteen months to read almost any Dickens novel as it appeared, and most purchasers certainly did just that. Recommended topic for a doctoral aspirant: "The Serialization of Fiction in England and America."

* * *

"How interesting!" is universally translatable as "How dull!"

—J. T. W.

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Continued from page 20

rick's Lear, Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth, Kean as Othello, Macready's Macbeth, Irving's Shylock, and Edwin Booth's Iago. There is a marked division between actors who played a part and actors who were the part. Macready was one of the second group. He became Macbeth so violently that he left Fanny Kemble, who played opposite to him, black and blue from his pinches. It is a modern fashion to mock the Victorian critics for regarding Shakespeare's characters as real people; but Victorian actors shared this belief. It was, however, to Macready's credit that, unlike so many modern players, he knew the meaning of his words. In two of the final chapters Professor Sprague writes of William Poel and of notable modern performances which he has seen. This last chapter will stir many memories, and it raises the question whether the actors of today are as well served by their critics as those of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Phonograph records and films may, perhaps, survive for the historian of 2200 A.D., but vivid impressions of the modern actor at work are not so commonly recorded by dramatic critics, doubtless because they can so seldom wait for the final curtain.

"THE Thespian Muse" (Brown University Press, $2.25) is also concerned with actors of the eighteenth century. Robert Gale Noyes has collected many interesting gleanings from the forgotten novels of contemporary life of the eighteenth century. The literary judgments are seldom original but as reflections of the tastes and prejudices of the common reader they have a value.

Two volumes of studies have lately been published which are, in Elizabethan language, "garlands of good will": **"Studies in Shakespeare,"** edited by Arthur D. Matthews and Clark M. Emery (University of Miami Press, $3), is published in honor of Professor William L. Halstead of the University of Miami; **"Shakespearean Studies"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3) is a memorial collection of essays by an eminent physician, Dr. Max Huhner. There are disadvantages in such gatherings. The papers are usually too short to be of much value, while the occasionally important study is liable to be overlooked and neglected.

Finally (and I suppose inevitably) at the end of the list we have two works from the Anti-Stratfordians, one—**"This Star of England,"** by Dorothy and Charlton Ogburn (Coward-McCann, $10)—supporting the claims of Edward de Vere, Seventeenth Earl of Oxford, the other—**"Shakespeare's Identity,"** by A. W. Titherly (British Book Centre, $6)—championing William Stanley, Sixth Earl of Derby. Doubtless all interested parties agree that the author of "Shakespeare's Works" was an exceptional person. On the surface, at least, the evidence is reasonably complete that he was in fact William Shakespeare, gentleman, of Stratford-on-Avon, player, and shareholder in the Lord Chamberlain's Company of players (afterwards the King's Men); indeed, had the plays been second-rate no one would ever have questioned the authorship. Those who reject Shakespeare usually take the line that the dramatist "*must* have been" a nobleman of vast erudition and social accomplishment. Actually very few great writers throughout the whole history of English literature have been nobly born; most of them came from the same level of society as the man of Stratford—the lower or middle strata of the middle class. A further difficulty which applies to Oxford is that by all the usual tests the plays of "Shakespeare" were written between 1590 and 1612; and the evidence that "Lear," "The Winter's Tale," and "The Tempest" were written between 1606 and 1612 is quite strong. But Oxford died in 1604. His supporters are thus forced to revise literary history and place most of the plays in the 1580's; this difficulty, however, does not disturb them. The general claims of Derby are stronger. He was born in 1560 and died in 1642. Moreover he is recorded by a contemporary as having written for the common players. In 1599 he financed the revival of the boy players of St. Paul's, an event which ultimately led to the unfortunate developments recorded by Professor Harbage. Dr. Titherley seems not to know of this fact.

Dr. Titherley's book is a gallimaufry of history, palaeography, and mathematics. Like Professor Feuillerat (but with far greater precision, as becomes the dean of the Faculty of Science at the University of Liverpool), he relies partly on verse counts and such devices. Indeed he produces two formulae for deciding these matters—the R-formula (log R = 2.4 - .05v) and the S-formula (log S = 2.2 - .04v). The verification of such calculations may best be left to the Oxfordites, who are thus set on the defensive.

"This Star of England" is a vast work of eighty-six chapters, with additional matter, written with great enthusiasm, utter contempt of poor "Shaksper" (and of orthodox scholars), and a fine sense of the romantic which reaches a climax on pp. 817-18 with the declaration that *"the Third Earl of Southampton was the son of Oxford and Elizabeth. . . ."* Unfortunately, the refutation of such theories takes at least ten times the length of the original statement, which in this book runs to 1,270 pages of text. Meanwhile, pending the settlement of the rival claims of Derby and Oxford—and the arbitrament is likely to be bloody—Stratfordian scholars can continue their orthodox labors.

—From "On Producing Shakespeare."

Another Bard's Book

"Shakespeare: His World and His Work," by M. M. Reese *(St. Martin's Press. 589 pp. $6.75) is a one-volume survey by a British historian, a specialist in the Tudor and Stuart periods. Here it is reviewed by Professor Edgar Johnson, chairman of the English department at the City College of New York.*

By Edgar Johnson

M. M. REESE'S "Shakespeare: His World and His Work" is a survey of the entire range of Shakespearean scholarship and its problems.

It outlines the known facts of Shakespeare's life and interprets their significance; it discusses the development of English drama from the miracle and morality plays through the classical influences of the sixteenth century and the attainments of the university wits to the work of Shakespeare's leading fellow playwrights; it describes Elizabethan London and the climate of thought in which the dramatists labored; it explains the conditions of production, the physical techniques of the theatre, the methods of the actors, and the nature and influence of their audience.

All this involves considerable recapitulation of information well known to the student, but includes much that will prove fresh even to him. For the

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general reader, who knows Shakespeare's plays but has not read the critics and scholars, it is not only the most comprehensive brief introduction to the field that I recall, but a lucid, stimulating, and perceptive work fostering both understanding and delight. Paying generous tribute to his predecessors and fellow workers, Mr. Reese, nevertheless, is not afraid to take issue with them. Of Caroline Spurgeon's analysis of Shakespeare's recurrent imagery (in "Shakespeare's Imagery and What It Tells Us") linking to take one example, dogs, and sycophancy, "What It proves," he remarks drily, "is that Shakespeare was short of ideas with which to express his dislike of flattery; not, as Miss Spurgeon claimed, that he disliked dogs."

Mr. Reese's previous work in Tudor and Stuart history enables him to dispose brilliantly of the attempt to explain Shakespeare's golden comedies and his four dark tragedies as reflections of the moods of their age: the clichés about "Merrie England" under "Good Queen Bess," he points out, wither beneath the facts that the last decades of her reign were a time of anxiety and conflict and the earlier years of James I a time not of disillusion but of renewed and exuberant hope. Nor will Mr. Reese have any commerce with the snobbish notion that writing down to the "groundlings" of Shakespeare's audience blemished his achievement. "Great art," he says wisely, "is not made with the tongue in the cheek. If Shakespeare was a great artist, it was partly because of his audience—every man and woman of them, not just a section of them—corporately willed him to be great." Finally, the richness and penetration of his chapters on Shakespeare's mind and art could not easily be overpraised. With this book Mr. Reese adds to his achievement as a historian the laurels of brilliant accomplishment as a literary critic.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Injun Joe in "Tom Sawyer" (Mark Twain). 2. Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind" (Margaret Mitchell). 3. Friday, in "Robinson Crusoe" (Daniel Defoe). 4. Boone Caudill in "The Big Sky" (A. B. Guthrie, Jr.). 5. Captain Nemo in "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" (Jules Verne). 6. George, in "Of Mice and Men" (John Steinbeck). 7. Elzevir, in "Moonfleet" (J. Meade Falkner). 8. Long John Silver in "Treasure Island" (Robert Louis Stevenson). 9. Clyde Griffiths, in "An American Tragedy" (Theodore Dreiser). 10. Jean Valjean, in "Les Misérables" (Victor Hugo).

BEHIND THE BOOKS

Man of 8,500,000 Words

IN the knowledgeable, sprawling, A-to-Z world of encyclopedias Joseph Laffan Morse, editor-in-chief of the "New Funk & Wagnalls Encyclopedia," a set of thirty-six volumes covering everything in 8,500,000 words and 50,000 articles, has the reputation of being a first-class sales revolutionist. Morse—medium-sized, thin, nearly fifty-one—is, as the saying goes, the daddy of an idea by which anyone, anyone at all, is sent Vol. 1 of his encyclopedia free simply by writing in for it. Up to $2,000,000 a year, he says, is spent on creating pen pals, the ads in newspapers and magazines written by himself. The other 35/36ths of the set *are* for sale at $1.89 a volume, plus eleven cents to cover postage, at the rate of three a month.

It's an idea which came to Morse in the late Thirties, when things weren't exactly prosperous for lots of people, Morse included. Morse in those days was a practising attorney (NYU Law, '26), but there didn't seem to be enough clients to go around. One night he sat down and wrote a little piece of advertising copy for the then J. David Stern chain of newspapers. It had to do with giving away books, like complete sets of Twain and Dickens, in return for newspaper coupons. Newspaper sales boomed. Morse quit Stern and put Morse seriously to work for Morse. "I tried a few things," he recalled the other day, "and hit." Morse hit to the extent that (a) just a couple of months ago he happily wrote a check for $307,500 to pay off the "largest" first-prize in contest history, designed to get widespread circulation for his encyclopedia and sponsored by his Unicorn Publishers; (b) these days he is trying to pick a winner for his $375,000 first-prize contest, launched to promote a series of Unicorn annuals of news; and (c) he can unhesitatingly rattle off statements like: "There isn't a block in the country that hasn't a family that hasn't done business with us."

The other day Morse interrupted his schedule for an hour to pace around his enormous encyclopedia-lined office. (Unicorn's HQ is a five-story mansion in Manhattan's fashionable East Side, a layout that would do splendidly as a foreign embassy.) "Here's a book," he said as he dipped into the wall and came up with Vol. 22 of his encyclopedia. "It's stamped in gold! Two colors! Marbled endpapers! If sold by ordinary methods by high-pressure, door-to-door salesmen it would cost at least five dollars. Encyclopedia sales cost alone is about 40 per cent! All right. Some years ago we endeavored to get around that cost by a sale directed at the public by advertisement. We finally came to a method that was successful." Vol. 22 flew back into the wall.

Morse first introduced his sales technique with "The Modern Concise Encyclopedia" in 1939. Hit No. 1. But he wanted a better encyclopedia, he said, so a couple of years later he switched to the "Funk & Wagnalls New Standard." Hit No. 2. In 1949 his own "New Funk & Wagnalls" appeared. Hit No. 3.

THE Morse method has quite a few advantages, Morse noted. For one thing, Unicorn doesn't have to stock large inventories of complete sets. It manufactures to order. For another, Unicorn is on press all year-'round, a schedule which Morse says allows him to update his thirty-six volumes continuously. "Rumania!," Morse declared suddenly. "Sometimes it's R-o-u. Then it's R-u. Then it's R-o. Now it's back to R-u, I believe. Well, we can get those changes. A new book of ours goes to press every few months. Others can't."

Before the hour was up Morse commented on the encyclopedia's 8,500,000 words—"Every single one funneled through me"; on the fact that his collection losses were negligible—"If you give people a square deal they pay"; on regular vs. mail-order advertising—"In a regular ad you get a girl, an automobile, and a package of Camels and try to make people remember Camels; in mail order, people have to sit down right after they read the ad and buy or you've lost them"; and on what he is fond of calling "the damnedest thing"—"some people never heard of Unicorn."

"You walk along the street," he went on, "and you say to a man, 'Unicorn Press.' He doesn't know what you're talking about. Here, you've advertised a single book more than anyone else. Nobody in the history of the world ever spent so much on a single publication in a single year. Yet they don't know Unicorn. It's the damnedest thing."

—BERNARD KALB.

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Fiction

Continued from page 18

that Lancey's great reputation is the work of his wife. But, as the wife well knows, Lancey is in fact no fraud. To this series of revelations, which together constitute the story, each speech, each recorded observation makes its significant contribution.

Notes

FOUR PSYCHOTICS AT LARGE: Betsy Beaton's **"Another Man's Shoes"** (Henry Holt, $3) not only manages, in its small way, to deal a below-the-belt blow to psychiatric practice, but will probably serve as minor trauma to the deluded reader as well. It is impossible to decide whether the novel was conceived as fantasy or "realism," but it is certain that it establishes itself as neither. The floundering tale of three psychotics—men who believe themselves to be François Villon, "the Saint," and Mr. President—begins when an "advanced" psychiatrist allows said patients to escape Mething Sanitarium, as he believes they have a better chance of regaining their sanity in "the world" (Los Angeles!) than in the hospital. The escapees save one Julia Larkin (who calls herself "Herself") from suicide. To repay their kindness, Herself subjects her benefactors to a number of violent experiences, whereby they cough up their unhappy pasts and miraculously regain their identities. Herself, of course, has the messianic delusion that she understands them (i.e., walks in their shoes) better than a psychoanalyst could. As a skeletal thesis, it is false and inadequate. Fully fleshed with Miss Beaton's prose, it is indescribable. —Nicolas Monjo.

REPORT ON MODERN INDIA: Perhaps readers who have not read Rumer Godden or E. M. Forster will be able to find something exceptional in Charles L. Holden's **"Videhi: A Novel of Modern Indian Life"** (St. Martin's Press, $3.50). It appears to be a painstaking report on the aspirations and typical social concerns among modern Indians. In general, it relates the need for the emancipation of women from purdah, and of the entire population from caste superstition. Mr. Holden carefully shows the trend, among young intellectuals, toward industrialization, specialization, and Socialism. But his central character, Videhi, is not a particularly interesting or coherent young woman. Forced by her family into a loveless marriage, she acquiesces to the ceremony, but refuses to live with her husband. Instead she takes herself off to medical school, where she has a platonic affair with a left-wing pamphleteer. When he dies of the plague, Videhi's sorrow somehow causes her to sympathize with the husband whom she has so deeply hurt. Her inexplicable return to her spouse puts an end to a story that never manages to be much more than didactic. —N. M.

STORYTELLER'S CHOICE: Somerset Maugham is an appropriate arbiter of Rudyard Kipling's stories. Both writers are primarily storytellers; and both have won enormous popular success and piddling critical recognition. **"A Choice of Kipling's Prose"** (Doubleday, $3.95) contains sixteen varied stories from Kipling's long writing career. Forced to omit the novel "Kim," which he considers a masterpiece, Mr. Maugham has made other concessions by admitting stories which have pleased the public taste and not his own. The advantage of such a liberal attitude in an editor is that he can then use his introduction to explain why he does not like those stories; and Mr. Maugham does so with his customary urbanity, clarity, and (to this reviewer) persuasiveness. Not every story in the volume will please every reader, but every reader will be pleased by some of the stories. Several show Kipling's interest in metempsychosis; the best are those where the doctrine is blended with realism, as in "The Tomb of His Ancestors." For sentimental love stories, "Without Benefit of Clergy" retains its glow—perhaps because its tragedy is played against a sordid background. The humorous story "The Village That Voted the Earth Was Flat" was a happy choice, for it is free of the senseless sadism that mars some of the other comic ones.

—Robert Halsband.

Berlin, 1953

Continued from page 23

to West Berlin," the older woman said, somewhat sharply. "I am not a young boy of nineteen who is alone in the world. If you have relatives, the only way to get out is for all to go. The ones you leave behind are the ones who will suffer. We know. We know already many people who have left to come to West Berlin and we know that the brothers or sisters or cousins and even the friends are made to pay. That is why so many know they can't leave."

WERNER DIETRICH, who was driving, commented: "It is absolutely true what they are saying. Most of the people who come over are those who can make a clean break. I have talked to them, and I know how much courage they must have. West Berlin is a thriving city—for those who have work. But there are only so many jobs and it is necessary for the authorities here to ship the refugees to other places in the Western zones. This business of uprooting your life, ach, it is terrible."

Our car swung into a street in the French zone of West Berlin where the ladies were to cache their food packages at the home of a friend. Near the corner was a delicatessen. I suggested to Dietrich that we stop for a moment, then invited the women to shop as my guests. This they were extremely reluctant to do, but Werner Dietrich helped me win the argument. As we went from counter to counter, the women kept saying it was difficult to get used to the idea of shopping without rationing coupons. I noticed that the younger woman seemed hypnotized by the large bars of sweet chocolate behind one of the cases. She said her younger children had never tasted chocolate. When she was handed the chocolate bars she said she was certain her children would never forget it. Then she added this whole experience was nothing she herself would soon forget. She spoke for both of us.

As we drove away, the thing that stuck the most in my mind was the fact that what I had seen and heard was not an episode rigged for propaganda purposes nor cheap anti-Communist sensationalism. What I had seen was deep and real. It was real as cold steel pressed against your back. I could not escape it by arguing that it was only a sliver of the world around me; it was the world I had to live in, and I couldn't get away from it just by returning home—and that was the way it was.

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Americana

Continued from page 16

United States in the European war. Wayne S. Cole describes the aims, methods, and failures of the organization in **"America First"** (University of Wisconsin Press, $3.50), a clear, detached presentation of a great debate on foreign policy that ended with Pearl Harbor.

Mr. Cole's study makes it plain that contemporary generalizations about America First were largely erroneous. Indeed, it is difficult to generalize at all. America First contained Roosevelt-haters and New Dealers, pacifists and militarists, but nearly all of them were loyal citizens convinced that the best interests of their country would be served by staying out of the war. The Committee, however, was never able to get debate focused on the narrow question of peace or war. Necessarily negative, the non-interventionists could only oppose the positive Administration policies—transfer of destroyers and B-17's to Britain, Lend-Lease, naval convoys, FDR's "shoot-on-sight" order, and repeal of the vital provisions of the Neutrality Act. Defeated on each issue, America First nevertheless retained great strength and, Mr. Cole maintains, "had fought the President very nearly to a standstill near the end of 1941 when the Japanese attack took the decision out of American hands."

The author examines the charges that the Committee was pro-Fascist, anti-British, anti-Semitic, and bitterly partisan. He finds that the national executive committee, which included men as far apart in domestic policy as John T. Flynn and Chester Bowles, had a fairly clean slate, but the same cannot be said for many local leaders. Perhaps the main weakness of the book is that its treatment of local chapters is inadequate.

—J. MERTON ENGLAND.

FABULOUS TEXANS: "Neiman-Marcus, Texas" (Henry Holt, $2.95), Frank X. Tolbert's tale of the doings of the Marci, the pluperfect merchants of Dallas, is too good to be true until you've seen Neiman's for yourself. Then you will marvel at his restraint. His book should be kept away from the owners of other apparel shops, or it will surely break most of them. Gaily Tolbert shows the way to build from a standing start a twenty-five-million-dollar-a-year business and achieve world-wide fame with the greatest of ease. All it takes is flawless taste, unerring foresight, faith in humanity, and a slight touch of genius. The merchants I know will privately admit to being equipped with precisely these faculties, minus, possibly, the trait of complete trustfulness, but just let them try merchandising the Neiman Marcus way, and you'll see. The drouth-stricken plains will be strewn with the bones of the entrepreneurs who starved to death trying to emulate Mr. Stanley, current chieftain of the tribe of the Marci.

Mr. Tolbert tells you of the Ferberesque customers whose carelessness with hard money begets the legend (or is it the fable?) of Texas open-handedness. You meet the recipients of the prized Neiman-Marcus Oscars, like Christian Dior and Jacques Fath, the sheiks of Araby, the cow country tycoons, the cafe society characters, and the shop girls and housewives, who comprise Nieman's list of 100,000 charge accounts.

In its pages you run across Texanic people like E. DeGolyer, Frank Dobie, and Bob Pool, movie stars who call from Biarritz for a bathing suit that would make Elsa Maxwell look like Marilyn Monroe, and doting mothers buying pastel diapers. Through it all mink ripples like a summer breeze ripples the surface of a Hollywood swimming pool, while the sacred fleece, Vicuna, alternates with priceless emeralds and little $29.95 numbers from the Misses Shop.

Most of all, you'll meet Stanley Marcus, collector of modern and regional art, spare-time dilettante and dreamer, who can be so exasperatingly exacting that designers and dressmakers are called upon to perform miracles to merit his custom. With an eye for line and color, and a sensuous feel for fabrics, he unerringly provides the lions and lionesses of the world of art, literature, the theatre, of society, and of finance with just what they have been hoping for. This thousand who spend millions in turn influence the 99,000 to spend many more millions, and all is as happy as a marriage bell. I don't think Author Frank X. Tolbert, scion of pioneer Texans, was named for St. Francis Xavier. I believe he was named for Francis X. Bushman, whom he resembles. —WILLIAM KITTRELL.

MALIGNED FOUNDING FATHER: American historians have shown an astonishing ability to rescue secondary figures from oblivion, but occasionally they overlook a man of real significance. A case of undeserved neglect is righted in Kenneth R. Rossman's **"Thomas Mifflin and the Politics of the American Revolution"** (University of North Carolina Press, $5). A Philadelphia merchant, Mifflin abandoned the countinghouse and Quaker pacifism to serve in the Continental Congress and then under Washington as the first quartermaster-general of the Revolutionary army. Blamed for the failure of supply during the Valley Forge winter and for conspiracy against Washington in the Conway Cabal, Mifflin here receives exoneration from both indictments. After retirement from the army in 1778 he held political office in Pennsylvania almost continuously until his death in 1800—in the legislature, as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention, and as president and three times governor of the state.

This is a political biography which makes its chief contributions in the chapters on Mifflin's Revolutionary service and his governorship in the 1790's. Mr. Rossman has slighted the story of Pennsylvania politics in the Eighties because he thinks it is not of general interest. A lack of private and personal letters prevented him from describing domestic scenes, like that portrayed in Copley's painting of Mifflin and his wife, and from assessing the opposition's charges of drunkenness and debauchery.

A critic wrote of Mifflin that "popularity and the bustle of public life were hobby-horses he could not dispense with." I wish that his biographer could have made a little clearer the reasons for the popularity that so often brought him the reward of public office. —J. M. E.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 538

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 538 will be found in the next issue.

YE GODS (PUP-IDLE)

VSDHOS EUAPC, HUASZAHH

VDP TOCH RAYTIO ZDSGUP!

—IDASD L. RUTHUP.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 537

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was a tug of war.—Nathaniel Lee.

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Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of considerations of space, will be given more extended notice in forthcoming numbers.

ADAM'S WAY. By Lonnie Colman. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. A new novel by the author of "Clara," concerning a lonely Southern aristocrat who pulls a Pygmalion by trying to educate a young Negro girl he brings into his house.

THE ARAB WORLD. By Nejla Izzeddin. Henry Regnery Co. $6.50. A long look at the Arab world, by a native, which concerns itself equally with that country's past, present, and future.

THE BEST HUMOR FROM PUNCH. Edited by William Cole. World Publishing Co. $3.50. The first collection of poetry and prose from *Punch* to be published in this country.

THE BEST OF TWO WORLDS. By Joseph Wood Krutch. William Sloane Assoc. $3. A collection of easy-going pieces, somewhat akin to the author's "The Twelve Seasons" (1949), about his new-found life in the sun-soaked West, with special attention to its fauna and flora.

BEYOND CRITICISM. By Karl Shapiro. University of Nebraska Press. $3. Three essays, originally presented as lectures at the University of Nebraska last spring, by the poet, critic, and editor of *Poetry* magazine, on the nature of poetry in the modern world.

BUBU OF MONTPARNASSE. By Charles-Louis Philippe. Translated by Laurence Vail. Roy Publishers. $3. A love story set in the Paris underworld of prostitutes and pimps. The author, who died in 1909, was highly regarded by Gide and Eliot. This is the first English edition.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH. By Bradford Smith. J. B. Lippincott Co. $5. A biography of the misty, stalwart English soldier of fortune who, among many other adventures, rummaged up and down the eastern coasts of America in the early 1600's, discovered the Isle of Shoals, and helped found Jamestown, near which he met a young Indian lass named Pocahontas.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE AMERICAN IDEA. By Theodore Maynard. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.50. A defense of the Catholic Church in America.

THE CHILD'S WORLD. By Phyliss Hostler. Roy Publishers. $3. An examination, by an English educator and psychiatrist, of the child's place in the world of today.

DRINKING IN COLLEGE. By Robert Straus and D. Bacon Selden. Yale University Press. $4. An analysis of the drinking habits of students in twenty-seven representative U. S. colleges, based on a two-year survey.

EUROPEAN COMMUNISM. By Franz Borkenau. Harper & Bros. $6. A study of the rise and fulfilment of the Communist Party in Europe by an expert and former member of the German Communist Party.

FIFTY ROADS TO TOWN. By Earl Hamner, Jr. Random House. $3.50. A fictional account of what happens to a Virginia town when a Christ-obsessed, Casanova-type itinerant preacher arrives to hold a week of revivalist meetings. A first novel.

FIVE WINDOWS. By D. E. Stevenson. Rinehart & Co. $3. A gentling kind of novel about the growing up of a Scotch writer and his experiences in Edinburgh and London along the way.

FORMOSA BEACHHEAD. By Geraldine Fitch. Henry Regnery Co. $3.50. A discussion of the present state of Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist forces on Formosa.

FRAULEIN BO-PEEPEN, And More Tales Mein Grossfader Told. By Dave Morrah. Rinehart & Co. $1.50. A collection of Mother Goose stories, legends, and fairy tales told in a kind of German-American dialect.

FREEDOM'S FAITH. By Clarence B. Randall. Little, Brown & Co. $3. A personal testament on the present condition of the American business world—its politics, religion, and society, by the author of "Creed for Free Enterprise," who is also president of the Inland Steel Company, Inc.

GOODBYE, SUMMER. By Allis McKay. Macmillan Co. $3.50. A sequel to the author's "They Came to a River" (1941), involving the further adventures and growing-up of a young man in the early days of the Columbia River Valley.

HOW WE INVENTED THE AIRPLANE. By Orville Wright. David McKay Co. Clothbound, $1.75. Paperbound, $1. An account, in Orville's own words, of how he and Wilbur invented the flying machine. Edited by Fred C. Kelly, it is taken from a deposition made by Wright in a lawsuit of 1920, the records of which were buried, unclassified, in the Library of Congress, until recently brought to light.

IN SPITE OF . . . A Philosophy for Every Man. By John Cowper Powys. Philosophical Library. $5. The personal philosophy of one of the famous Powys brothers who is now over eighty and still running fast.

INDIA ALLAN. By Elizabeth Boatright Coker. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50. A novel about the American Civil War, involving, among other things, a spoiled daughter, a possessive father, laudanum, an embittered Negro slave, amnesia, and a murder.

INTRUDER FROM THE SEA. By Gordon McDonell. Little, Brown & Co. $3. A mystery novel, involving an old sweetie, a fake brother, a spy, and a Russian submarine lurking in U.S. coastal waters.

LET'S TALK SENSE ABOUT OUR SCHOOLS. By Paul Woodring. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. An energetic, free-swinging examination of every facet of the present American educational system, including discussions of our teachers, teachers' colleges, discipline, salaries, or lack thereof, and John Dewey.

LOVE IS A BRIDGE. By Charles Bracelen Flood. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.75. Six hundred pages of fiction, dealing with the marriages and divorces of a well-bred St. Mark's-Harvard-Europe American.

MARCEL AND ELISE. By Marcel Jouhandeau. Translated by Martin Turnell. Pantheon Books. $3.50. M. Jouhandeau, who is a respected French writer and a self-termed "*chroniquer*," has written here an intimate account of his marriage to Elise, which runs from their marriage in 1929 to the present.

MAUD MARTHA. By Gwendolyn Brooks. Harper & Bros. $2.50. Miss Brooks, who is a poet, here gives us a novel about a Negro girl raised in the slum section of a Midwestern city, her marriage to a man who likes the dicty glide, and her daughter, who can not understand why a department store Santa Claus will not smile at her.

THE RAID. By Laurence Greene. Henry Holt & Co. $3. A chronicle of the town of Harper's Ferry from its founding in 1747 by a Tory architect, Robert Harper, through its days in the 1830's as a gateway to the West, to the bloody raid led by the fanatic John Brown.

THE RELUCTANT HEALER. By William J. MacMillan. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3. The autobiography of a man who has discovered, through long years of practice, that he has the gift of healing.

A ROGUE WITH EASE. By M. K. Argus. Harper & Bros. $2.75. A novel about an ingratiating ex-Russian, who works his way from a job in a toothpick factory to "nobility" in one day, goes to Hollywood, and finally, through marriage and a nice handling of situations, ends up with security and a bankroll as thick as a mattress.

ROUND RIVER: From the Journals of Aldo Leopold. Oxford University Press. $3. Selections from the diaries and essays, previously unpublished, of a well-known naturalist. Edited by his son and illustrated by Charles W. Schwartz.

THE RULING FEW. By Sir David Kelly. British Book Centre. $4.50. The memoirs of one of Britain's ablest ambassadors and diplomats.

SHAW'S CORNER. By Stephen Winsten. Roy Publishers. $4.50. This second volume of Shaviana by Mr. Winsten, who was Shaw's neighbor during the last ten years of his life, covers the period from 1945 to GBS's death in 1950.

SHIM. By Reuben Davis. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3. Shim Govan is a fourteen-year-old son of a Louisiana plantation owner; the time is the turn of the century; and the action involves Shim's reckless doings—a bear hunt, a tangle with an alligator; a wild up-country dance, and boating about the bayous under a spooky full moon.

SOUTHERN RENASCENCE. The Literature of the Modern South. Edited by Louis D. Rubin, Jr. and Robert D. Jacobs. John Hopkins Press. $5. A collection of more than two dozen pieces of criticism on Southern writers, by such as Ray B. West, Jr., Vivienne Koch, and Robert Heilbroner about such as Thomas Wolfe, Faulkner, Eudora Welty, Stark Young, Robert Penn Warren, John Peale Bishop, Ellen Glasgow, etc.

THE STANDARDS WE RAISE. By Paul Mazur. Harper & Bros. $2.50. An experienced businessman examines our standard of living, and discusses how it can be maintained, even in peacetime, through the proper means of distribution and mass consumption.

STORM HAVEN. By Frank G. Slaughter. Doubleday & Co. $3.75. An historical soufflé, involving the Civil War, a murder, and some starchless bosoms.

A SUNSET TOUCH. By Howard Spring. Harper & Bros. $3.50. Mr. Spring's latest novel concerns a middle-aged man who inherits his family's ancestral home in a small Cornish village, immediately buries himself in the past, meets two ladies—one good, one not—who, with their combined efforts, bring him back to a respectable present.

TEEN-AGE GANGS. By Dale Kramer and Madeline Kass. Henry Holt & Co. $3. An account, taken from official files, of the gloomy society of teen-age urban children, their gangs, their life, their frequent disasters.

THE WALSINGHAM WOMAN. By Jan Westcott. Crown Publishers. $3.50. Frances Walsingham was one of the few women who could get Elizabeth I to trotting her dander around. This, in fictional form, is her life story, which included three illustrious marriages—with Sir Philip Sydney, the Earl of Essex, and Richard de Burgh.

THE WAY OF A SHIP. By Alan Villiers. Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.50. A big miscellany about the last days of the sailing ships, including an account of the *Cutty Sark*, the clipper ships, and the square-rigged barques, by an old hand at sea writing. Profusely illustrated with halftones and line drawings. —W. B.

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Tout le Monde Is a Globe

WORLDLY: We have had a visit from a lady tagged Mercedes Guyette who says that globes are simply the hottest thing around. Miss Guyette came to us on behalf of the Replogle Globe people of Chicago, who make more globes than anybody. Globes have sold on trend, Miss Guyette informed us. Down after Munich, up after Pearl Harbor. As a matter of fact the trend went so far up after we got in the last war that people were actually standing in line at department stores to buy globes and many carried them out under their arms.

Aside from being pretty badly off, the world is also an oblate spheroid, which is to say that it is shaped more like a tangerine than an orange. Although its flat ends show up in actual life size, they will not show when reproduced in globe size. Some things that will show up on a globe that may not be readily apparent on a map are these: Casablanca, Madrid, Paris, London, Stockholm, and Nome are all about the same distance from New York; the direct route from Tokyo to the Panama Canal is via the Aleutian Islands, Seattle, and Denver; Alaska, not Hawaii, lies between us and Japan. Hawaii is off to one side by 2,000 miles.

A Greek gentleman name of Crates made one of the first globes in 150 B.C. Columbus got people reinterested in the news that the earth is round not flat. Miss Guyette told us that the church taught the theory of a flat world because the second coming of Christ would be quite a problem if the earth were round.

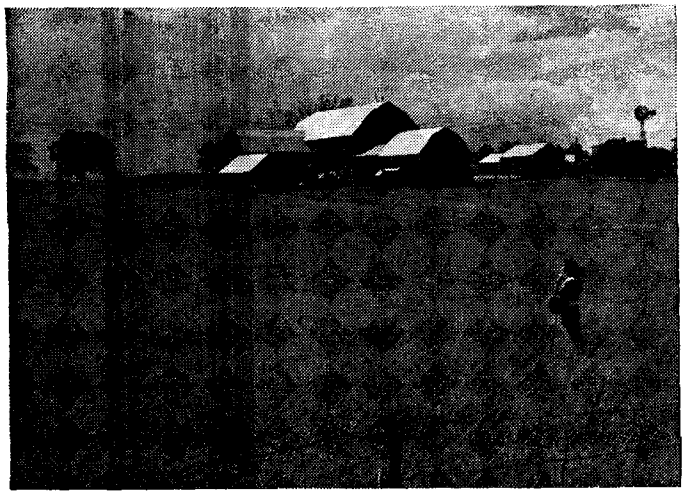
Now, 2,100 years after Crates, Luther Irwin Replogle, aged fifty, is the head of a firm making 1,500 globes a day when business is good. And business is good. Replogle's globes sell for as little as $1.95 in the children's size and $5.95 for adults. A thirty-two-inch globe decked out with lots of mahogany costs $895, and the company can't make them fast enough. Replogle also makes a globe game with magnetized airplanes and such. "It's sugar-coating globes," Miss Guyette says.

Unsweetened globes are made in a number of different ways. They can be lithographed on metal in flat form and then shaped in a press. Another way is to print a map on paper, then paste it on heavy cardboard. The cardboard is then cut into a sunflower shape and formed into a globe in a hydraulic press. Library type globes usually begin as maps which are made into twelve segments then pasted on a steel ball by hand. Illuminated globes are glass balls blown by hand for absolute accuracy, and the map then pasted on top. Cutting and pasting maps on globes is done today just the way it was in Leonardo da Vinci's time.

Replogle makes globes in foreign languages and it ships some to Mexico, to South America, and to the Philippines, but globes are bulky and the freight usually costs more than the item. There is evidence that globes are being made in Russia, since almost every picture of a Soviet classroom shows a small globe on every desk. Over here, too, parents are beginning to look upon a globe in the same terms as an encyclopedia or a dictionary. However, some globes this summer have turned up in the form of beach balls and others as light fixtures. "An illuminated globe is a fine TV light," says Miss Guyette.

Aside from keeping up to the minute on worldly changes, the Replogle people also maintain the world's greatest collection of globe cartoons. The office favorite shows a globe salesman saying to a customer, "This one blows up in the event of a political crisis."

BISTRO BERLITZ: Just the ozzer day I waz invited to 'ave lunch with ozzer Americans who are brushing up their French before going to France. I am not going to France, but these Americans, who 'ave accents, Mon Dieu!,



TRAVEL AWARD PHOTOS. From south and north of the border come the first two entries in *The Saturday Review*'s World Travel Photo Awards to be reproduced in *SR*. "Canadian Summer" (left) was taken by M. Roth of New Haven, Conn., with a Japanese Richoflex while motoring outside Toronto. "The Bullfighter" was snapped in Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, by John W. Hopkins, of El Paso, Texas. He used a Leica with Canon 85 mm. f 2 lens. Contest entries must be received by November 1, 1953. Send entries or write for details to Photo Awards, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36. The Grand Prize is a trip around the world via Pan American World Airways. There are twenty-five additional prizes.

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get together every week to eat and talk French. The idea for linguistic lunch hours belongs to the French National Railroads, who have organized a series of "French Luncheons for Americans." There are only three requirements: you must 'ave a working knowledge of French, you must promise that only French will be spoken, and you 'ave to pay your own tab.

At un o'clock one recent bleu Monday I presented myself at a Manhattan bistro known as Le Chanteclair. I was haggard and worn. I had been up the whole night with my language records. I had been working over my working knowledge of French. "Où est la plume de ma tante?" I had been saying over and over.

There were fifteen tables in the restaurant, each flying a French Railroads flag and all crowded with Americans possessed of a working knowledge of French and an intention to go to France. A headwaiter who was resting his head on the points of his wing collar greeted me at the door. "Votre nom?" he said in a voice like a radio announcer. "Où est la plume de ma tante?," I answered with a smile, shooting my cuffs, pulling on my lapels, and giving silent thanks to M. Tauritz, who has taught me French all these years.

Shortly thereafter I found myself seated with three ladies named Mlle. Woodman, Mlle. Kahn, and Mlle. Welsh, all Americans with a working knowledge of French. Our host was M. Robert Berthe, of the French National Railroads, who had a working knowledge of English. Everyone said they were enchanté to meet everyone else.

M. Berthe—who pronounced his named *bayrt*—ordered dry martinis avec lemon peel for the ladies, un Scotch for me, and a Man'attan cocktail for 'imself. All of us had been to France at one time or another and we related some of our difficulties with our working knowledge. "Le biggest difficultay que j'ai had," said Mlle. Woodman, "was ordering le petit déjeuner. Nobody understood me on the telephone at my hotel, so I waited there in bed to see what they would bring me. After three mornings without breakfast I went downstairs to eat."

M. Berthe looked at Mlle. Woodman sternly. "Parlez français, s'il vous plaît, mademoiselle," he said. Mlle. Woodman was contrite.

"Que pensez vous de M. Laniel?" said Mlle. Kahn to M. Berthe, speaking of the gentleman who was the French premier the day we had lunch. M. Berthe spouted brilliantly, like a Vickers machine gun. We were frantic trying to translate what he was saying and compose an answer all at the same time. "Un autre cocktail would have made all the difference," Mlle. Woodman whispered.

NOW the table was talking about les problems de traffic in Paris. "Les bicyclettes go comme ça," explained M. Berthe, making a thrusting motion with his arm. "Les voitures go comme ça," he added, crossing with the other arm. "Les pietons go comme ça," he said, indicating a pedestrian hopping nimbly between speeding voitures and bicyclettes. A homesick look came over his face. "Ah, c'est très amusant, très amusant." Then he inflated with pride and said, "You know you will nevair see a Franch drivair who ees not h'angry at something."

"Parlez français," said Mlle. Woodman, fixing him with a stare. M. Berthe smiled.

When we were getting ready to leave M. Berthe explained that the luncheons would be held every week and that anyone coming to New York on his way to France could write the French National Railroads at 610 Fifth Avenue New York for a reservation. He said he certainly looked forward to meeting more Americans. He said he liked America very much. He said, "J'aime beaucoup le Vermont," which is where he spends his vacations. He called it "Vair-mon'." "J'aime beaucoup la pêche," he added, explaining how he spent his time up in Vair-mon'.

"I like to fish too," Miss Woodman said, "particulairment le striped bass."

"Ah, le striped bass," I agreed, for I am an old pêcheur when it comes to striped bass.

"Parlez français," demanded M. Berthe.

I turned to Mlle. Woodman. "Où est la plume de ma tante?" I said.

"Takes one American to understand another American's French," she said.

"Ah, oui," sighed M. Berthe.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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Continued from page 29

for philosophers, and not even for philosophy "majors," but for the man who, with no time to read the Dialogues themselves, wants an elementary introduction to Plato's thought. For this purpose the book has unusual merits of clarity and simplicity. It is the first volume in a series which will similarly present the great ideas of other philosophers. —R. B.

BEER-HALL HISTORY: Egon Friedell's **"A Cultural History of the Modern Age"** has a curious history of its own. (The first volume, entitled "The Crisis of the European Soul from the Black Death to the Thirty Years' War," has just been reissued by Knopf at $6.) When it was first published in 1930 *The New York Times* stated: "The three volumes have no rival in keenness, frank unconventionality, philosophical sweep, and stylistic brilliance." But the *New Republic* came along with this remark: "With all these virtues . . . a rotten book. A great idea in a state of dismemberment and decay." Rather confusing is the laconic conclusion by *The Yale Review*: "It will bring to the untutored reader far more reality than the authoritative text in which every fact is true and the whole account false." In short, the leading journals in the United States gave the impression that the book was brilliant but contained a number of serious errors. Alfred Polgar, who provides an illuminating essay to introduce the new edition, summed up the reviews in these words: "A brilliant miss, rich in convincing absurdities and hard-hitting antinomies, this is the delightful dilettante whose shortcomings are as considered as the intellectual revenue he draws from them." In his opinion the book will "catch today's reader, too."

No doubt the first volume will be read with great interest by many discerning critics. They will note the errors with varying degrees of delight or horror. Some will shriek with dismay when they note this piece of nonsense: "The Renaissance was the second and true Fall of man, as the Reformation was the second and perhaps definitive exclusion from paradise." On the other hand, all experts will observe much valuable material and brilliant interpretation.

Friedell, who had been trained as a scholar, earned his living as an entertainer in some of Vienna's most notorious nightclubs. No doubt his working habitat obscured his intellectual vision at times, but he had latent faculties to draw upon. Unfortunately, he starts with this bad piece of advice by Oscar Wilde, who was himself very wild: "To give an accurate description of what has never occurred is not merely the proper occupation of the historian but the inalienable privilege of any man of parts and culture." It is a privilege indeed but not the proper task of a historian. No wonder that many topics are introduced which have little bearing on the events in the period from 1348 to 1648, as where the reader is duly informed about Adler, Laube, Charlotte Wolter, Charlemagne, Matkovsky, and Lord Byron. This reminds us of Arnold J. Toynbee's famous work, in which there was space for only one sentence on Professor Martin Luther, namely, in the section on the Japanese internal proletariat.

—Albert Hyma.

Biography

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

SET these things down for my biography:
Not, "In that year, he lived in such a place;
Wrote this for book; or studied tediously,
And learned these facts," but rather that the grace
Of beauty let him look upon her face
On such a moonlit night, or such a dawn
All diamonded with dew upon the lawn.
He was as one abashed for a long space.
Do not say: "Thus he did," or "So he thought,"
But rather: "Here he heard the mockingbird,
Smelled the wistaria, saw the Cherokee rose,
And ever after was as one who erred
From a far land where magic things are wrought,
Having learned a wonder he could not disclose."

Best Seller

No Writer Could Write

By Thurman Price

THERE IS A BOOK which cannot be bought in any bookstore—but which has nevertheless run through three editions and sold over 100,000 copies!

This book is "*New Horizons*" and no living man or woman, no matter how talented, could possibly have written it. James A. Michener says of "*New Horizons*," "*Not only a wealth of material, but a take-along 'must' for everyone going out of the country.*"

SHOWN AN ADVANCED COPY, Lowell Thomas prophesied the success of "*New Horizons*" and said, "*Wish I had thought of writing it myself.*" But even versatile Mr. Thomas meant "writing" in its very broadest sense, because "*New Horizons*" gives up-to-date facts on what to see, do, wear and take home from over 900 places on 6 continents.

This book tabulates weather for each country—both for temperature and rainfall—*for every month of the year!* Its pages have been checked not only by the Station Managers in the 83 countries and colonies served by the Pan American World Airways System but also by the tourist offices and consuls of most of the countries covered. There is, so to speak, no one author of this book—*there are close to two hundred!* Furthermore there are 230 unique photographs, not added to pretty up the book but to amplify the facts in the text. There are nine large beautifully-drawn maps, many lesser maps and last, but not least, an INDEX.

THIS BOOK'S Foreword states literal truth when it says: "No one has ever attempted to publish a book quite like this. It is not a 'travel book' in the ordinary sense at all. It does not deal with impressions; it deals with facts."

I would say: If you are going anywhere in the Free World, or are thinking about travelling abroad this year or next, you need this book. Send me one dollar and I will see that you get a copy of "*New Horizons*" postpaid. The one dollar you send me may save you hundreds on your next trip abroad. Address Thurman Price, c/o Pan American World Airways, 135 E. 42 St., New York 17, New York.

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Better Business Films

MOVIES financed by American business and industry are being produced at the rate of several hundred a year for use in employe training, public relations, or advertising programs. The films come in short, medium, and full lengths; in natural and unnatural color; in black and white and all shades of gray. They cover just about every subject under the sun and employ every conceivable style of film-making. In terms of dollars the annual production amounts to about ten or fifteen millions, conservatively speaking. What does American industry want for its money and what does it get when it plays the role of film sponsor?

It wants audiences, and audiences are not hard to obtain. Television stations are more than eager to show whatever free sponsored films they can to their vast numbers of viewers. Even among 16mm. users there is an undeniably large portion who see only free films, regardless of the subject or quality.

But what sponsor can afford to disregard quality of production and treatment of ideas in the films he puts his name to? One might suppose that the poor films would come only from business and industrial organizations whose products and policies also are substandard. Surprisingly enough, a number of top-ranking companies in this country do not seem to feel ashamed to release films that are amateurish, preposterous, or simply inadequate.

Only a handful of present-day industrial sponsors have any idea of the values inherent in the motion-picture medium. As a result only a handful of the several hundred films they pay for this year will ever win any kind of recognition. A mere dozen or two of the 1953 crop will be remembered at all. These will probably share most of the honors at one film festival after another, here and in Europe. They will find their way into many of the several hundred 16mm. film libraries which now are willing to circulate industry-sponsored films to schools and adult groups, provided only that the films meet important standards of good will, good sense, and good taste.

Why don't the sponsors insist that the films they finance be at least as good as the products they manufacture? It must be because they have yet to learn what movies can do. They need more direct experience with audiences and less verbalizing with the advertising agency people. They must learn to bypass the hundreds of eager producers who are and perhaps must always remain narrowly imitative, and turn to those who have a craftsman's familiarity with the medium and an artist's love of its dynamic possibilities.

Great things were predicted for the relationship between good film-makers and good industrial sponsors when Robert Flaherty was assigned to shoot a feature-length documentary for Standard Oil of New Jersey. This was over six years ago and in the interval very little came of the prediction. This year, however, a number of outstanding documentary film-makers have taken their first steps into industry-sponsored production. In looking over the current list of industry-sponsored films we see some interesting production credits. Willard Van Dyke, whose name has hitherto been connected only with governmental and other non-profit productions, has just completed a public relations film for the Oil Industry Information Committee. Sidney Meyers, who directed and edited the unforgettable "Quiet One," has spent most of this year on a production for the Monsanto Chemical Company, and is now working on one for the Ford Motor Company. George Stoney, with a rich background in films for health and education, turned up as director of the re-enacted sequences of the Ford fiftieth anniversary film. Herman Engel, whose low-budget educational productions for the University of Wisconsin are much to be admired, has gone to work as production consultant on training films for Sears Roebuck.

Is this to be taken as a trend? Are the better sponsors going to continue looking for and working with the better documentary people? What has each side to learn in order to put out the kind of films they can take pride in? Film-makers say that the first big job of the sponsor is to determine clearly and honestly the objectives which the film is to meet and the uses to which it is to be put. The producer (and this term here includes all those on the production side who help plan and create the film) must know exactly what is expected of the [illegible] ble with his own basic principles he will in all likelihood prefer not to get involved with the film. Both sides will profit if the exchange of ideas can take place directly between sponsor and producer, without benefit of middle-men and intermediaries.

Once his objectives have been established, the sponsor has the obligation of giving his producer free range in which to carry them out. He must, in a word, have *faith* in the skill and intelligence of the production crew up and down the line. If he has selected them with care, if he has hired them to do the job, he can now only let them get to work.

The producer too has a lot to learn if he is to work well with the industrial sponsor. He should be especially careful to show that he can understand and respect budgets and deadlines, that he can use the sponsor's ideas to make an interesting film, and that he can participate in a sensible discussion about the film he feels is called for. Too often the producer feels that he is artistically superior to the sponsor, and that in order to make a really good film he must put something over when no one is looking. It is true that the producer runs into too many obstacles all along the way—but the feeling of superiority isn't going to make the hurdles any the easier. It would help a lot if the producer would just talk sense to the sponsor (and to all the people on the sponsor's side who almost always get into the act—board members, department heads, advertising agents, public-relations experts, and the like).

SETTING aside the question of how well the particular sponsors and producers were able to work together, let us take a look at some of the recent productions. Certainly both Willard Van Dyke and the Oil Industry Information Committee can take pride in **"American Frontier"** (30 min.), a public-relations film telling of the change that the discovery of oil brings to the farm people of North Dakota. The narrator and leading character of this story-documentary is a young schoolteacher (one of the few professional actors in the film), who with his wife watches the reactions of the younger and older generations (in real life they are the schoolchildren, farmers, and oilmen of the Williston Basin area). The story is both credible and honorable, the dialog is human and at times humorous, but best of all the people look and sound real. These virtues might have been achieved by almost any sincere and hard-working director, but Van Dyke

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has given the film beauty and dignity. He finds beauty in the landscape, the farm-houses, in the wood and steel and dirt and snow, and dignity in the faces of people and in the things they hope for and believe in. Working with Richard Leacock, one of the best of American documentary photographers, Van Dyke has created a living story of modern industrial America growing up out of the pioneer past. I do not think the oil industry could have hoped for a better film to tell its story. Mel Powell's musical score, performed by the New York Philharmonic, and Thomas Chalmers's reading of the narration added to the film's overall distinction. "American Frontier" was produced by Affiliated Film Productions.

"The American Road" (50 min.) is a totally different kind of film. It gives a jolly picture of twentieth-century America on the move, from horse-and-buggy days to the mid-century's three million miles of highways. Most of the material in the film is the real thing—old newsreel footage taken by the Ford Company which has been in their files all this time.

Newsreel footage from the Twenties and Thirties summarizes how completely we did become a nation on wheels; and after noting that assembly-line production of motor vehicles helped with World War II the film ends with a color sequence (directed by Larry Madison and edited by Jean Oser) giving a panorama of America today in terms of the more satisfactory changes brought about by the automobile in the past fifty years. Obviously the sponsors did not feel that they could deal with any of the problems the automobile has created. However, we can accept their timidity, and at least be grateful that they have given us their version of an exciting aspect of recent history and social progress. I sincerely believe that the film will be wholeheartedly enjoyed by all audiences from the fifth-grade level upwards. Special mention should be given to Joseph March, who constructed the scenario and narration with ingenuity and wit; to Alex North, who composed and conducted a delightful, jazzy musical score, and to Raymond Massey, who read the narration as if he were not an actor at all. MPO Productions made the film.

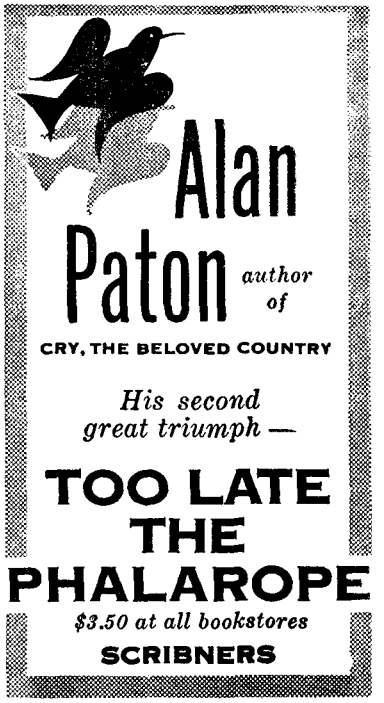
"Decision for Chemistry" (50 min.) is more concerned with the future and the present than with the past. It bases its hope for a better world in the curiosity of youth and their natural interest in solving problems. The boys who thirty years ago were yelling and playing with their friends are the men who have given us modern chemistry. In a succession of episodes we see how today's miracle products are created, as the film says, "something good from almost nothing." Whether the episode is about a stronger synthetic for shower curtains, a detergent for laundry, the new Acrilan cloth for dresses and suits, or Krilium for soil improvement, the achievement of each is something that even the audience can be proud of.

The outstanding part of this film is its brilliant photography. I found some fault with the script, which seemed at times intricate and elusive.

"Decision for Chemistry" was sponsored by the Monsanto Chemical Company, as a public-relations film for chemistry and chemists rather than for itself alone. It breaks far away from the self-congratulatory kind of business film which intelligent audiences—and intelligent producers—so often deplore. It is one of the few films that actually makes you feel glad to be a part of an industrial society, without once telling you that you have to be glad or you ought to be glad. MPO was the producing company, Sidney Meyers directed, Michael Nebbia and Larry Madison did the photography, and Alex North composed the music. Two shorter versions (which I have not yet seen) are available.

"The Glass Center of Corning" (25 min., color) by its very title gives indication of being a less ambitious film than those reviewed above. What it amounts to is a tour of the handsome glass museum at Corning, New York. The camera goes along in somewhat the same manner that a guide would escort the audience through the corridors. The film isn't arranged with any particular skill—we see one thing after another, but the things themselves are beautiful. From the museum's many treasures the camera selects pieces created by the ancient Egyptians, Romans, and Syrians, early Venetian and English glassmakers and the Swedish and American craftsmen of today. There is also a close-up of a model of the twenty-two-ton telescope made by Corning for the observatory on Mount Palomar, and some displays on the development of special kinds of glass.

The most fascinating sequence of the film, and I suspect the big attraction at the center itself, is the in-the-round demonstration of the manufacture of Steuben crystal glass (the pronunciation, one learns, is stew-BEN). Each piece is hand made, and we see in its entirety the making of a crystal dish, from the first blowing of the molten glass to its final shaping and trimming. Hand etching



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is demonstrated, and a number of impressive finished pieces are displayed—including the only copy of a glass bowl presented as a wedding gift to Elizabeth II by President Truman.

Despite the plainness of the production and the poor quality of color in the print I saw, the film had the happy effect of keeping me attentive and entertained for its twenty-five minutes, and left me with the hope that I would some day have a chance to visit the Corning Glass Center in person. I think it is important here to point out that one reason for the film's simple success is that it remains unselfconscious about the product it represents. It seems to say merely, "Here is a glass museum full of glass objects; some of them were made by us; we think they are handsome, and we expect you will think so too." It seems to me the best possible kind of advertising, but of course it can only be done when the product speaks for itself so admirably. "The Glass Center of Corning" was produced by Paul Hance Productions, Inc., for the Corning Glass works.

"Out of the North" (25 min., color), sponsored by Nash Motors, tells a story of American wildfowl. It begins with spring in the North. Along prairie ponds and marshes birds build their nests; soon the eggs hatch, and a new generation makes its way into the winged world. The film shows how the ducklings and goslings take to the water and begin to look out for themselves. By the time the autumn coolness descends even the smaller birds are ready for the long migration southward. The film includes a handsome montage of flight patterns—one more spectacular than the other—with a background of wild honking noises and delicately composed music. Some of these patterns are so charming, so unworldly that they could easily be mistaken for excerpts from a McLaren animation abstraction.

The beauty and integrity of "Out of the North" is not for a moment lost in succeeding sequences of hunters and dogs awaiting dawn as the birds soar above them.

There is not a shot in the film that falls short of excellence (the photography by Larry Madison and Robert Downey was done over a three-year period), narration and music are equally fine. From beginning to end there is not a word about a Nash—not even a picture of an automobile. A strictly commercial three-minute trailer takes care of the sponsor's needs, while the unspoiled unity of the film gave its producers a chance to show their skills. And this they did to the fullest. —CECILE STARR.

The Flowering of Chicago

Continued from page 10

Milwaukee). His poems were filled with protests against social injustices and he defied all those who called them propaganda. Because of his Whitmanesque style, his liberal social ideas, and his solid Scandinavian stubbornness, he became the foremost target of traditional critics attacking the new free verse ideas being expressed by the contributors to *Poetry*. But, as Sandburg stood almost alone, he was less alone; more and more writers sent along their own experimental ideas to Harriet Monroe. T. S. Eliot, Robert Frost, Ezra Pound, John Masefield, and Edna St. Vincent Millay were among those who forwarded contributions. A new language was in the making in the crude commercial city of Chicago; out of this new kind of melting pot was to pour the bright, fresh metal of a modern American literature.

IT was a time for individualists. Vachel Lindsay, a friend of Edgar Lee Masters, who chanted poems aloud for a free meal or a night's lodging, was another of the experimenters. Lindsay was an odd combination of poet, evangelist, and troubadour. He dressed carelessly and his hair was usually tousled; but his face was keen and there was the aura of an inner peace that gave him dignity, even when he chose to address audiences on such a topic as the Anti-Saloon League. Abraham Lincoln, whose mark and memorials were everywhere in Springfield, where Lindsay was born, was the poet's idol, an emotion which was to find its artistic expression in "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight." His poetry was written to be spoken aloud and he did not stir up the intellectual controversy which Sandburg evoked. But as he spoke the lines of "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven" or "The Congo" he echoed the claims of the new literature.

The Dial stood disdainfully apart from this clangorous new literature. A new critical magazine soon erupted, however, whose mood was suited to the bold and often wild experimentation of the Chicago school. It was *The Little Review*, founded by Margaret Anderson—just turned twenty-one years of age and feeling "it was time to confer upon life that inspiration without which life is meaningless." *The Little Review*, she announced, would be a new kind of critical journal and "the most interesting magazine that had ever been launched." She tossed out the "objective and scientific criticism" which had been the goal of *The Dial*'s editors. She accepted or rejected manuscripts on only one basis: art as the person. "An artist is an exceptional person," she wrote. "Such a person has something exceptional to say. Exceptional matter makes an exceptional manner. This is 'style!' In an old but expressive phrase, 'style is the man.'"

The first issue of *The Little Review*

Autumnal

By Carleton Drewry

NOW through this empty autumn only the crows
Fly, and at evening fall on stubbled land
Leveled low with harvest. And the slow stream flows
Under leaves that layer the water and litter the sand.

Even light has ripened now, and the sun's fall
Glows ruddier, and the blue blinds of day
Are drawn an hour earlier now since all
Earth's animate ones have fled, or flown away.

So with the world of green. The summer grass
Has browned; and broken necks of flowers have turned
Their blinded faces earthward; and leaves pass
Through colors of fire where the frost has burned.

What can we claim here who have been left behind
By birds, lost on this landscape stripped of green?
Only the mood of the many-memoried mind
Thronged thick as summer with all things heard and seen.

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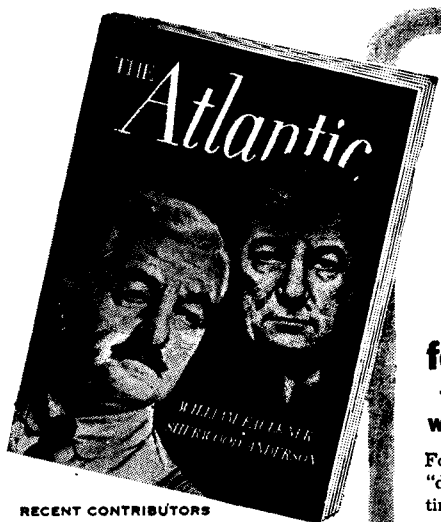
had only a slight relation to Chicago. Its most notable contribution was a letter from John Galsworthy. "It seems you are setting out to watch the street of life from a high balcony where at all events the air should be fresh and sunrise sometimes visible," he wrote. "I hope you will decide to sleep out there under the stars, for what kills most literary effort is the hothouse air of temples, clubs, and coteries." Margaret Anderson, with no source of funds for her magazine, was to be taken literally out under the stars of which Galsworthy wrote. All the money which she and Jane Heap, her chief collaborator on the magazine, could raise went into assuring its publication. When there was no money remaining to pay rent for the home which she occupied with her sister and two little boys, Margaret Anderson, "feeling that inspiration was demanded of me and that it was about to descend," followed Chicago custom by seeking a better place to live along the lake shore north of the city. At Ravinia, she walked east to the lake near Braeside, where she found a wide strip of beach that had not been claimed by any summer colony. Returning home, she loaded her few possessions, her family, and the oriental rugs which were her particular delight into a wagon and headed for the lake shore. En route, she acquired some tents and a few dollars worth of lumber for floors on which to unroll the expensive oriental rugs. In this sandy atmosphere the little group spent the entire summer, living like gypsies and roasting corn over the campfire and baking potatoes in its ashes. Each tent was equipped only with a soldier's cot, a deck chair, and an oriental rug. After an early-morning swim by moonlight, Margaret Anderson commuted to Chicago to work on *The Little Review*. Her wardrobe consisted of a blouse that did not need to be ironed, one hat, and one blue suit. The blouse was washed at night and donned again in the morning after being dried over the open fire. The campers stayed on the beach until the middle of November when, after a final cold swim, they moved to an empty and furnitureless apartment in the city.

The Little Review was as unorthodox financially as artistically. A luncheon date with a stranger might produce a check for enough to publish one issue. The next issue would be published the same way. Eunice Tietjens, the poet, came bearing a diamond ring. "I don't want this any more," she told Margaret Anderson. "Sell it and bring out an issue." Frank Lloyd Wright gave a hundred dollars. Contributors went without pay; Margaret Anderson believed magazines which paid writers could not afford to publish the material which went into *The Little Review*. She assumed in her confident and exuberant way that writers agreed it was better to be published without pay than to remain unprinted. Her contributors were the measure of her foresight. They included Sherwood Anderson, Malcolm Cowley, Gertrude Stein, Wyndham Lewis, Hart Crane, T. S. Eliot, Aldous Huxley, Marianne Moore, and Ernest Hemingway. Sinclair Lewis was not completely happy with her ideas. He wrote that her theories of art for art's sake were too remote from the common herd and urged her to become interested in the psychology of the average person as well as that of the exceptional person. Upton Sinclair was more disapproving. "Please cease sending me *The Little Review*," he wrote. "I no longer understand anything in it, so it no longer interests me." To this Margaret Anderson replied: "Please cease sending me your Socialist paper. I understand everything in it, therefore it no longer interests me."

Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap were never at a loss for a means of getting attention. When there was nothing of interest to publish they produced an issue of sixty-four empty pages, stating that since no art was being produced they could not publish any. Only the two center pages of the magazine contained some sketches of their activities—the Mason and Hamlin piano Margaret played, anarchist meetings (she was a disciple of Emma Goldman), horseback riding, fudge breakfasts, and intellectual combats. "Life," said Margaret Anderson about this time, "is just one ecstasy after another."

Sherwood Anderson, restless in his job as an advertising copywriter, used *The Little Review* to set out his goals as a writer. "What I quarrel with is writers who look outside themselves for their material," he wrote. "It is the most unbelievably difficult task to catch, understand, and record your own mood." His statement was a reiteration of the right to personal judgment characteristic of the Chicago school. "In the trade of writing the so-called new note is as old as the world," he wrote another time. "Simply stated, it is a cry for the re-injection of truth and honesty into the craft . . . In all the world there is no such thing as an old sunrise, an old wind upon the cheeks, or an old kiss from the lips of your beloved; and in the craft



RECENT CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE:

Agnes De Mille	John Hersey
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Thornton Wilder	Bertrand Russell
Robert Moses	J. Frank Dobie
Sir Osbert Sitwell	James B. Conant
Sumner H. Slichter	Christopher Fry
Archibald MacLeish	Rebecca West
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of writing there can be no such thing as age in the souls of the young poets and novelists who demand for themselves the right to stand up and be counted among the soldiers of the new."

ANDERSON was less agile than Dreiser or Sandburg in finding his place among the soldiers of the new. He wrote of ordinary men in average situations within a framework of form so loose as to be in some cases unrecognizable. Publishers for his books were found with difficulty, and then only after the insistent recommendations of Dreiser and the Chicago critics. Sherwood Anderson tried to break away from his advertising job but was forced to return to it. Then suddenly, stimulated by the experimentation of the other writers then in Chicago, he burst forth with the luminous "Winesburg, Ohio," a book conceived in a form so distinctively individual there was never to be a name for it. "Winesburg" had been written out of the conflict between the creative instinct and materialism which Anderson recognized in his dual personal life as an advertising writer and novelist; it was a conflict accurately mirrored in the city around him. Yet with the establishment of his reputation as a writer Anderson lost interest in the struggle which had produced "Winesburg" and sought to escape it. "Great projects arise within me," he wrote. "I have a brain and it is cunning and shrewd. I want leisure to become beautiful and there is no leisure." Like many others, he left Chicago in search of beauty unmarred by paradoxes. It was too late for Anderson to be persuaded that the material out of which he created beauty lay all about him in Chicago—the "grotesques," as he called them, of "Winesburg," were the same awkward mortals who formed the throngs of Chicago's streets.

Margaret Anderson, too, was ready to move on to New York. "I found my reasons for wanting to go," she wrote in "My Thirty Years War." "Chicago had all it wanted from me and we had all that it could give. It was time to touch the greatest city of America. It would then be time for Europe. We hadn't as yet met all the interesting people of the world." In New York there remained only one final, glorious chapter for *The Little Review*. Month after month for a period of three years, the magazine published the first instalments of James Joyce's "Ulysses," and four times the post office seized and burned the copies as obscene. Margaret Anderson called it "a burning at the stake." Brought into court by the Society for the Suppression of Vice for having published Joyce's Episode XIII, Margaret Anderson was as irreverent as the pages of her magazine. She was found guilty and given a light fine, thereby establishing indisputably her claim to having introduced America to the most influential novel of modern times.

The emigrants to New York were many. They had been touched by Chicago and having, as Margaret Anderson said, all that it could give, went on to touch the greatest city of America; some of them went on with the editor of *The Little Review* to Paris. First had gone Dreiser, then Francis Hackett, the brilliant literary editor of the Chicago *Evening Post*. Ring Lardner, who had given up conducting his column "In the Wake of the News" for the *Tribune*, was writing his baseball stories in New York. The diamond-sharp Percy Hammond, drama critic on the *Tribune*, had been hired away to New York, to be followed in less style by the incisive Burton Rascoe after he was fired from the *Tribune* for a slighting reference to Mary Baker Eddy. Edna Ferber, walking miles and miles along the lake and "finding it exhilarating," had taken the typewriter she pounded in

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE SPITTING IMAGE *Michael Avallone* (Holt: $2.50)	Things drop, gats pop, arson thrives, corpses abound as NY Eye Ed Noon takes on multiple birth case.	Corny but lively, brisk; vast improvement over author's previous.	"The Two Orphans" set to gunfire
STAND UP AND DIE *Richard and Frances Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Westchester siblings at odds; sis and granny perish; Capt. Heimrich, NY state police, cogitates.	Personnel credible, pace well maintained; telling wee bit mannered.	In the groove
THREE OF DIAMONDS *Kathleen Moore Knight* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Off-islanders carry slickery, slaughter, to Yankee Eden; Elisha Macomber thinks hard.	Straightforward until tricky denouement nears; characters molded to plot.	Formula job
DEAD ANGEL *Jack Dolph* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Cuban heiress bumped on Long Island estate; Doc Connor takes trip.	Nice handling mildly marred by glut of fraternal suspects.	Superior
THE MAN IN THE QUEUE *Josephine Tey* (Macmillan: $2.75)	Reissue (orig. 1929) of first in field by late Englishwoman who rose to four-stardom.	Taut, brainy yarn introduces Murder Revisited series.	Add Good News
READY OR NOT *Ione Sandberg Shriber* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Hit-and-run slaughter in Midwest city baffles lovesick architect; then comes murder.	Several soft spots; too many words; heroine a bit wearing.	Despite faults, it moves
HAZE OF EVIL *Kenneth Lowe* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Indiana steel-mill "accidents" worry new super; he gets to bottom.	Background has possibilities, but high score only a miss.	Won't do
NONE SHALL SLEEP TONIGHT *Hugh McCutcheon* (Dutton: $2.50)	British spa is setting for two-timing body-hiding as boy meets girl.	Plenty of drive, but much of it sideways; personnel large, unrealistic.	One or two amusing moments
FABIAN OF THE YARD *Robert Fabian* (British Book Centre: $2.75)	Retired super (real one) recites details of twenty-eight-year career as crime-buster.	Excellent variety, with accent on straight detection throughout.	Nice going
THE CORPSE BY THE RIVER *Helen Arre* (Arcadia: $2.50)	Successive slaughters jolt Reno ladies-in-waiting; one husband to rescue.	Chattery and disjointed; tries hard to make pace.	Not a success
I DIE POSSESSED *J. B. O'Sullivan* (Mill-Morrow: $2.50)	Gossip columnist plunked, then his ghost watches search for killer.	Ingenious idea not wholly successful, but comes close.	Interesting specialty
THE DEVIL'S CURRENT *Kem Bennett* (Crime Club: $2.75)	British engineer, Sudan bound, gets into assorted jams in Egypt, elsewhere.	Well-written, ill-organized; heroine too precocious; pace mixed.	Give it a plus mark

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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an isolated South Side room and moved to the East; but not without a note of affection for one of the "most vital, unformed, fascinating, horrible, brutal, civilized, and beautiful cities in the world." Floyd Dell, the protégé of Francis Hackett on the *Post*, was gone, too. It was Dell who planted the seed of *The Little Review*'s flowering with his instruction to Margaret Anderson, then one of his apprentice reviewers: "Here is a book about China," he said. "Now don't send me an article about China but about yourself." The departure of Dell left a void in the Bohemian colony which had grown up in the group of low red buildings which clustered around the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Stony Island as dilapidated reminders of the World's Columbian Exposition for which they had been erected. To the colony of which Dell and his wife, Margery Currey, were the central figures came Sherwood Anderson, Sandburg, poet Eunice Tietjens with her oriental dances, and Thorstein Veblen and Robert Morss Lovett from the nearby University of Chicago. It was here that those free spirits Maxwell Bodenheim, universally known as "Bogie," and Ben Hecht indulged their whims and fantasies as well as their fondness for obscene poetry and practical jokes.

HECHT and Bodenheim, drifting between the city's bohemian clubs and the bookstore of Pascal Covici and Billy McGee on Washington Street, served as a rear guard for the army of writers which conquered Chicago and then moved on toward the citadel of New York. Remaining in Chicago were only the deep-rooted Sandburg, Vincent Starrett, who penned shocking lyrics for relaxation and made scholarly investigations of Sherlock Holmes and wrote detective stories, poet Lew Sarrett, young Harry Hansen, the precocious war correspondent who patrolled the borders of new literature for the *Daily News*, and the two Bohemians, Bodenheim and Hecht.

Hecht, a child prodigy who had given his first violin concert at the age of ten, was a columnist on the *Daily News*. An irrepressible prankster, he dominated the gatherings at Covici and Friede's bookstore that were reminiscent of the crowd at the Saints and Sinners Corner of McClurg's a generation earlier. In 1923, Hecht persuaded Pascal Covici to underwrite a publication which he called the *Chicago Literary Times* but which was chiefly an outlet for Hecht's Rabelaisian humor. The first issue offered this salutation: "Chicago, the jazz baby—the reeking, cinder ridden, joyous Baptist stronghold, Chicago the chewing gum center of the world, the bleating, slantheaded rendezvous of sociopaths and pants makers—in the name of the seven Holy and Imperishable Arts, Chicago salutes you."

It was a tenet of the paper that headlines should be unconnected with the stories which followed them. Neither Hecht nor Bodenheim had the talent to make purposeful use of their ardent iconoclasm; when they tired of their efforts to shock Chicago they moved on to New York as the other writers had done.

There were traces of earlier glories. A few writers, most of them from the *Daily News* where Sandburg, Lloyd Lewis, and Harry Hansen still held forth, met for luncheons at Schlogl's and exchanged wisecracks with visiting authors of other celebrities who had a tolerance for artistic eccentricities. Jack Jones, a former member of the International Workers of the World, or Wobblies, organized the Dill Pickle Club in a "deverminized garret" at 18 Tooker Street near the city's Gold Coast area of elegant apartments. Here speakers were invited to be insulted, and wit more rude than original was poured out in a loud stream. A more sedate literary center, a favorite with such visitors as Rabindranath Tagore and John Masefield as well as many local poets, was the home of Harriet Moody, the widow of William Vaughn Moody. In a large brick home in a section of Chicago no longer fashionable, Mrs. Moody entertained genteelly with butlers and maids, winning such a reputation as a hostess that she was able to expand her income by founding a catering service.

By the early 1920's most of this literary activity had receded. When H. L. Mencken bestowed the accolade of literary capital of the United States

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on Chicago, most of those who had been the legislators of the new rules of literature were gone. Among the leaders, only Sandburg and Anderson remained. Yet Mencken's words, if read more closely than Chicagoans eager for honors were inclined to read them, took cognizance of this too. "In Chicago," he wrote in an effort to explain the city to English readers of *The Nation* of London, "there is the mysterious something that makes for individuality, personality, and charm. In Chicago a spirit broods upon the face of the waters. Find a writer who is indubitably an Amercan in every pulse-beat, snort, and adenoid, an American who has something new and peculiarly American to say and who says it in an unmistakable American way, and nine times out of ten you will find that he has some sort of connection with the gargantuan and inordinate abattoir by Lake Michigan —that he was bred there or got his start there or passed through there in the days when he was young and tender." It was a city, Mencken said, which offered "free play for prairie energy . . . some imaginative equivalent for the stupendous activity they were bred to."

Although Mencken was to repudiate this tribute in a few years, his initial instinct had been right. Not all the writers he praised were Chicagoans, to be sure, but it took very little to put the mark of Chicago on a man or woman who had once been part of the teeming city. The entire literary upheaval that was in later years to be called a renaissance was concentrated in less than ten years; the founding of *Poetry*, *The Little Review*, and the publication of Sandburg's "Chicago Poems" had been concentrated in less than five.

WHEN the writers left, the jazz musicians came. Their stay was equally brief. Louis Armstrong, following King Oliver from New Orleans to the Lincoln Gardens in Chicago, knew "it was just an accident that swing and I were born and brought up side by side in New Orleans, traveled up the Mississippi together and in 1922 . . . were there in Chicago getting acquainted with the North and the North getting acquainted with us." It wasn't Chicago jazz that Louis Armstrong played but New Orleans jazz—and yet it was Chicago that put his name in lights for the first time. It was in Chicago too that young Muggsy Spanier, Frank Teschmaker, Jess Stacy, and George Wettling sneaked in to hear Armstrong play. It was in Chicago that young Bix Beiderbecke skipped his classes to play the cornet in prohibition dives. And it was in Chicago that five kids from Austin High School—Jim Lannigan, Jimmy McPartland, his brother Dick, Frank Teschmaker, and Bud Freeman—took New Orleans jazz and gave it the beat that was recognizably Chicago jazz. It was a town where Benny Goodman learned to play the clarinet—but wouldn't listen to what he had to say about how it ought to be played.

For movie-makers, writers, or musicians Chicago was a town where somebody was always coming or going—going down to the shadows of those skyscrapers that were a tribute to the imagination of Chicagoans of nearly half a century before. It was a city that had ideas too big for any but the largest city in the land; and it wasn't quite that big yet.

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Of *The Saturday Review* published weekly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1953

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(Signed) J. R. COMINSKY,
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(*Continued on page 54*)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 53)

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PERSONALS

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Basque fairy who comes down the chimney, bringing good luck.	85 10 144 60 66 14 33
B. Glamorous woman African explorer, long associated with her husband in this work (full name).	43 7 30 70 50 23 69 38 77 35
C. Sixteen annas.	95 98 55 75 122
D. Ruler of old Venetian Republic for 1100 years.	36 71 108 96
E. Stage name of Charles S. Stratton (1838-83; 2 wds.).	59 81 119 13 9 47 102 184
F. Specifying an Asiatic oyster whose valves are used as a translucent glass.	141 152 176 76 73 19
G. Early ballad by Sir Walter Scott, 1799 (4 wds.).	2 61 88 182 29 123 11 49 83 64 80
H. Large piece of furniture, specially designed to be a comfortable place to sit (2 wds.).	62 175 91 86 4 193 142 21 117
I. Lowness of spirits.	177 25 178 187 162 8 34 28 42
J. Amer. author of "The Shame of the Cities", 1904.	150 82 111 165 116 124 74 200
K. Playful diminutive for a small rodent.	183 56 114 151 171 72
L. Where the remorseful Judas Iscariot breathed his last (2 wds.).	39 145 194 112 129 137 155 92
M. Clothe formally.	65 18 153 131 100 115

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Pinkish.	27 179 201 192 167 132 79
O. Hindustani term "land of the pure" for commonwealth admitted to UN Oct. 1947.	1 26 41 37 53 63 190 198
P. Popular name for the mushroom Webster lists as "inky cap" (2 wds.).	68 40 191 180 46 146 51
Q. Oberon's flower in "Midsummer Night's Dream" whose juice caused all the trouble (comp.).	90 118 135 78 17 31 106 188 166 199 121 163 148 12
R. Given name of every Word A, equivalent of "William."	67 94 6 125 158 139 84
S. Tediously doing or saying the same thing over and over.	143 16 195 160 104 185 127 134 168 149
T. To begin or cause to begin.	58 161 173 105 120 54 99 136
U. Distinctive headgear of English charity schoolboys (2 wds.).	189 159 87 24 52 107 181 140 196
V. Arctic explorer, head of many important expeditions; publications from 1913 (1879- —).	57 15 103 157 172 45 138 147 164 186
W. Tree known as *Fagus sylvatica pendula* (2 wds.).	44 5 169 170 197 133 109 97 154 89 93 130
X. To cultivate ostentatiously.	3 156 126 174 22 48
Y. A common shouted hail (not in Webster; comp.).	32 110 101 20 128 113

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	■	■	■	1 0	2 G	3 X	4 H	5 W	■	6 R	7 B	■	8 I	9 E	10 A	11 G
■	12 Q	13 E	14 A	15 V	16 S	■	17 Q	18 M	■	19 F	20 Y	21 H	22 X	23 B	■	24 U
25 I	26 O	27 N	■	28 I	29 G	■	30 B	31 Q	32 Y	■	33 A	34 I	35 B	36 D	■	37 O
38 B	■	39 L	40 P	41 O	42 I	43 B	44 W	45 V	■	46 P	47 E	48 X	■	49 G	50 B	51 P
■	52 U	53 O	■	54 T	■	55 C	56 K	57 V	58 T	59 E	60 A	61 G	62 H	■	63 O	64 G
65 M	66 A	67 R	■	68 P	69 B	■	70 B	71 D	72 K	■	73 F	74 J	75 C	■	76 F	77 B
78 Q	79 N	■	80 G	81 E	82 J	■	83 G	84 R	85 A	86 H	■	87 U	88 G	89 W	90 Q	■
91 H	92 L	93 W	94 R	95 C	96 D	■	97 W	98 C	99 T	■	100 M	101 Y	102 E	103 V	104 S	105 T
106 Q	107 U	108 D	■	109 W	110 Y	111 J	112 L	■	113 Y	114 K	115 M	■	116 J	117 H	118 Q	119 E
■	120 T	121 Q	122 C	123 G	124 J	125 R	126 X	■	127 S	128 Y	■	129 L	130 W	131 M	■	132 N
133 W	134 S	135 Q	136 T	137 L	138 V	139 R	■	140 U	■	141 F	142 H	143 S	144 A	■	145 L	146 P
147 V	148 Q	149 S	150 J	151 K	152 F	153 M	154 W	■	155 L	156 X	157 V	158 R	159 U	160 S	161 T	162 I
163 Q	■	164 V	165 J	■	166 Q	167 N	168 S	169 W	■	170 W	171 K	172 V	173 T	174 X	■	175 H
176 F	177 I	■	178 I	179 N	180 P	■	181 U	182 G	183 K	184 E	185 S	186 V	187 I	188 Q	■	189 U
190 O	191 P	192 N	■	193 H	194 L	195 S	196 U	197 W	198 O	199 Q	200 J	201 N	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 28 of this issue.

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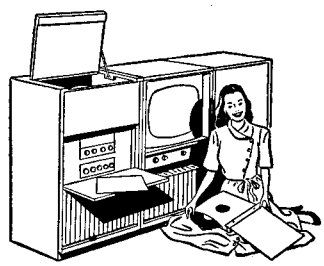

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SR AUDIO FAIR SECTION

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What Is High Fidelity?

A Symposium

The occurrence in New York of the fifth edition of the pioneer Audio Fair this month may strike some as a contrived continuation of the fifth anniversary of LP noted last month. However, it is merely a reminder that the long playing record called for an industry-wide revision of previous practices, with a resultant stimulation of consumer interest manifest in the Audio Fair exhibits now held in several parts of the country. And now, with the popularization of the catch phrase "high fidelity," it calls for a revision of current practices which threaten to debase values as well as standards. How the manufacturers feel on this issue is exposed herewith. We welcome reactions from the consumer.

WHAT is high fidelity? It is, in the first place, by so obvious a prominence as to be self-evident, a subject of vast and ever-growing importance to consumers and manufacturers. The long, deep furrow of public interest carved by the swelling numbers of excellent recordings has recently harvested an unprecedented crop of devices to make the kind of sound they contain as accessible an experience in the home as it is in the laboratory, the audio shop, the broadcasting studio. They will be evident, all of them, and in full cry no doubt, at the Audio Fair at the Hotel New Yorker, October 14-17.

Of themselves, so many of these recordings are so outstandingly good that even inadequate reproduction produces sounds nearer to normal than was ever customary in the past. Which means one of two things: a manufacturer can design his equipment (either as a component of a system or as a total system) with the firm intent of matching the fidelity of the record with specifications of like fidelity; or he can catch a free ride on the inherent qualities of the record by putting together something that exploits the sound it contains while falling lamentably short of anything like a direct representation of it.

We are involved, also, with certain human values that cannot be minimized—desire for a stimulating experience and acute awareness of economic values. In other words, the broad desire for participation in this kind of experience is being played upon and exploited by the manufacturer who is using the record to do more than its reasonable share of the work. Of course, this is no part of high fidelity as a candid evaluation would have it; and it is a dangerous distortion of the age-old principle of "Caveat emptor" ("Buyer beware"). Unlike "anti-knock" gasoline, shatter-proof glass, or puncture-proof tires, this product of our industrial society cannot be easily sampled, convincingly demonstrated, or unconditionally guaranteed. It involves the application of the listener's own perceptions; what is one man's high fidelity may be another man's distortion. Thus, the purchaser must put a considerable faith in the manufacturer's expression of intent—and the dismal fact is that the less virtue the equipment possesses, the more that is likely to be claimed for it.

In an effort to determine minimum standards of acceptance for products labeled "high fidelity," *The Saturday Review* has just conducted, by wire, a symposium among one group of interested parties (the manufacturers) on behalf of another and even more interested group (the consumers). The results are exposed in the accompanying tabulation and the auxiliary text (pages 60 and 61).

If nothing else, our effort may produce an agreement on what high fidelity is NOT, as a point of departure toward what it IS. It is not, and cannot be in terms of current mechanical attributes, anything enclosed in a box two feet square. This kind of device may produce results to which any number of adjectives, ranging from "amazing" to "sensational," can be applied, but the mere amount of vibrating air kicked up by a piano or a string quartet—not to mention a symphony orchestra—is so great that even its qualified reproduction, in terms of enough sound to suffice for the average living room, cannot be simulated by such a system. Let's say that such a player brings you as close to the actual experience as a cheap, low-power opera glass. It is better, certainly, than nothing; but if you want detail, definition, accurate proportions, and lifelike balance, you have to move into a higher category

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RCA *INTERMATCHED* HIGH FIDELITY

. . . to assure you of HIGH FIDELITY EXACTLY AS YOU WANT IT

Now—from RCA—comes the ideal way to achieve *exactly what you want in high fidelity*. You can be confident of top quality—every component in your system bears *the name you know best in electronics.*

For extra assurance—RCA offers a broad selection of components—all designed for top performance in their class—all *intermatched* to work together, regardless of the combination you choose.

Listen to the full line of RCA *Intermatched* high-fidelity components, look at the distinctive cabinet styles, and make your choice. You'll have a completely matched system that's right for your home and your taste in high fidelity. You'll have a complete system that you can assemble in minutes, with just a screwdriver. And you'll be prepared at any time to add more power or extra coverage—if you feel you need them—without mismatches at any stage.

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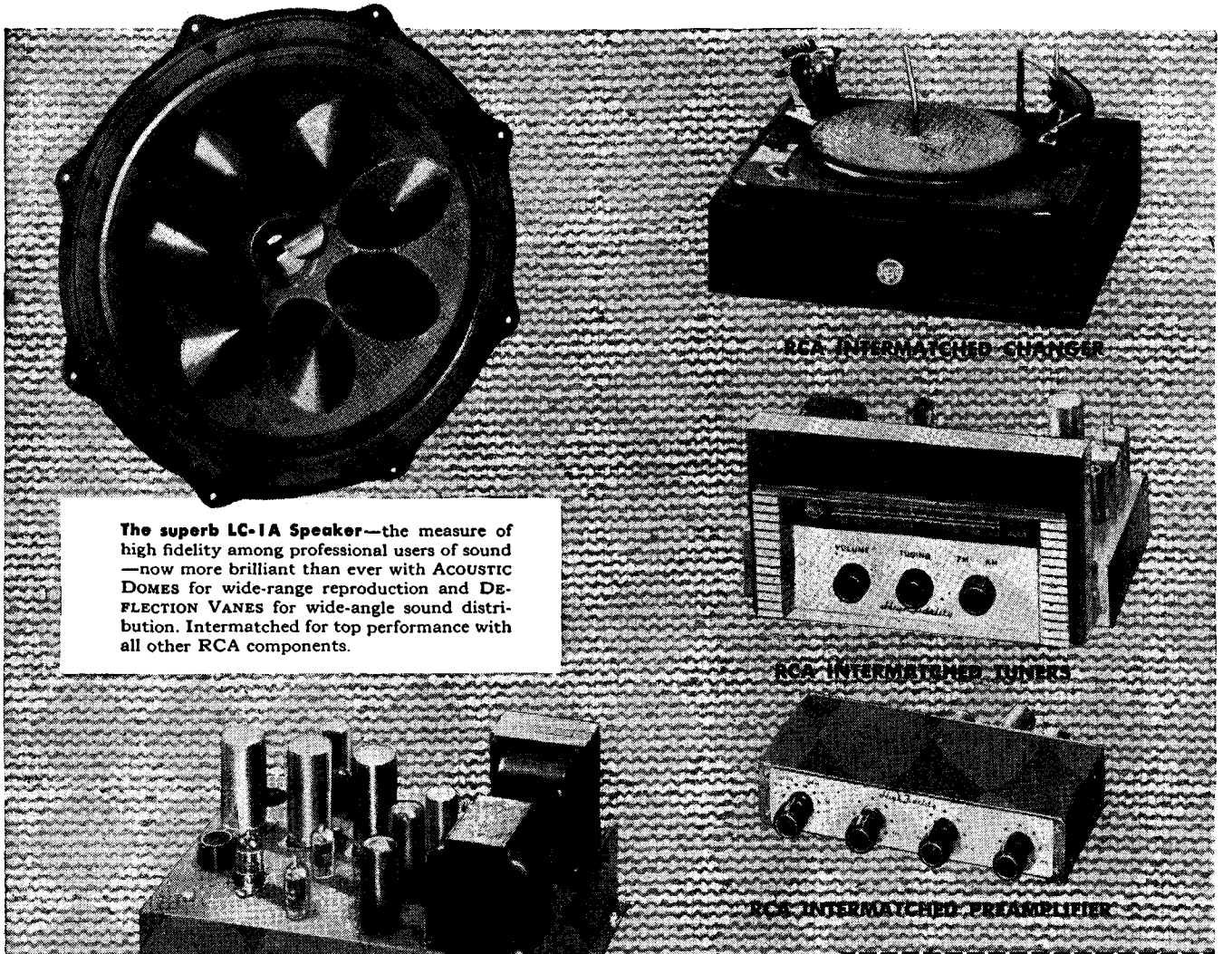

The superb LC-1A Speaker—the measure of high fidelity among professional users of sound—now more brilliant than ever with ACOUSTIC DOMES for wide-range reproduction and DEFLECTION VANES for wide-angle sound distribution. Intermatched for top performance with all other RCA components.

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ENGINEERING PRODUCTS DEPARTMENT CAMDEN, N. J.

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☐ Please send me your new, free booklet on RCA Intermatched high-fidelity equipment.

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of "power," as such things are rated. This means a better grade of glass, more carefully polished; it means a more precise relationship between the reflecting surfaces and the tubes in which they are enclosed; it means workmanship, skill, and care; it means engineering techinque and esthetic awareness—in other words, a good many of the identical attributes that go into the creation of a sound system that can, reasonably, be described as "high fidelity."

The sad fact is, however, that we are comparing faculties—the eye and the ear—about which our information is decidedly diverse. The conscientious creator of a powerful binocular may work for a kind of ideal based on the knowledge that if the purchaser's vision is impaired, he will long since have had it corrected by his optician. He offers a "compensating" device, affecting focus, with a sensible conviction that each user will adjust them to his own faculties—*in addition* to his customary corrective glasses—until what he looks at is sharp, clear, and agreeable to his eye.

INASMUCH as the ear is less favored by scientific research and decidedly more left to its own devices—meaning those designed by nature—what has been created to satisfy it is decidedly more chancy and inexact. At the same time, this imposes on the manufacturer a larger responsibility for the dependability and efficiency of the article he is advocating. But it also suggests that no system lacking the delicate kind of adjustment possible to the owner of a good opera glass—namely, independent means for altering lows and highs, for balancing the output of sound in terms of the individual ear—can reasonably be called "high fidelity."

So, in a kind of inverse procedure, we have determined that a certain amount of air space is indispensable, also a way of "focusing" the sound itself, if we are to have "high fidelity." These are qualities that affect the individual, as the receiving agent. But we are also concerned with a source of experience—for which there is no analogue in the opera glass parallel—namely, the record. What are the minimum requirements that must be satisfactorily fulfilled if it is to be given its free and equal place in the total result?

There must be, obviously, an initial impulse corresponding to what is in the groove—in other words, the pick-up should not block or cut out any of the values that have been recorded. If one changed the point after each playing, several materials might suffice. But since one doesn't, and durability is an inherent part of convenience in this connection, only one material really suffices—the diamond. Nothing else matches it for the varied requirements of a proper point—sensitivity, durability, and dependability. Anything else may categorically be denied consideration in any chain aspiring to consideration as "high fidelity."

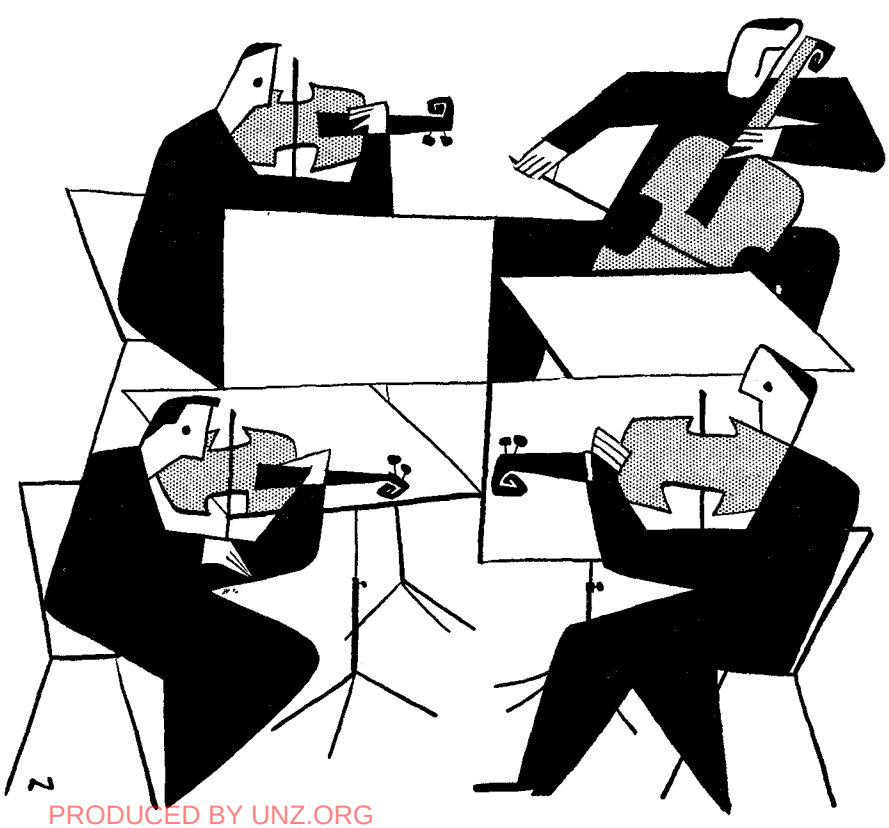
So, we stipulate a few things that, in the editor's judgment, are indispensable for what he understands as "high fidelity": (1) adequate air space for the sound to resound; (2) adequate means of altering the sound in terms of the listener's own ear; (3) adequate assessment of the sound on the disc, possible under customary listening conditions only with a pick-up equipped with a diamond point.

Lacking these, you may have any number of useful adjuncts to pleasure, but not the kind of thing we of *SR* understand as "high fidelity."

Needless to say, the manufacturers who have honored us with their opinions are not inclined to be either so dogmatic nor so specific. *We,* on behalf of the reader, are dealing with what is desirable. The manufacturer, on behalf of his stockholders, must deal with what is possible. *We* are talking in terms of results, which are readily recognizable, rather than of means, which are decidedly debatable. In speaking for my own ear, I can relate it to a host of experiences over a long period of experimentation. The manufacturer can only rely on measurements of what he has attempted to create, not on a personal view of the results (some do, but they are not convincing). And, finally, there are virtually no manufacturers who make everything that goes into a high fidelity system—all must depend on others for component elements. Hence, a very considerable difference of opinion not only of what constitutes "high fidelity," as a specification, but also as to how it can be realized, as an actuality.

PERHAPS the most hopeful sign in all of this ferment is the endeavor of the group called RETMA (Radio, Electronics, and Television Manufacturers Association) to formulate a code of practices governing specifications and claims affecting advertising of components and systems. Obviously it is impossible to regulate the use of the term "high fidelity" in advertising, just as it is impossible to restrict the use of such declarations as "good for life" or "unbreakable." But it is possible for the manufacturers themselves to determine the standards by which any *individual* element shall be entitled to show a seal attesting to "high fidelity" performance. If these values can be agreed upon at the current meetings in connection with the New York Audio Fair, and future claims limited by such specifications, the basic facts, at least, of high fidelity performance will be public property.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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Recommended Minimum Requirements for High Fidelity Systems

From the Specific . . .

MANUFACTURER	PICKUP	AMPLIFIER	SPEAKER
Allied Radio Corporation.	Magnetic—with separate sapphire for each speed.	Ten or more "clean" watts: 3 per cent or less distortion. Response from 20-20,000 cycles.	Response from 50 to 10,000 cycles.
Altec-Lansing Corporation.	None specified.	Fifteen or more watts, 2 per cent or less distortion. 30-20,000 cycle response.	Twelve-inch diameter at least; cabinet of at least six cubic feet.
Arrow Electronics.	Flat response, 30-12,000 cycles, plus or minus 2 db. Five-gram pressure at most.	"Flat" (within 2 db, plus or minus) from 30-15,000 cycles. Less than 2 per cent harmonic distortion. Provision for equalization.	Response from 30-15,000 cycles, free of peaks.
Asco Sound Corporation.	Magnetic—with diamond or sapphire stylus. 20-15,000 cycle response.	Ten watts at least; 20-20,000 cycle response (plus or minus 1 db). Low hum level: equalized preamp: bass and treble controls, with boost and cut.	Concentric type, with response from 30-15,000 cycles, plus or minus 5 db. Twenty-five watts power handling. Minimum size: twelve inches.
Brook Electronics, Inc.	Within 2 db, plus or minus, to 10,000 cycles. Within 4 db, plus or minus, to 15,000 cycles.	Within 1 db, plus or minus, 20-20,000 cycles (distortion 1 per cent total at rated power). Deliver rated power at thirty cycles, distortion 2 per cent maximum. Separate tone controls. Compensation for record characteristics.	Speaker effective 60 to 15,000 cycles at least. Should handle five watts at any frequency. Cabinet effective down to sixty cycles.
Fisher Radio Corporation.	None specified.	Ten watts at least; 30-15,000 cycles response, plus or minus 1 db. Provision for equalization, with "flat" position clearly indicated.	None specified.
Hallicrafters Company.	Ceramic or magnetic. No mechanical resonance in 30-15,000 cycle range.	Six watts for lower-priced units; ten watts for higher-priced units. No more than 2 per cent distortion. Maximum of 4 per cent intermodulation distortion.	"Woofer"-"tweeter" combination. 30-15,000 cycle range. Console cabinet, proper baffling.
Kelton Company.	Reluctance type.	30-13,000 cycle response. Plus or minus 1 db distortion. Accurate equalization stages.	Size not critical. 45-13,000 cycle response, plus or minus 5 db.
Presto Recording Corporation.	None specified.	Twenty watts or more. 50-15,000 cycle response. Harmonic distortion ½ to 1 per cent.	None specified.
Radio Craftsmen.	Magnetic: flat, plus or minus 2 db, 40-10,000 cycles.	20-20,000 cycle range, plus or minus 2 db; 1 per cent harmonic distortion.	Size of speaker not critical, depending on acoustical enclosure, room size, etc.
Radio Shack (Boston).	Magnetic—with sapphire, six to eight grams tracking force.	Ten watt minimum output; 20-20,000 cycle response, plus or minus 1 db. Separate controls.	Eight-inch diameter as minimum; power handling capacity twelve watts; response 50-8,000 cycles, plus, minus 5 db.
H. H. Scott, Inc.	Magnetic, or Weathers.	Ten watts minimum, with 1 per cent distortion. 50-15,000 cycle range. Accurate equalization for accepted record characteristics.	None specified.
Stromberg-Carlson Company.	Variable reluctance—with sapphire or diamond. "Rare alloy" styli wear rapidly, with resultant record damage.	Ten watts minimum, 20-20,000 cycle response, plus, minus 1 db. Less than 1 per cent harmonic distortion. Separate bass and treble controls. Equalization.	Eight-inch cone the smallest that produces lows. Larger sizes should be coaxial. Enclosure should be at least two cubic feet. As much as nine feet desirable with fifteen-inch speaker.
Sun Radio and Electronics Co.	Magnetic cartridge of reluctance type.	Eight-to-ten watts, with 30-15,000 cycle response. Bass, treble boost and attenuation.	At least fifteen watts. For bass reflex enclosures, an area of five cubic feet is minimum.
Weathers Industry.	Uniform response from 30-15,000 cycles, with no deviation greater than 10 db within any octave. Less than seven grams stylus pressure.	Ten watts output, 30-15,000 cycles; accurate compensation for all curves.	Speaker should be housed to produce adequate loading down to forty cycles.

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. . . to the General

EVEN among the respondents who offered the specific recommendations shown in the adjoining table the recurrent comment was: "Measurements and specifications are all very well, but it cannot be guaranteed that the combination will produce high fidelity sound." The agreement seemed to be general among them, however, that you could not have LESS than the ingredients specified as a point of departure. Their view might be likened to the recipe for a schnitzel à la holstein—such and such a cut of veal, plus other elements, topped by a fresh fried egg. Certainly the dish could be ruined in the preparation—but, just as certainly, you can't convert egg powder into a fried egg.

It might naturally be assumed that only producers of complete units for a mass market would shie at proposing "minimum standards." But such a manufacturer of quality merchandise as Robert Newcomb, of the Newcomb Audio Products Company, fears that it is neither "possible nor practical" to define high fidelity. In his view, a definition would tend to be "so all-inclusive as to result in an authorized lowering of standards." Norman Pickering, president of the company that bears his name, contends that one can assemble units demonstrably "flat" up to the speaker system terminals—in fact, he says, "this should be taken for granted."

But the point raised by William S. Bachman, of Columbia Records, Inc., is relevant here: "There is some doubt in regard to the loudspeaker, as the conditions of measurement have a very large bearing upon the results. If the acoustic measurements were really significant, two loudspeakers of different make would be indistinguishable if they covered the same range within, say, plus or minus 2 db. Much larger differences are apparent in direct comparisons between loudspeakers of the most competent and conscientious manufacturers."

As a reflection of this, take the view of Karl Kramer, technical service manager of the Jensen Manufacturing Company: "Frankly we just do not know how to define or describe high fidelity in such a way that it can protect the unexperienced consumer. Any such description often serves as an umbrella for opportunistic, unethical, or even uninformed manufacturers of high fidelity equipment . . . As you may know, we do not advertise specific numbers in such matters as frequency response which may mislead the consumer."

Leslie J. Woods, director of research and engineering of the Philco Corporation, reviews the whole subject in these words: "A high fidelity radio phonograph must satisfy the listener that the reproduction is a faithful copy of the original sound in its original setting producing the impression musicians call 'presence.' In so doing, the equipment must satisfy certain requirements of the human ear well known to acoustic science. The sound must be sensibly free from extraneous or confusing sounds not related to the original speech or music (such as noise, hum, the various forms of distortion and unwanted resonances)."

"The system," continues Mr. Woods, "must cover the full dynamic range from pianissimo to fortissimo without noise or hum obtruding at low levels or distortion or resonance in the loud passages. It must cover a wide frequency range. Even more important than the absolute limits of range is proper balance between highs and lows. It must produce faithful reproduction not alone at one position in the room but over a wide area."

Finally: "When such a system is subjected to technical measurement its numerical specifications are generally found to fall within certain ranges: noise and hum at least 40 db below maximum loudness, intermodulation distortion below 2 per cent, frequency range from 50-60 cycles per second at the low end to 12,000 cycles at the high. Acoustic output throughout the frequency range must be free of peaks and valleys (freedom from resonances in the electrical signal is not enough, however, since loudspeakers and their enclosures often contribute unwanted resonances); maximum power output, ten watts or above. Such numbers will be found to be associated with a system which otherwise satisfies critical and sensitive listeners that the reproduction has 'presence.' But it by no means follows that an assembly of units each within themselves meeting these specifications will produce the desired result. It is essential that the system be integrated by trained technicians guided by the subjective judgments of critical listeners before the ensemble fully meets the demands . . . of the trained ear."

As the ideal to which a high fidelity system might aspire, this expression is an embracing one. Certainly it defines values that most listeners would welcome as the norm of home listening experience, and sets forth a set of specifications that are reassuring of themselves and encouraging for the industry as a whole when sponsored by a manufacturer of Philco's magnitude. There remains the question, of course: Does the product itself match the requirements the manufacturer has proposed for it? I haven't heard it, so I cannot offer a personal opinion; but the evident fact is that Philco is talking about "high fidelity" as most of us conceive it, and it is well to know that indoctrination has progressed so far, so fast.

THE view of another producer for the mass market, RCA Victor, is set forth in a letter from Frank Folsom, president of the Radio Corporation of America:

"Your request, for exact specifications of high fidelity standards, is one that we are not prepared to answer completely at the moment. We naturally have our own views, based on sound engineering and other criteria. The reason we do not wish to issue these specifications at present derives from a number of factors. You are well aware, for example, that up to the present there have never been any established engineering definitions. As a result, it is difficult to find any two qualified people who are in complete agreement on all points.

"Secondly, you yourself recognize, I am sure, that such subjective elements as personal taste and variations in human hearing play an important role. Due to the complexity of the problem, the Radio Electronic Television Manufacturers Association has undertaken an extensive study into all the areas involved. RCA is represented in this study and we look forward to conclusions resulting from this study as being helpful to both the consumer and the industry . . ."

This throws the problem back to RETMA, as indicated on a previous page. But it also imposes an obligation on that group to produce a workable standard that will, if not specify, at least eliminate. We all admire their concern for minutiae; but let us, at least, know what high fidelity is NOT, and CANNOT, be. Perhaps no two people will agree on a definition of a fresh egg—but there is practically universal agreement on what is a bad one.

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Murder in the Listening Booth

By L. B. HOLDRIDGE

YOU HAVE just soldered the final connections in your super-ultra-high-fidelity sound system. And though stiff, damp, and weary, you are almost childishly eager and expectant for the aural splendor soon to flood your living room. Suddenly it occurs to you that you have no real "test" records—those fabulous recordings you've heard so much about that set the audio fraternity on their collective ears. Of course, you have plenty of good 78's, but wasn't it LP that started you on the whole project in the first place? You thumb hurriedly through past and current issues of your favorite magazines, and there it is—just the thing: "Barfly," Concerto for Silent Dog Whistle and Orchestra, on a Rathskeller LP, "outstanding for its sensational acoustic impact." Of course, the fundamental of a silent dog whistle is up around 18,000 cps, but so what? Isn't your outfit "flat, ± ½db 20-20,000 cycles?" A pushover!

Ten minutes later you pull up panting at the counter of Joe's Record Emporium. Yes, he has the "Barfly." Funny, he says, gets a lot of calls to hear that thing, but not too many buy it. Would you care to hear it, indicating one of five or six little glass walled booths? Nope, take it with you. And what seems like an endless interval later the disc is spinning on your transcription table, while a polished diamond stylus held with fine precision in a correctly tracked and loaded arm prepares to explore the exciting intricacies of its grooves.

What you've read about this recording has you turning in circles. It begins with a sustained note for double bass and kettledrums down around thirty cycles, then launches into a tremendous crescendo for full orchestra capped by "the most remarkably realistic timpani roll ever heard in a living room." There it goes! O o o o m m m—(sounds more like a prolonged hiccup by a circus fat man locked in a rain barrel). Now the crescendo, then the drum roll (they should have served a cup of coffee with this one). You fool with the controls—again the low note, again the crescendo; yes, it's loud alright, but you search the room in vain for the much vaunted "presence."

And now the solo instrument is playing. "Al Fresco is a virtuoso of the silent dog whistle," says your reviewer, "and he exploits the 'Barfly' for all the tonal beauty and poetry it contains." Back to your controls, but no tonal beauty and no poetry. What's the matter? You spend a fruitless hour with the controls in every conceivable position. You try the speakers in various locations in the room. Then you decide the fault is "room acoustics" and take down the draperies, move out the rugs and upholstered furniture, and finally bring it all back in again and more besides. So this is high fidelity! So this is LP! So what!

Take it easy, friend. There is nothing wrong with your equipment, or your ears, or with anything the reviewer wrote. You are standing over the body of high fidelity. It was murdered with a blunt instrument in the listening booth of the dealer from whom you purchased the record. The blunt instrument was a worn stylus clutched by a ridiculously short, improperly tracked and weighted pickup arm. A single excursion of that deadly weapon around the virgin grooves of a record that was truly a tribute to the remarkable degree of perfection attained by audio engineering, one time around, and your precious high frequencies were plowed under like surplus corn in the Thirties. Instead of the full-bodied, resonant bass put there by competent technicians you now have a harrowed tub-thumping. "But I didn't play it at the dealer's," you protest. No, you didn't; but others had. It's standard practice, and in hundreds of listening booths all over the nation thousands of high-priced, high-quality recordings are being exposed to ruin before they ever reach the wide-range equipment which alone can do justice to these discs.

THERE is really no excuse for a listening booth. Even if it were provided with good equipment, who could judge the playing of a hundred-piece orchestra in a cubicle the size of a coat closet? And the equipment is rarely good, being generally a cheap playback unit whose entire cost would not purchase a good magnetic cartridge and pickup arm. It is not the inadequacy of the amplifier or speaker, however, that does the damage; it is the stylus—"permanent type, of precious metal"—and the short, badly tracked pickup arm. A few deal. s use "sapphires" but rarely change them until they actually sound intolerable. By that time they may have ruined dozens of records.

Here perhaps it would be advisable to put an end to certain pussy-footing that has been known to prevail in this regard. Practically every well-known record reviewer and audio authority has unhesitatingly endorsed the use of diamond styli, but has usually avoided one simple statement of demonstrable fact: diamond is the only material suitable for LP styli; there is no other. Metal need not even be considered, for there is no metallic

(*Continued on page 80*)

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AN INSTANT SENSATION FROM COAST TO COAST!

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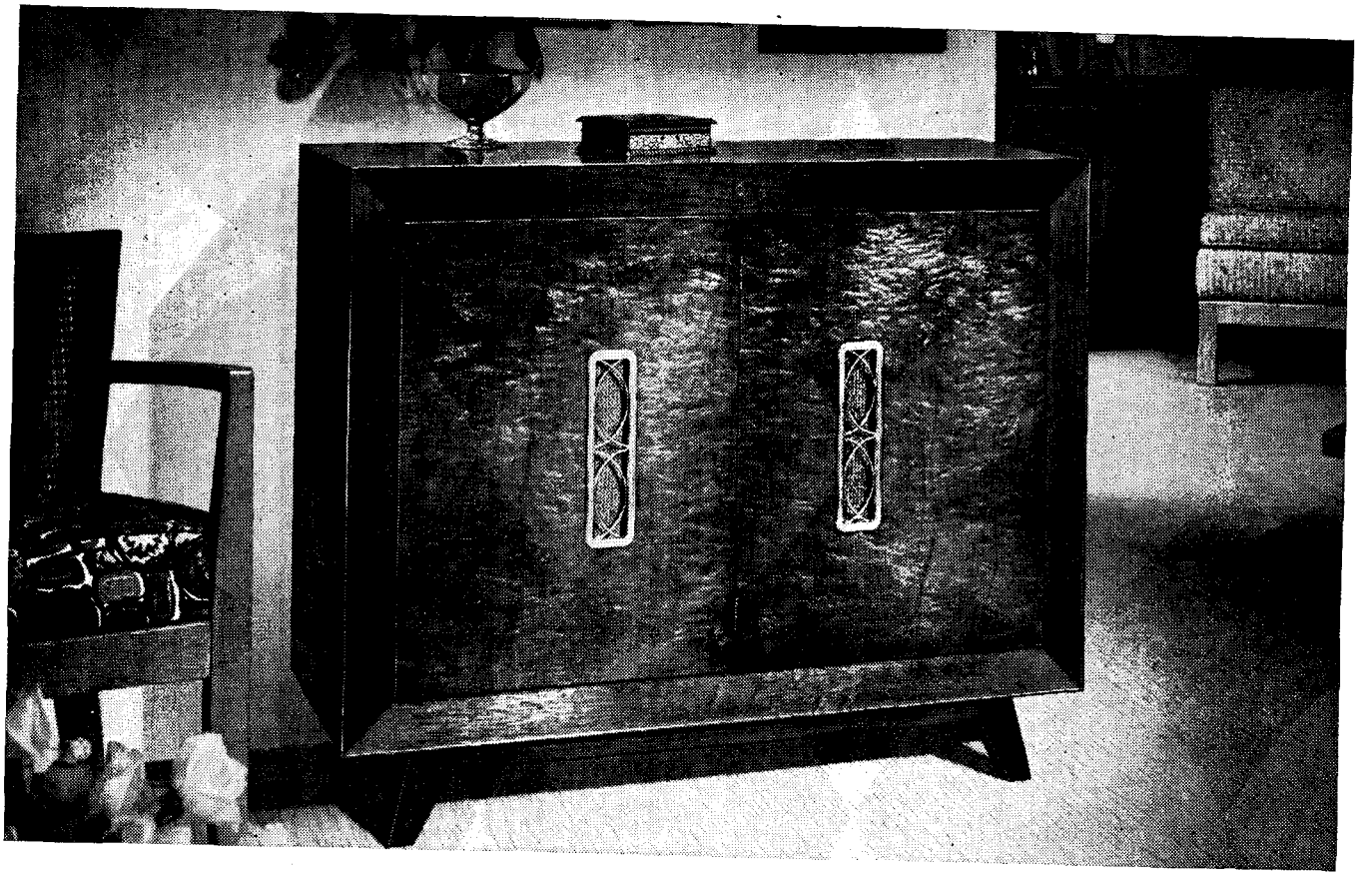

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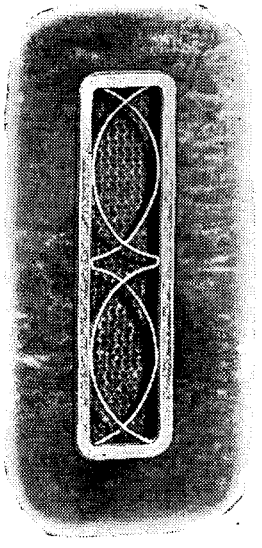

In New York . . . Chicago . . . San Francisco, wherever it appears, this great new instrument leaves music lovers struggling for adjectives to describe the magnificence of its performance . . . for Philco *Phonorama** brings to FM and AM radio, and to records, the world's first *sound in Full Dimension!*

And the effect on sound is like the addition of three dimensions and color to a motion picture. When you listen, the difference between *Phonorama* and ordinary reproduction is as though a door had been suddenly opened.

Through the revolutionary "Acoustic Lens" opening shown here, the room is *flooded* with sound . . . the purest, cleanest, most thrilling sound you have ever heard . . . from deepest bass to highest treble. It is sound of startling "presence" . . . *sound in Full Dimension.*

The new Philco *Phonorama* now makes it possible for you to own a true, matched High Fidelity system *in a single acoustically-balanced cabinet.*

And to own *Phonorama*, we promise you, opens new horizons in listening pleasure. Here, for example, is how some of today's great men and women of music regard *Phonorama's* spectacular performance—

FRANCO AUTORI: "The reproduction I heard on Philco 'Phonorama' is truly an exciting and thrilling experience."

MILTON CROSS: "For the first time recorded music can, to all intents and purposes, equal a personal appearance."

JAMES MELTON: "Sound so realistic and lifelike it will bring the concert stage right into the American living room."

RISE STEVENS: "This is truly High Fidelity . . . and one of the most beautifully-designed cabinets I have ever seen."

GEORGE SZELL: "I was amazed at the presence and realism of its performance."

PAUL WHITEMAN: "The most exciting sound I have ever heard."

*T.M.

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May we suggest that you visit your Altec dealer soon and enjoy the new high standard of reproduction that invites you to hear the world's great music as the composer intended it to be heard.

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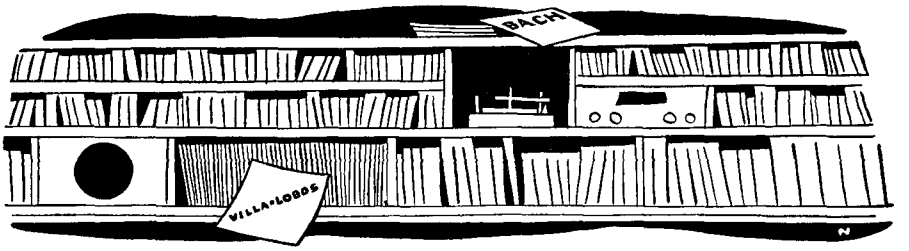

The Audio Bookshelf

By R. D. DARRELL

COUNTING the scant five candles on the current Audio Fair and LP birthday cakes, or recalling that the "high fidelity" movement has mushroomed to its present growth only in the last couple of years, it's hardly surprising to find that the literature of audio encompasses little more than a handful of available books and an immeasurable, chaotically dispersed mass of periodical articles. Yet when we're reminded that sound waves were first recorded (visually, by Scott's "phonautograph" of 1857) nearly a century ago, that the phonograph dates from 1877, and electronic sound from 1925, the literature's deficiencies—in extent, substance, and accessibility — become painfully obvious.

Happily, the steady flow of recent, current, and forthcoming publications promises that most of these deficiencies soon may be remedied. At any rate, it warns the book-buying audiophile that he must begin rescuing more shelf space from the greedy demands of discs and albums. And while he is anxiously revising his space and financial budgets, it might be well worth his while to review the incoherent past development as well as the present active status of the "Sound" bibliography.

Most of this literature's inadequacy obviously results from its peculiar location astride the boundaries of various arts and sciences. It impinges here on the domains of music, communication, and even home furnishings; there on those of acoustics, electronics, and even gadgeteering. It embraces (or eventually should embrace) at least some elements of history, physics, esthetics, psychology, physiology, and sociology!

Yet even as a peripheral art-science, the reproduction of music long has been a disdained if not disowned stepchild. For years the phonograph was generally considered little more than a toy; serious interest in records was confined to a comparatively small band of "phonophiles." Musicians, musical educators, and musicologists only now are drowsily awakening to the full significance of this medium; they still have to buckle down to an earnest study of its history and potentialities. (Indeed, the first significant historical study is only now in active preparation—by Roland Gelatt, for publication by Lippincott in 1954.) Similarly, the technical aspects of audio long have won little more than the passing attention of leading acousticians and "radio" engineers, whose most striking achievements in this field usually have been by-products of investigations concerned mainly with speech communication. The comparatively few audio specialists have concentrated on the practical means of broadcast transmission, and film and disc recording, while even the practical problems of sound reproduction have been attacked only cursorily, especially where home rather than auditorium systems have been concerned.

Small wonder, then, that to date most authors (consciously or unconsciously sensing their limitations) have avoided comprehensive explorations of this incredibly complex field, or that their most successful productions have been severely limited in scope.

The audio bookshelf, as a consequence, has included (until very recently) mostly highly specialized publications: a few devoted to technical or semi-technical subjects, the majority dealing with music on records, and nearly all of them (by their very nature and the rapid expansion of techniques and repertories) of largely ephemeral worth.

I catalogued the more important works (at least those in print in English as of 1951) in "Schirmer's Guide to Books on Music and Musicians," under such headings as Acoustics, Hearing, Phonograph/Gramophone,

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Phonograph Records, Sound Recording & Reproduction, etc. Any serious audiophile-bibliophile might find it helpful to check these entries against his own library, but if he is a veteran, he is likely to sigh nostalgically to note that the out-of-print limbo even then had swallowed up such milestones of the Twenties and Thirties as the New Zealander Buick's "Romance of the Gramophone," the Frenchmen Hémardinquer's "Phonographe et ses merveilleux progrès" and Weiss's "Phonographes et musique mécanique," and the British Capt. Barnett's "Gramophone Tips," H. L. Wilson's "Music and the Gramophone," and P. Wilson & G. W. Webb's "Modern Gramophones and Electrical Reproducers."

EVEN the great flood of American "record books" of the Thirties and Forties left few works that are still available. And while many of these (like the critical surveys of Haggin, Hall, and Kolodin, or the Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia series) continue to hold an honored place on disc collectors' bookshelves, their present worth is largely historical, for they were devoted primarily to 78's. Only the third, 1950, edition of Kolodin's "New Guide to Recorded Music" and Hall's "Records: 1950 Edition" manage to include the first year's LP crops.

Several technical books have better withstood the ravages of time, or actually have grown in appeal to the more technique-conscious audiophile of today. Of those listed in "Schirmer's Guide," the following still are "musts" in my opinion: Mills's "Fugue in Cycles and Bels" (Van Nostrand, 1935), still the best general introduction I know to the technical aspects of sound; Lloyd's "Music and Sound" (Oxford, 2nd ed., 1951), the only first-rate book on acoustics written from a musical point of view; and Stokowski's "Music for All of Us" (Simon & Schuster, 1943), if only for its chapters on recording practices.

Turning now to the present, we reach the apotheosis of discographic *catalogues raisonnés:* Clough & Cuming's monumental "World's Encyclopedia of Recorded Music" [*SR* July 26, 1952], available—now in rapidly dwindling supply—via the London Gramophone Corporation at the by-no-means unreasonable price of $17.50. This, of course, is an indispensable reference work for every phonophile who can afford it, as will be the Supplement, covering releases since May/June 1951, which is promised for early release.

The only notable latecomer in the way of a large-scale critical survey is Sackville-West & Shawe-Taylor's "Record Guide" (Collins, London, 1951;

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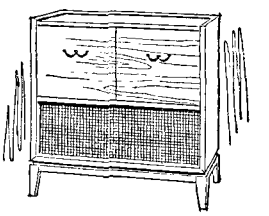

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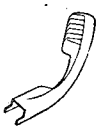

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$6.75 in the USA), for which a supplementary "Record Year" was issued in England late in 1952. The enormous extent and progressively accelerating growth of the LP repertory alone undoubtedly are the major deterrents to other new or revised record books on familiar patterns, but at least one more American attempt is in the making: a "Guide to Good Listening," by David Hall, edited by Abner Levin, first announced more than a year ago, but now promised to be "coming soon" from Long Player Publications.

It will be extremely interesting to see how Hall and Levin grapple with the present-day problems of comprehensive evaluations. Personally, I'm convinced that the day of any one-book "complete" coverage is—if not over—certainly drawing to a close. In its place, I see future "record books" taking the form of either specialized-repertory critical surveys or selective general listings. Of the former type, at least two highly promising pioneering works are now in preparation by Irving Kolodin (on orchestral recordings) and Philip L. Miller (on opera and lieder recordings), and there are sure to be others in their wake. Of the latter type, no less than three essays can be noted now. The first is Howard Taubman's "How to Build a Record Library," an expansion of *The New York Times*'s famous "basic" classical and jazz record lists of 1952. The second is my own "Good Listening," due from Alfred A. Knopf, October 19, of which I need only point out here that it is primarily a book of musical rather than phonographic orientation, with its record listings confined to a thirty-three page index-discography in the back of the book. The third, as yet untitled, is by Deborah Ishlon and Irving Townsend, due from Ballantine Books next January.

The same problem of specialization

Collector's Blueprint

SEEMINGLY an occupational *tic douloureux* of record critics, the compilation of "basic" lists actually is a reflex acquired in response to an insistent public itch. Obviously, any such library of the "best" discs is as much an abstraction as the statistically "average" family, yet the preparation and study of such fictionally "representative" collections has become an inescapable ritual.

The best-known recent examples appeared in *The New York Times*'s "recordings" supplements last year and made such a hit that thousands of reprints were distributed. Inevitably they now appear in book form, **"How to Build a Record Library"** (Hanover House, $1.50), brought up to date, and now credited to the *Times*'s music editor, Howard Taubman, with the "invaluable assistance" of staff member Harold C. Schonberg. Some 1,000 LP records of mostly "standard" works are listed in nine categories (orchestral, operatic, choral, chamber, keyboard, vocal, operetta and musical comedy, jazz, and "off the beaten path" music). Each category is prefaced by a brief historical survey and a selection of outstanding masterpieces, and the lists themselves are divided into "A" ("basic") and "B" ("for a more complete collection") sections.

[illegible] the validity of any such cream-skimmings of the recorded repertory, I too have made them, read those of other selectors with a horrid fascination, and (like most phonophiles) take inexplicable pleasure alike in welcoming confirmations and sneering at contradictions of my own judgments. By all accepted standards this list strikes me as one of the best (probably because I can agree with perhaps 80 per cent or more of the choices here!). Certainly, it is likely to be the most widely read and influential of them all.

Yet, apart from institutional collections, what individual disc library ever will be actually built according to this, or any similar, blueprint? As a tool, as a source of advice on troublesome selection problems, and as a sketch of the available repertory's extent, this little book is extremely valuable. But I pity the misguided listener who takes too seriously its introductory warning that "you can't afford to guess wrong about the records you buy."

What is wrong—or right—in artistic experience? Surely it's by making—and learning to recognize—mistakes, rather than by docilely accepting orthodox canons that the growth of personal esthetic discrimination is most vitally stimulated

—R. D. D.

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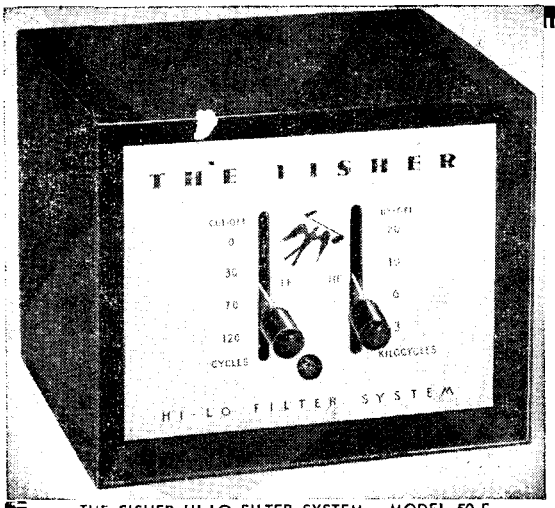
vs. comprehensiveness burdens most studies of sound reproduction and home sound systems, but perhaps none more than those intended for the layman. One of the best solutions is multiple authorship, exemplified in the first two significant publications (both reviewed in *SR* April 26, 1952) for today's audio enthusiasts: "The Saturday Review Home Book of Recorded Music and Sound Reproduction" (Prentice-Hall, $4.50), in which Kolodin deals with selecting and listening to music on records, Edward Tatnall Canby reviews recording history and techniques, and C. G. Burke examines home equipments and the means of improving them; and "Make Music Live" (currently reissued by Crown Publishers as "High Fidelity Handbook," $4.50), by Greene, Radcliffe, and Scharff, who (as audio engineer, furniture designer, and "how-to" expert, respectively) combine forces to describe home equipment, advise in general terms on its purchase, and describe practicable home-made cabinets for "assembled" systems.

TWO outstanding one-man books published later are necessarily somewhat more specialized: Canby's "Home Music Systems" (Harpers, $3.95; *SR* March 28, 1953) concentrates on specific advice for assembling moderate-cost (and quality) equipment, together with largely nontechnical explanations of each unit's function; Weiler's "High Fidelity Simplified" (Rider, $2.50; *SR* April 25, 1953) is a brilliant, already widely popular, primer-introduction to electronic sound reproduction, both in general and in terms of the basic devices involved.

Despite some overlapping, at least a couple—and preferably all four—of these are audio bookshelf essentials. But it will be only a dilettante audiophile who will shrink from pursuing his favorite subject into its more highly pressurized but by no means impenetrable engineering depths. The comparative novice might best begin with such lively introductions as the British Wharfedale publications, available through most American dealers in "high-fidelity" equipment, including G. A. Briggs's "Sound Reproduction" (3rd ed., 1953; $3.50) and the Briggs & Garner "Amplifiers" (1952, $2.95).

From these the next big step is to the latest large-scale study, Read's "Recording and Reproduction of Sound" (Sams, 2nd ed., 1952; $7.95). But this is perhaps more notable for its scope and detail than for its lucidity, and either as augmentation or substitute I prefer the audio sections

(*Continued on page 77*)



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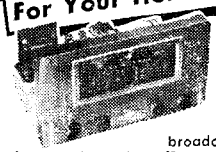

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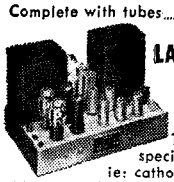

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ALBÉNIZ-ARBÓS: *"Iberia" (Sebastian).* Urania 7085.

BACH: *"Brandenburg" Concerti Nos. 2 and 3 (Münchinger).* London LS 226.

BARBER: *Three Short Works (Hanson).* Mercury 40002.

BARTÓK: *"Rhapsodies" for violin and orchestra (Vardi, with Serly).* Bartók 306.

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto No. 1 (Badura-Skoda, piano, with Scherchen).* Westminster WL 5209.

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto No. 4 (Gieseking, piano, with Von Karajan).* Columbia ML 4535.

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 3 (Leinsdorf).* Columbia RL 3069.

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 8 (Toscanini).* RCA LM 1757.

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 9 (Toscanini).* RCA LM 6009.

BERLIOZ: *"Roman Carnival," etc (Dorati).* Mercury 50005.

BERLIOZ: *"Symphonie Fantastique" (Ormandy).* Columbia ML 4467.

BIZET: *"L'Arlésienne" (Stokowski).* RCA LM 1706.

BIZET: *"Fair Maid of Perth" Suite (Beecham).* Columbia 2133.

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 1 (Toscanini).* RCA LM 1702.

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 4 (Toscanini).* RCA LM 1713.

BRAHMS: *Concerto No. 2 (Backhaus, piano, with Schuricht).* London LL 628.

CHABRIER: *"Marche Joyeuse," etc. (Ansermet).* London LL 696.

CHOPIN: *Concerto No. 1 (Sandor, piano, with Ormandy).* Columbia ML 4651.

DEBUSSY: *"Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune" (Ansermet).* London LL 503.

DEBUSSY: *"Nuages, Fêtes, Sirènes" (Ansermet).* London LL 530.

DELIBES: *"Sylvia" (Désormière).* London LS 184.

DVORAK: *Symphony No. 5 (Kubelik).* Mercury 50002.

FALLA: *"Three Cornered Hat" (Martinon).* Urania 7034.

GLAZOUNOW: *"Raymonda" (Rosenthal).* Capitol P-8184.

GLIÈRE: *"Ilya Mouremetz" Symphony (Scherchen).* Westminster WAL 210.

GOLDMARK: *"Rustic Wedding" Symphony (Beecham).* Columbia ML 4626.

HAYDN: *Symphony No. 98 (Scherchen).* Westminster WL 5111.

HAYDN: *Symphony No. 100 (Scherchen).* Westminster WL 5045.

LISZT: *Concerto No. 1 (Arrau, piano, with Ormandy).* Columbia ML 4655.

LISZT: *Concerto No. 1 (Farnadi, with Scherchen).* Westminster WL 5168.

MAHLER: *"Das Klagende Lied" (Fekete).* Mercury 10102.

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 5. (Scherchen).* Westminster WAL 207.

MUSSORGSKY: *"Night on a Bald Mountain," etc. (Susskind).* M-G-M E-3030.

MUSSORGSKY: *"Pictures at an Exhibition" (Kubelik).* Mercury 50000.

MUSSORGSKY: *"Pictures at an Exhibition" (Ormandy).* Columbia ML 4700.

OFFENBACH: *Overtures (Martinon).* London LL 350.

PAGANINI: *Concerto No. 2 (Menuhin).* RCA LHMV 1015.

PROKOFIEV: *"Lt. Kije" Suite (Scherchen).* Westminster WL 5091.

PROKOFIEV: *Symphony No. 7 (Ormandy).* Columbia ML 4683.

PROKOFIEV: *Concerto No. 2 (Francescatti, with Mitropoulos).* Columbia ML 4648.

RACHMANINOFF: *Symphony No. 2 (Ormandy).* Columbia ML 4433.

RAVEL: *"Daphnis et Chloë" (Ansermet).* London LL 693.

RAVEL: *"Boléro" (Paray).* Mercury 50020.

RAVEL: *"Ma Mère l'Oye" (Ansermet).* London LL 388.

RAVEL: *"Tombeau de Couperin" (Reiner).* RCA LM 1724.

RESPIGHI: *"Ancient Airs" (Litschauer).* Vanguard 433.

RESPIGHI: *"Pines" and "Fountains of Rome" (Toscanini).* RCA LM 1768.

RESPIGHI: *"Pines" and "Fountains of Rome" (Dorati).* Mercury 50011.

RESPIGHI: *"Pines" and "Fountains" (Quadri).* Westminster WL 5167.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: *"Skazka" (Fistoulari).* M-G-M E-3017.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: *"Le Coq d'Or" (Désormière).* Capitol P-8155.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: *"Scheherazade" (Dorati).* Mercury 50009.

ROSSINI-RESPIGHI: *"La Boutique Fantasque" (Ansermet).* London LL 274.

ROSSINI: *Overtures (Van Beinum).* London LL 358.

SCARLATTI-TOMMASINI: *"Good-Humoured Ladies" (Braithwaite).* M-G-M E-3034.

SCHUBERT: *Symphony in B minor (Leinsdorf).* Columbia RL 3070.

SCHUBERT: *Symphony in C major (Furtwängler).* Decca DX 119.

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SCHUBERT: *"Wanderer" Fantasy (Johannesen, with Goehr).* Concert Hall CHS 1176.
SCHUMANN: *Symphony No. 2 (Stokowski).* RCA LM 1194.
SCRIABIN: *Piano Concerto (Badura-Skoda).* Westminster WL 5068.
SIBELIUS: *Symphony No. 2 (Ormandy).* Columbia ML 4131.
SIBELIUS: *Symphony No. 5 (Ehrling).* Mercury 10142.
SIBELIUS: *"Four Historic Scenes" (Beecham).* Columbia ML 4550.
SIBELIUS: *"Lemminkäinen" Suite (Ormandy).* Columbia ML 4672.
STRAUSS, J: *"New Year's Concert" (Krauss).* London LL 683.
STRAUSS, R: *"Also sprach Zarathustra" (Krauss).* London LL 232.
STRAUSS, R: *"Death and Transfiguration"; "Don Juan" (Walter).* Columbia ML 4650.
STRAUSS, R: *"Dance of Seven Veils" (Smallens).* Decca DL 4032.
STRAUSS, R: *"Sinfonia Domestica" (Krauss).* London LL 483.
STRAUSS, R: *"Till Eulenspiegel" (Reiner).* RCA LM 1180.
STRAVINSKY: *"L'Oiseau de Feu" (Ansermet).* London LS 300.
STRAVINSKY: *"Sacre du Printemps" (Ansermet)* London LL 303
SUPPE: *Four Overtures (Solti).* London LL 352.
TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Swan Lake" (Fistoulari).* London LL 565-6.
TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Sleeping Beauty" (Fistoulari).* London LL 636-7.
TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Nutcracker" Suite (Stokowski).* RCA LM 46.
TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 4 (Scherchen).* Westminster WL 5096.
TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 5 (Ormandy).* Columbia ML 4400.
TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 6 (Kubelik).* Mercury 50006.
TCHAIKOVSKY: *Waltzes (Reiner).* RCA LM 103.
VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *"Fantasia on a Theme by Tallis" (Collins).* London LL 583.
VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Symphony No. 6 (Stokowski).* Columbia ML 4214.
WAGNER: *Excerpts (Konwitschny).* Urania 7069.

INSTRUMENTAL

BACH: *"Clavierübung" (Kirkpatrick, Callaway).* Haydn HSL-A
BACH: *"Goldberg" Variations (Landowska).* RCA LM 1080.
BACH: *Sonatas and Partitas (Heifetz).* RCA LM 6105.
BACH: *"Well-Tempered Clavier" (Landowska).* RCA LM 1017, 1107, 1136, 1152, 1708.
BEETHOVEN: *"Diabelli" Variations (Arrau).* Decca DX-122.
BEETHOVEN: *Sonata in C, Opus 53 (Serkin).* Columbia ML 4620.

(Continued on page 78)

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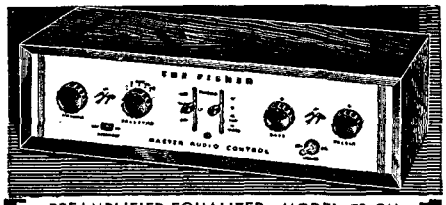

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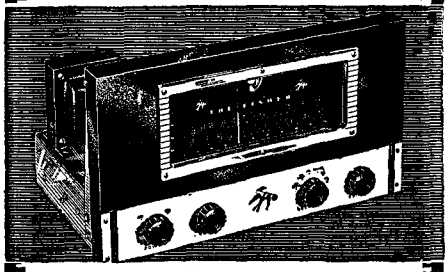

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■ Features *extreme sensitivity* (1.5 mv for 20 db of quieting,) *low distortion* (less than 0.04% for 1 volt output,) *low hum* (more than 100 db below 2 volts output.) Armstrong system, AFC with switch, adjustable AM selectivity, separate FM and AM front ends, fully shock-mounted, cathode follower output, fully shielded, etched aluminum chassis. Self-powered. **$164.50**

50-Watt Amplifier

■ Truly the world's finest all-triode amplifier, yet moderately priced. A man's size unit, with less than 1% distortion at 50 watts (.08% at 10 watts.) Intermodulation distortion below 2% at 50 watts. Uniform response within .1 db, 20-20,000 cycles; 1 db, 5 to 100,000 cycles. Hum and noise more than 96 db below full output. Quality components throughout. **$159.50**

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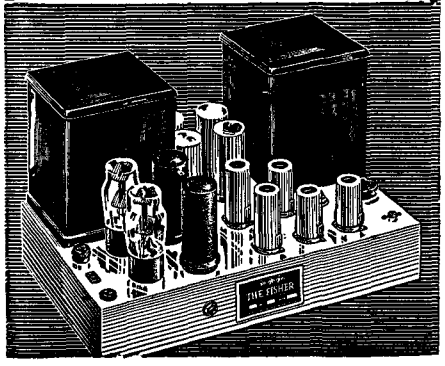

Audio Fair Forecast

THE intensity, the duration, and—after a fashion—the quality of sound can be measured. If we could meter quality exactly, we should not need an Audio Fair, which in default of the quality-meter brings together a greater disparity of conflicting strident opinon than any other convention anywhere. New York's fifth Fair (October 14-17), as always at the Hotel New Yorker, will certainly be the biggest so far, and possibly the most stentorian.

The 1953 bounty offers new examples of all components, with a particular wealth of speaker-enclosures, elaborate compensators (control units, equalizers) and speaker systems, with a welcome tendency among the last to make available very good reproduction from structures of modest dimensions. Not that the giants, formidable in size and throat, will not be there with their inimitable authority, but possession of the vaster apparatus is restricted to people rich in space and dollars and impoverished in neighbors. Stereophonic equipment, two- and three-channel, is being introduced in sufficient quantities to suggest a trend.

The following data on exhibitors at the Fair were received in response to a questionnaire. An asterisk (*) distinguishes first-time exhibitors, and parenthetical figures show the number of years companies will have been represented at the New York Audio Fair.

Acro Products Co. (3)—Introduces a high-powered amplifier circuit using the new ultra-linear Acrosound TO-330 output transformer.

Altec-Lansing Corp. (5) — Will exhibit speakers, amplifiers, microphones, and transformers as usual, with emphasis on the Duplex speakers 601A, 602A, and 603C.

Ampex Corp. (4) — Tape recorders and reproducers, and the first public demonstration in New York of their three-channel stereophonic recording system.

Amplifier Corporation of America (4) — Three new battery-operated recorders, including a stereophonic model, a lightweight model with battery-propelled motor, and a spring-wound professional model.

*Angle Genesee Corp. — Cabinets of various sizes and types, to contain every variety of sound equipment.

Asco Sound Corp. (3)—Exhibition of custom equipment and cabinets, with prominence to binaural systems using binaural records and binaural tape.

Audio Exchange, Inc. (2) — One of the very few trading marts for sound equipment, the Audio Exchange has prime utility in a field of effort where change is a continuous flow. Will present a "History of High Fidelity," with examples of audio equipment from past eras.

Audio Products Co. (3) — Newcomb amplifiers, one-piece and remote control. The feature is a new two-channel stereophonic amplifier, 3D-12, both twelve-watt channels preamplified, and reversible at will.

*Avco Manufacturing Corp. — Inexpensive table radios including AM-FM; television receivers; radio-phonograph-television combinations and combinations.

A-V Tape Libraries, Inc. (2)—Prerecorded tapes, including fourteen-reel, three-book music appreciation course for children and a new ten-hour French course on two reels.

Bell Sound Systems, Inc. (5)—Time-proved amplifiers in all the expected price classes, and in addition a new two-channel binaural amplifier, ten-watt channels, reversible, with balance and loudness controls.

Berlant Associates. (4)—A new 1500 series of Concertone tape recorders, with widened frequency response and cathode-follower output. Model 1502 is shaft-driven from a two-speed synchronous motor.

(David) Bogen Co., Inc. (3)—Tuners, amplifiers, players, intercommunication systems, and cabinets. Improved versions of most of the familiar items of this catalogue, and several entirely new tuners. Versatile middle-priced amplifiers.

British Industries Corp. (5)—Mr. G. A. Briggs, designer of the Wharfedale speaker and author of several well-known books on acoustics, will attend

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this exhibit of Wharfedale speakers and cross-overs, and Mr. Harold Leak will present the entirely new Leak equalizing preamplifier.

Brociner Electronics Laboratory (4) — A number of new or improved items of high-fidelity equipment: Model 4W folded-horn speaker system which needs no corner, 4T corner-horn speaker, "Transcendent" three-way corner horn system, two-channel ultra-linear amplifier, A100 preamplifier-equalizer, A100-CA2 audio control center, and thirty-watt ultra-linear amplifier.

Brook Electronics, Inc. (2) — Offers in addition to its famous remote-control all-triode amplifiers an entirely new model 22A, with power and control units embodied in one chassis.

Browning Laboratories, Inc. (5)—FM and AM-FM tuners of high quality, emphasizing the new RJ-42, AM-FM.

Cook Laboratories Inc. (4) — This house is a pioneer of binauralism, manufacturing binaural records and equipment besides other records: it will display a binaural preamplifier, compare monaural with binaural reproduction, and demonstrate all the processes of record manufacturing from tape to vinyl.

*Crestwood Recorder Division, Daystrom Electric Corp.—Presents Crestwood, a new line of tape recorders.

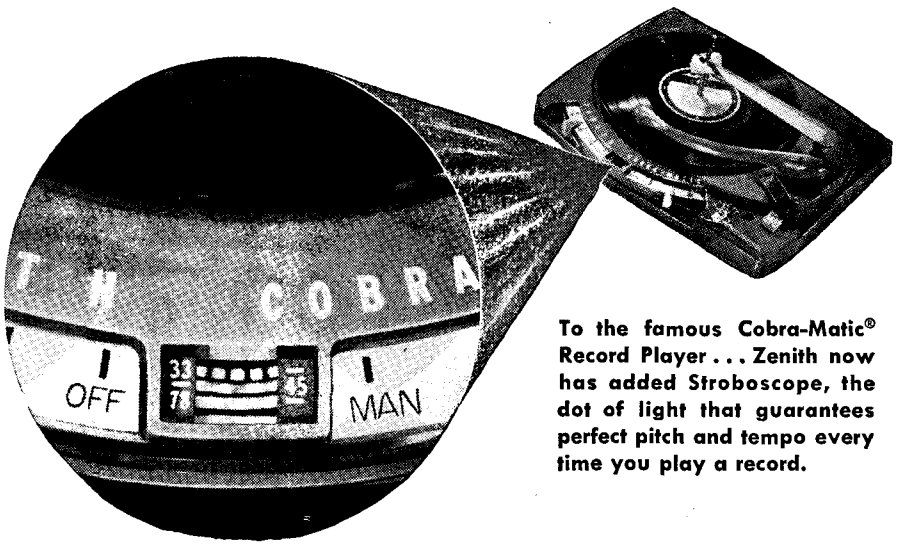
Electro-Voice Inc. (4) — Speakers, speaker systems and enclosures, microphones and cartridges. Besides the wide display of notable speaker systems incorporating Klipsch principles, the company will present a new "Georgian" four-way system, a new triaxial speaker, and an improved super-tweeter to use with any existing system.

Fairchild Recording Equipment Corp. (5) — This manufacturer of professional equipment reaches further into the home market with a new arm, an improved version of its esteemed moving-coil pickup, a compensating preamplifier, and an entirely new power amplifier.

*Ferranti Electric, Inc. — Will unveil a matched combination of arm and ribbon pickup, designed by D. T. N. Williamson of amplifier fame.

Fisher Radio Corp. (4)—In addition to the well-known fifty-watt amplifier, AM-FM tuner, and Master Audio Control of this house, Fisher will exhibit for the first time two inexpensive components, a "Hi-Lo" Filter

Once again, Zenith makes music history



To the famous Cobra-Matic® Record Player . . . Zenith now has added Stroboscope, the dot of light that guarantees perfect pitch and tempo every time you play a record.

Now . . . you can play records at exact recorded speed!

Even High Fidelity itself can't bring you the music in its full beauty if the pitch is slightly off. The pitch *is* off if the speed of your turntable varies even slightly from that of the original recording. And no turntable ever built can guarantee constant speed for its lifetime.

Now, at last, you music-lovers have the answer in Zenith's new Cobra-Matic® Record Player with Stroboscope. A moving light becomes a stationary dot when records are playing at their *exact* recorded RPM . . . 78, 45, 33⅓. The unique Cobra-Matic Record Player plays at *any* speed from 10 to 85 RPM, including the new 16⅔ talking book speed. Fingertip control lets you make the finest adjustment in a jiffy. A master musician couldn't listen more sensitively, control pitch more accurately.

Combine this perfection with the perfection of tone achieved by Zenith's 5 matched High Fidelity components, and you reach an entirely new standard of music for the home. Zenith gives you just that, in lovely console models. Your Zenith dealer would be proud to have you look and listen.

The Wentworth—$725*— Model L2291E. Afara wood solids and veneers. 21" Cinébeam picture tube, AM-FM Radio, Cobra-Matic® Record Player with Stroboscope.

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price (subject to change.) includes Federal Excise Tax and Parts and Tubes Warranty. Slightly higher in South and Far West.*

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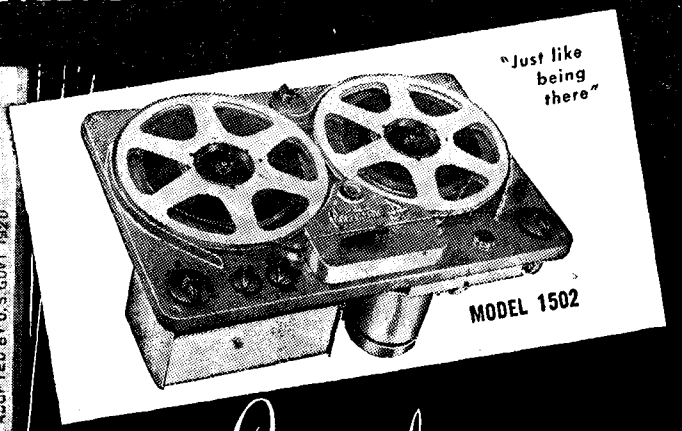

with the Concertone 1502

Driving the tape directly from the shaft of a two-speed hysteresis synchronous motor, this new Concertone recorder combines precise timing accuracy with unsurpassed sound reproduction. **Concertone Model 1502 . . . $445.00**

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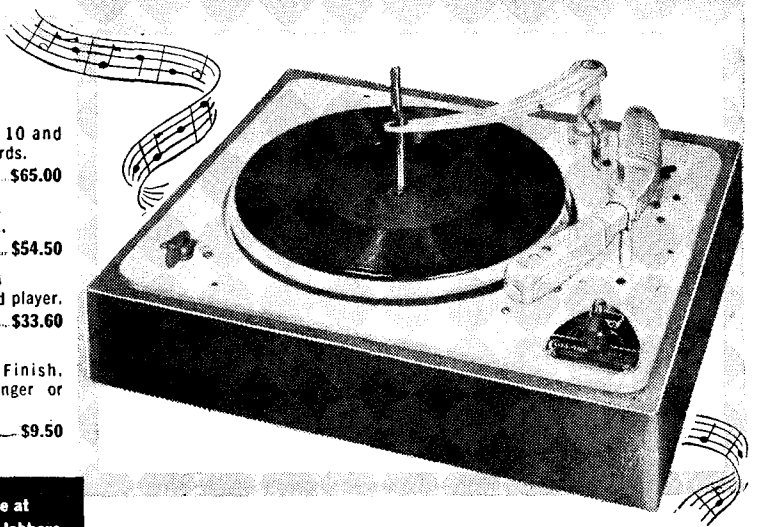

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Model 3/534
Single record player.
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System to suppress unwanted noises above or below adjustable positions, and a preamplifier-equalizer with four positions each for low-frequency turnover and high-frequency rolloff compensation.

Garrard Sales Corp. (5)—Offers a new three-speed record changer with many improvements over its excellent predecessors. A lever to adjust speeds is particularly attractive.

Gately Development Lab. (2)—The Super Horn, a corner enclosure for speakers, will be supplemented this year by a back-loading horn, the "Purist," which can be used in a corner or elsewhere.

General Electric Co. (4)—Known for years among audio enthusiasts as the manufacturer of the first reluctance pickup in extensive use, GE this year invades the audio sanctum with a ten-watt amplifier, a twelve-inch coaxial speaker, a speaker enclosure, etc.

Gray Research and Development Co., Inc. (4)—Will demonstrate again two popular arms, the hinged model and the first viscous-damped arm designed primarily for home use.

H. A. Hartley Co., Inc. (4)—Speakers, speaker enclosures, amplifiers, and control units will be demonstrated. The sprightly Mr. Hartley has designed a small enclosure which he calls a "boffle," for use with any good speaker.

Hudson Radio and Television Corp. (5)—A large audio supply house which will specialize this year in speaker systems, with seven sizes graduated downward from the largest, of Hudson's own design, with two of its dimensions each six full feet.

Jensen Manufacturing Co. (5)—A profusion of speakers, enclosures, tweeters, woofers, crossovers, and assembled systems of many types, for many purses. In addition to such favorites as the "Triplex" system and the G-610 triaxial speaker, several new items will make their appearance, of which the most interesting is the "Duette," a diminutive two-way speaker system with a true tweeter.

The Kelton Co., Inc. (2)—Will show phonographic assemblies featuring multiple speakers, a miniature assembly (16 x 23 x 25 inches) of surprisingly good specifications, and the "Ambassador" speaker-system of two speakers enclosed in a small oblong case.

* Kingdom Products Ltd.—Distributors of speakers and the KT66 power amplifier tube which recently has

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been displacing the 6L6 in American amplifier circuits.

Klipsch and Associates (2)—This is the manufacturer of the substantial Klipschorn, a three-way speaker-system employing the Klipsch principle of a folded corner horn with indirect bass radiation. The "Rebel" is a smaller corner enclosure for fifteen or twelve-inch speakers, combining back-loading with direct radiation.

Lafayette Radio. (3)—One of the largest audio supply houses will include in its exhibition this year new Lafayette tuners and amplifiers.

Leonard Radio Inc. (4)—This specialist in high fidelity equipment will emphasize binaural reproduction this year, besides components not previously displayed to the New York public.

Livingston Electronic Corp. (2)—Makers of well-made and well-regarded arms, Livingston this year offer these besides an improved model of their binaural arm—alone or equipped with Fairchild cartridges in the necessary adjustment—a two-channel stereophonic amplifier, and records under the Livingston label, both monaural and binaural.

* Madison Radio-Sound—High fidelity amplifiers, whose striking aspect at the Fair will be the use of three on one chassis, for binaural or monaural reproduction.

* H. S. Martin & Co.—Will show a basic amplifier of excellent specifications, a control amplifier, an AM-FM tuner, and combinations of these components.

Permoflux Corp. (4)—There are new models of this company's speakers, of which the eight-inch has acquired considerable fame. Several of these should be heard simultaneously actuated by the same input. Enclosures designed for eight-, twelve-, and fifteen-inch speakers.

Pickering & Co. (5)—Standard items shown at previous Fairs (cartridges, equalizing preamplifiers, and arms) plus a new audio input control and a turnover cartridge (really two cartridges back-to-back) Model D 260, with a smaller output than its predecessors' and a patently improved tone.

Pilot Radio Corp. (2)—Tuners, amplifiers, and an equalizer of good specifications, at moderate prices.

* Portable Gramophone Co., Inc.—Will demonstrate the "Dorset," a portable phonograph incorporating a three-speed changer and components

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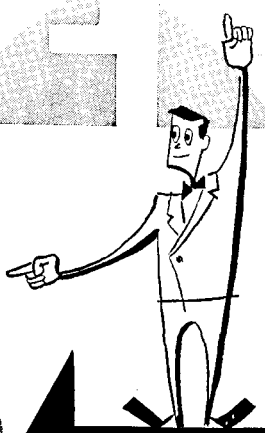

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MUSIC LISTENERS

Pages of top quality record reviews — Reports on the latest in high fidelity home listening components — Picture sections of custom home music installations — Building Your Record Library, a feature written by the Magazine's ten renowned critics — In each issue, complete reviews of all LP records of the works of one major composer — Add to all this — Book reviews, articles featuring people and events in the world of music, and helpful information on getting better reproduction from records, tape, and FM radio. * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

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Idea for a Winter Vacation

THE MEDITERRANEAN

Coming October 24th, a special Mediterranean section. Paul Hyde Bonner on Rome, Quentin Reynolds on Israel, Willie Snow Ethridge on Greece and Turkey, Eliot Elisofon on North Africa, James Thrall Soby on the Riviera Renaissance, and Horace Sutton writing from Spain.

If you are going,
Or wish you were going,
Or hope to go . . .

see the Mediterranean in

THE SATURDAY REVIEW **October 24th**

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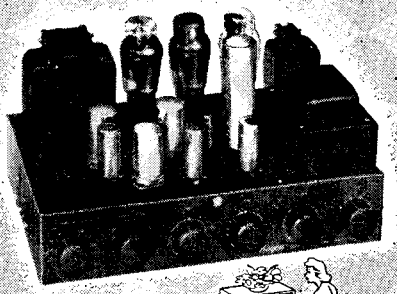

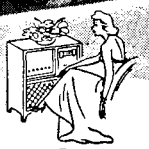

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The DB20 embodies all the advanced design features that have made BOGEN a by-word for quality. Power output is 20 watts with 5 feedback loops and partial cathode loaded output reducing distortion to a low, low 0.3%. Frequency response is 20 to 20,000 cps ±0.7 db. D.C. on preamp filaments reduces hum to −75 db.

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of a quality well above the average for portables.

Precision Electronics, Inc. (3)—Amplifiers and preamplifiers by Grommes, including a couple of sturdy stand-bys in improved guise.

Presto Recording Corp. (5)—Tape and disc recording equipment already familiar, turntables and blank discs well-known, plus a new tape recorder and a Model PB-17 long-playing reproducer capable of continuous sound for eight hours from its fourteen-inch reels of dual track at 3¾ ips.

Radio Craftsmen, Inc. (5)—Besides tuners already known and the C500 fifteen-watt amplifier, the company will exhibit a new C900 FM tuner, a new television picture chassis, and a six-watt audio amplifier for TV.

* Radio Engineering Laboratories, Inc.—Present a new FM tuner in succession to the REL of a few years ago. Called "Precedent," the tuner will be shown in chassis, rack, and cabinet forms.

Radio Magazines, Inc. (5)—Will display their "Second Audio Anthology," a book drawn from thirty months of comment and exposition in *Audio Engineering.*

Reeves Soundcraft Corp. (5)—Among its recording equipment the company will stress a new recording tape resistant to changes in temperature and humidity.

* Regency Division, I.D.E.A., Inc.—The manufacturer of a celebrated FM booster displays an assembly of amplifier, power supply, and equalizing preamplifier widely heralded and highly priced.

Rek-O-Kut Co. (4)—The largest manufacturer of precision, nonmagnetic turntables for home use will display two- and three-speed tables, recording mechanisms, and a new twin-speaker public address system.

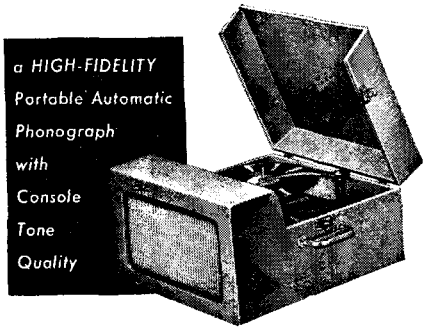
Revere Camera Co. (4)—Tape recorders and projectors.

River Edge Industries (2)—A variety of cabinets for audio equipment in a variety of styles and finishes. A novelty which may prove valuable is the "Flexo-Rack," a convenient temporary structure devised to accommodate a home music system until a permanent enclosure is chosen.

RJ Audio Products, Inc. (4)—Floor models of the popular RJ enclosures for twelve- and fifteen-inch speakers

"King of the Portable Realm remains the *Libertyphone*"

says IRVING KOLODIN music editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW



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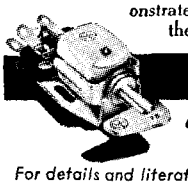
He was right. I now have Pickering's new *turn-over cartridge.* A *simple flip of the* handy lever and I'm ready to play any favorite that fits my mood—whether it's standard or microgroove. *More than that,* I'd swear my recordings sound better than ever.

I'm glad I waited . . . but you won't have to.

Ask your dealer to show you this convenient new turn-over cartridge. Have him demonstrate it. See if you, too, don't hear the difference!



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will be available sanded but unfinished, color or stain to be applied according to the purchaser's liking.

Rockbar Corp. (2)—The distributor of Collaro record changers has two three-speed changers, of which one handles ten and twelve-inch discs mixed, a three-speed transcription turntable, and a display of crystal cartridges.

(Hermon Hosmer) Scott, Inc. (5)—Has a deceptive novelty in the 99-A amplifier, built to resemble an equalizing preamplifier but in fact a complete control unit and amplifier combined in a small case. The new 121-A Dynaural Equalizer-Preamplifier is the most elaborately versatile of any available, and probably the most expensive of those intended for home use. Also an improved 120 Equalizer-Preamplifier, an improved noise suppressor, and a new variable crossover for use between equalizer and two amplifiers leading each to a speaker.

* Shields Laboratories Inc.—This is a new exhibitor who promises a new type of speaker system, a new amplifier, and other components.

(Mark) Simpson Mfg. Co., Inc. (5)—Manufactures amplifiers, public address systems, and intercommunication systems, and has available a new "Custom Ten" amplifier, new tape recorders, and an RK-6 Disc Recorder.

Sonocraft Corp. (5)—Will specialize in recording equipment and accessories, and will demonstrate new tape recorders by Magnecord, Brush, Webster, Crescent, and others.

* Sonotone Corp.—Arouses interest by announcement of new "Titone" ceramic cartridges, "providing unprecedented response from standard and LP records without any equalization or preamplification." Obviously something for phonophiles to examine carefully.

Stromberg-Carlson Co. (2)—With amplifiers, equalizers, tuners, speakers, and enclosures will demonstrate a line of audio equipment complete except for pickups and arms. The principal new material is an AM-FM tuner mounted with a ten-watt amplifier on a common chassis.

Sun Radio and Electronics Co., Inc. (5)—Intends to re-create a living-room atmosphere in examples of custom installations of varied components, different styles, and diverse costs. Stresses good elements in good furniture.

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Notes by CHARLES FOWLER, EDITOR OF HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE

How often have you wished you could find, on one record, performances by leading artists which would reveal every tonal facet possible from your high fidelity system?

At last your wish can come true! Capitol's new album, **A STUDY IN HIGH FIDELITY,** contains 2 demonstration percussion tracks and 12 musical selections chosen from its library to display the full aural scope of high fidelity recording and reproduction.

A STUDY IN HIGH FIDELITY is not, however, only a demonstration record. Offering excerpts from Bloch's Concerto Grosso, Copland's Rodeo, Glazounov's The Seasons, Shostakovich's Piano Concerto in C Minor, Tchaikovsky's Quartet No. 1, and Villa-Lobos' Nonetto . . . with popular numbers performed by Stan Kenton, Dick Stabile, Les Paul, Ray Anthony, Les Baxter, Alex Stordahl and June Hutton . . . the album brings to the listener the ultimate pleasure of superb music, sensitively performed and meticulously recorded for faultless reproduction. With the accompanying comprehensive text by Charles Fowler, editor of High Fidelity Magazine, **A STUDY IN HIGH FIDELITY** is indeed an exciting experience in sound for music lovers and hi-fi enthusiasts.

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Tapemaster, Inc. (2)—New tape recorders and improved models of types already exhibited. Single-speed, dual-speed, portable (with or without speaker and amplifier) and studio models, and a two-speed transport mechanism will be shown.

* Telectro Industries Corp.—Have two new tape recorders, a large one built to military specifications and a small portable one; also, a new separate transport mechanism.

Tetrad Corp. (3)—Perhaps it will be remembered that in the 1951 Fair this manufacturer of diamond styli had a demonstration featuring silence. This year the company will be glad to give shadow-graphed inspections of styli —any type—without cost to owners who care to bring their pickups or styli with them.

Thorens Co. (2)—A Swiss company manufacturing good motors and turntables displays four new products: a changer that plays both sides of a record, a turntable with arm and automatic stop, a turntable for use with American arms, and the E53PA turntable.

Tung-Sol Electric Inc. (2)—Exhibition of Electron tubes.

University Loudspeakers Inc. (5)—Speakers, tweeters, enclosures, two- and three-way systems, and public address equipment will be shown by the makers of the resistant 6201 coaxial twelve-inch speaker.

* Utah Radio Products Co., Inc.—A newcomer to the Fair but noted for transformers arouses curiosity by announcing four new speaker-systems, including a "Four-Way," a "Brillante," a "Concerto," and an untitled bookshelf-size eight-inch system, all with their own enclosures.

V-M Corp. (2)—Introduces a new table phonograph with three five-inch speakers, a ceramic cartridge with sapphire points, and an intermixing V-M changer. Adds a new changer, the 935HF, to a long line of predecessors.

Webster-Chicago Corp. (5)—Tape recorders and wire recorders for commercial, musical, and personal use; small phonographs and record changers.

* Westminster Recording Co., Inc.—Alone among the recording companies which manufacture nothing but records, Westminster will demonstrate a sampling of its celebrated LP's.

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Audio Bookshelf

(*Continued from page 67*)

of Langford-Smith's mighty "Radiotron Designer's Handbook," reproduced from an Australian fourth edition and distributed here by the RCA Victor Company ($7). Radio and audio amateurs who remember this work in its little third edition, a best seller during the war years, will be amazed and delighted by its present expansion to some 1,500 pages without loss of its original clarity and practical usefulness.

Room should be made too for the long-anticipated first attempt at the larger integration of recorded and reproduced music's multi-faceted technicalities: Harry F. Olson's "Musical Engineering" (McGraw-Hill, 1952; $6.50). This suffers somewhat from its rather bald "textbook" style, as well as an apparent lack of insight into the esthetic aspects of serious music, but it has a wealth of immensely significant material, is superbly illustrated, and bears the weight of reliable authority. And the same praise, this time without qualification, surely will be applicable to the shortly forthcoming revision-expansion of a truly great "source" book in sound: Harvey Fletcher's "Speech and Hearing in Communication" (Van Nostrand, 2nd ed., 1953; $9.75).

Unfortunately, there doesn't yet seem to be a first-rate "handbook" created particularly for applied amateur and professional audio engineering—an American equivalent, say, of Bernhart's "Traité de prise de son" (Eyrolles, Paris, 1949), but possibly this gap may be filled when Villchur's "Handbook of Sound Reproduction" (running serially in *Audio Engineering* magazine since June 1952) is completed and published in book form.

JUST what *you* are likely to want of these past, current, and forthcoming publications depends entirely, of course, on your special personal interests and on your willingness to study as well as just "read up" on the almost infinite ramifications of this labyrinthine—but always enticing—field. The obstacles of cost and space are not inconsiderable, but the principal handicap always will be the less tangible price of time and effort. Neither information nor illumination comes as a free gift, but as one who prizes many of these books on his own shelves, I'm not ashamed to remark, sententiously though it may be, that their information invariably pays its own way, while the rewards of their true illumination are truly incalculable.

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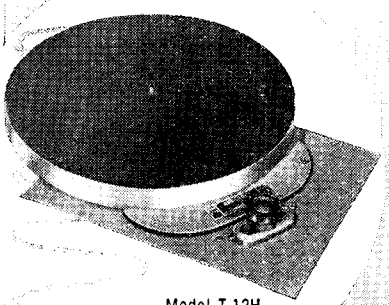

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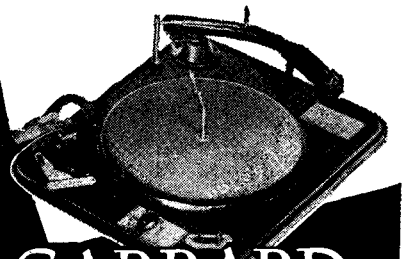

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Audio Recordshelf

Continued from page 69

BIZET: *"Jeux d'enfants" (Vronsky and Babin, pianos).* Columbia ML 2107.

BRAHMS: *Sonata, Opus 5 (Katchen).* London LL 122.

CHOPIN: *Etudes (Novaes).* Vox PL 7560.

CHOPIN: *Preludes (Novaes).* Vox PL 6170.

DEBUSSY: *"Images" (Gieseking).* Columbia ML 2188.

LISZT: *Piano Music (Horowitz).* RCA LM 1235.

LISZT: *"Hungarian Rhapsodies" (Edith Farnadi).* Westminster WAL 213.

MENDELSSOHN: *"Variations Sérieuses" (Horowitz).* RCA LM 9021.

MOZART: *Sonata, K. 533 (Badura-Skoda, piano).* Westminster WL 5154.

RACHMANINOFF: *Suites (Vronsky and Babin).* Columbia ML 4379.

RAVEL: *Piano Music (Casadesus).* Columbia ML 4518-4520.

SCARLATTI: *Sonatas (Valenti, harpsichord).* Westminster WL 5106, 5116, 5139, 5186, 5205.

SCARLATTI: *Sonatas (Casadesus).* Columbia ML 4695.

VOCAL

BEETHOVEN: *"An die ferne Geliebte" (Fischer-Dieskau).* RCA LHMV 1046.

BIZET: *"Carmen" (Stevens-Reiner).* RCA LM 6102.

BRAHMS: *Lieder (Berger).* Decca DL 9666.

DEBUSSY: *"Pelléas" (Ansermet).* London LLA 11.

GERSHWIN: *"Porgy and Bess" (Winters-Williams).* Columbia SL 162.

LEONCAVALLO: *"Pagliacci" (Bjoerling-De los Angeles).* RCA LM 6106.

MASSENET: *"Manon" (Opéra-Comique).* London LLA 7.

MENOTTI: *"Amahl" (Chet Allan, etc).* RCA LM 1701.

MOZART: *"Così fan tutte" (Steber-Thebom).* Columbia SL 122.

MOZART: *"Zaide" (M. Dobbs, etc).* Polymusic 901-2.

MUSSORGSKY: *"Boris Godounov" (B. Christoff).* RCA LHMV 6400.

PUCCINI: *"La Bohème" (Tebaldi, etc).* London LL 462-3.

PUCCINI: *"Mme. Butterfly" (Tebaldi, etc).* London LLA 8.

PUCCINI: *"Tosca" (Quadri conducting).* Westminster WAL 302.

RAVEL: *"L'Enfant et les Sortilèges" (Bour).* Columbia ML 4153.

RAVEL: *"Histoires Naturelles" (Bernac).* Columbia ML 4333.

RAVEL: *"L'Heure Espagnole" (Ansermet).* London LL 796.

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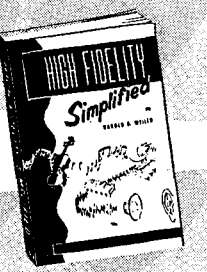

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SMETANA: *"Bartered Bride" (Prague cast).* Urania 231.
STRAUSS, J: *"Fledermaus" (Krauss, etc).* London LL 305.
STRAUSS, R: *"Salome" (Goltz).* Oceanic 302.
VERDI: *"Don Carlo" (Caniglia, etc).* Cetra 1234.
VERDI: *"Rigoletto" (Berger, Peerce, etc).* RCA LM 6101.
VERDI: *"Trovatore" (Milanov, Bjoerling, etc).* RCA LM 6008.
WAGNER: *"Die Meistersinger" (Knappertsbusch).* London LLA 9.
WAGNER: *"Parsifal" (Bayreuth cast).* London LLA 10.
WOLF: *Songs (Fischer-Dieskau).* Decca DL 9632.

CHAMBER MUSIC

BARTÓK: *Quartets (Juilliard Quartet).* Columbia 4278-9.
BEETHOVEN: *Trio, Opus 97 (Badura-Skoda, etc.).* Westminster WL 5131.
BEETHOVEN: *Quartet, Opus 59, No. 2 (Budapest).* Columbia ML 4580.
BEETHOVEN: *Quartet, Opus 131 (Paganini).* RCA LM 1736.
BEETHOVEN: *"Grosse Fuge" (Litschauer).* Vanguard 419.
BLOCH: *Quartet No. 2 (Musical Arts).* Vanguard 437.
BRAHMS: *Quartets Nos. 2 and 3 (Curtis).* Westminster WL 5152.
BRAHMS: *Quintet (Curzon).* Columbia ML 4336.
DEBUSSY: *"Danses Sacrée et Profane" (Amsterdam Ensemble).* London LS 621.
DEBUSSY: *Quartet (Stuyvesant).* Philharmonia 104.
FRANCK: *Quintet (Aller, etc.).* Capitol P-8220.
HAYDN: *Quartet, Opus 64, No. 6 (New Italian).* London LL 320.
MARTINU: *Three Madrigals (J. and L. Fuchs).* Decca DL 8510.
MENDELSSOHN: *Quartets Nos. 1 and 3 (Curtis).* Westminster WL 5220.
MOZART: *Quartets Nos. 14-19 (Roth Quartet).* Mercury MGL 8.
MOZART: *Quintet in A (Wlach, clarinet).* Westminster WL 5112.
MOZART: *Quintet in E flat (Budapest).* Columbia ML 4469.
MOZART: *Trio-Divertimento (Pougnet, etc.).* Westminster WL 5191.
RAVEL: *Quartet (see entry under Debussy).*
SCHUBERT: *Quartet in D minor (Vienna Konzerthaus).* Westminster WL 5052.
SCHUBERT: *Quintet in A (Badura-Skoda).* Westminster WL 5025.
SCHUBERT: *Trios (Badura-Skoda, etc.).* Westminster WL 5188, 5121.
SMETANA: *Quartet (Koeckert).* Decca DL 9637.
VERDI: *Quartet (New Italian).* London LL 323.

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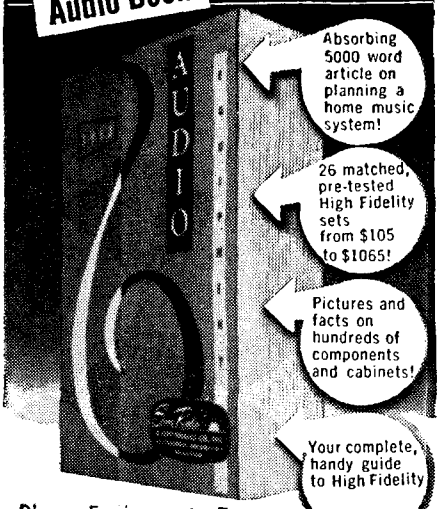
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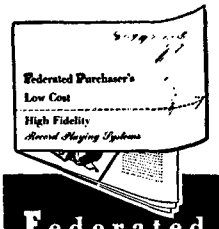

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The Listening Booth

Continued from page 62

stylus—"precious" or otherwise—that will play even one side of a twelve-inch LP without wearing sufficiently to damage or remove entirely the delicately inscribed high frequencies on the next record. This leaves only "sapphire" in the running, and any horse can come in second in a two-horse race. As far as the writer has been able to determine, there is no true gem sapphire commercially available in phonograph styli. The substance offered under that name is a synthetic material which, while quite hard, bears about as much relation to gem sapphire as zircon does to diamond. Since it has about one-ninetieth the resistance to wear of a diamond, it cannot be recommended for more than five hours of use, say fifteen plays. And who takes speedometer readings in the listening booth?

IN pre-LP days reputable dealers sold only sealed albums or sets of records. You purchased these with assurance that the sets were unplayed, and they were opened in front of you only to determine whether there were broken discs. If you wished to hear before buying, the dealer let you have an "open" set which he kept just for this purpose, a duplicate of everything he sold. Of course this represented a considerable, and to some people, unnecessary investment, yet one could hardly help putting his confidence in a dealer who had gone to this expense to provide his customers with perfect, unplayed records.

The ironic part of the matter is that 78's were pretty tough; except for actual breakage, they held up quite well even against the assaults of cactus, thorn, and heaven knows what other kind of material totally unfit for intimate contact with shellac. Of course, there was very little recorded above 5000 cps, and these frequencies were ruggedly intrenched in the groove walls. And while pickups were heavier, the stylus tip radius for 78's, being three times that for LP, had its weight distributed over a much larger area, resulting in lower unit pressures. This phenomenon can be illustrated by common everyday example. Sharpen an ordinary lead pencil to a fine thin point and start to write. Before you have written half a page the point is blunted, but from there on for the next dozen pages the wear is very much slower, because while your writing pressure may remain the same it is being distributed over a progressively larger area as the point wears back. Unfortunately, in the

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case of an LP stylus, it is absolutely necessary that the extremely critical one-mil point remain that way as long as it is to play your records without damage. And diamond is the *only* material that can be depended on to retain its original shape for even 1,000 hours under ideal conditions.

There are other factors affecting record wear that have been discussed at such length that they need only be mentioned here: compliance of cartridge, tracking or tangency to the grooves, correct loading (it should be exactly adjustable for 78's or LP), and freedom of lateral and vertical movement of the pickup arm so that even warped records and non-concentric ones may be played without plowing or skipping of the grooves. Well-designed pickups take all these variables into consideration, but they are conspicuous by their absence in usual listening-booth playback equipment.

THE low-priced record player has done both a service and disservice to the cause of LP. There is no doubt that it was largely responsible in getting vast numbers of people previously committed to 78's to sample the new speeds for a very small investment. But it is of doubtful value once the conversion is effected.

There has been a great deal of controversy about which component is the most important in what C. G. Burke aptly describes as the "eclectic" phonograph. We would say unhesitatingly that as far as the records are concerned it is the pickup cartridge stylus and arm. A poor amplifier or speaker may be hard on the listener's ears, but they can take it; a cheap pickup assembly is hard on the records, and they can't.

Modern recording has reached a point where most records are good; some are excellent, and not a few are extratellurian (English for out-of-this-world). As purveyors of the music which constitutes the bulk of this output, it is the responsibility of every dealer to see that his customers receive their records in the same condition as he received them from the manufacturer. Dealers who refuse to recognize this responsibility, either through ignorance or apathy, deserve no less than boycott by the discriminating record buyer.

The best answer to the problem, however, lies with the manufacturer himself. He is very sensitive to the pressure of public demand, and once aroused and articulate it could easily persuade him to adopt a policy of advertising and selling "sealed and certified" records or sets only on a non-play, non-return basis, except in case

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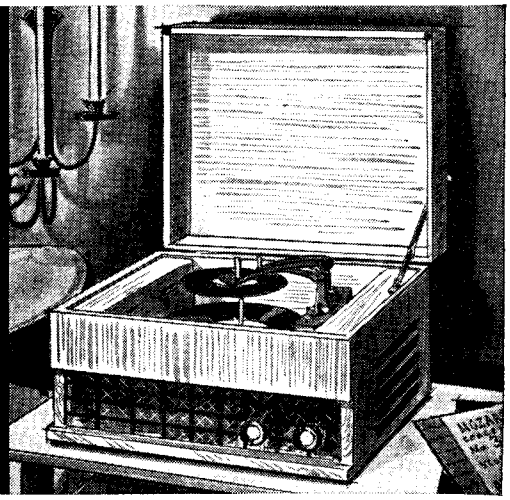

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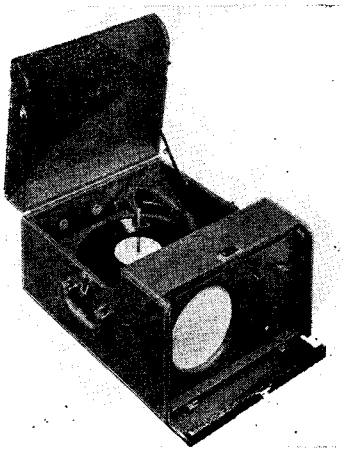

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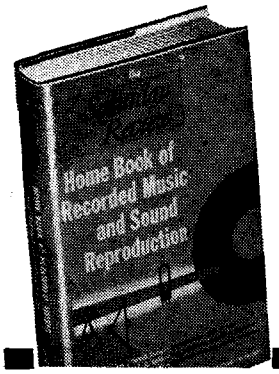

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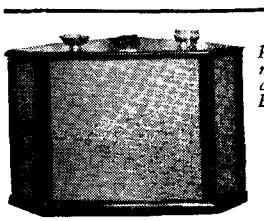
of actual physical defect. He could implement such a policy by giving to the dealer or selling him at cost, a "demonstration" record with every so many he purchased. This would be quite a sales lever from the wholesale level, and such records would be clearly marked "for demonstration only—not to be sold."

NO SMALL part of the present trouble with the publishing industry lies in the fact that books are sold today largely by people who know nothing about books. A similar charge may be made about the record business. We look forward to the time when records will be sold not by appliance dealers, but by people with a background of musical literacy and, above all, with ears that can distinguish between good and bad reproduction and with artistic standards, innate or acquired, that will permit them to be of some help and guidance to prospective purchasers faced with a confusing

multiplicity of choice in their selection of a given performance. Such persons would no more subject you to the inadequacies of the listening booth than expect you to buy an original Utrillo from a penny postcard copy.

They would undoubtedly value your custom sufficiently to provide you with a small but acoustically correct auditorium, high-quality playback equipment, and intelligent manipulation of the controls. Already such facilities are available in the larger cities for the evaluation and comparison of audio equipment; at a fraction of the cost, since only one reproducing unit would be required, similar set-ups might be used profitably to send the ever-increasing throngs of music lovers and audio enthusiasts home with larger stacks of records whose aural acquaintance they had made in surroundings much like a miniature concert hall.

Until this millennium, however, our only hope for keeping high fidelity undefiled is to raise our voices in a hue and cry that will eventually eliminate the dreadful little chambers where it is daily being subjected to criminal assault with a deadly weapon.



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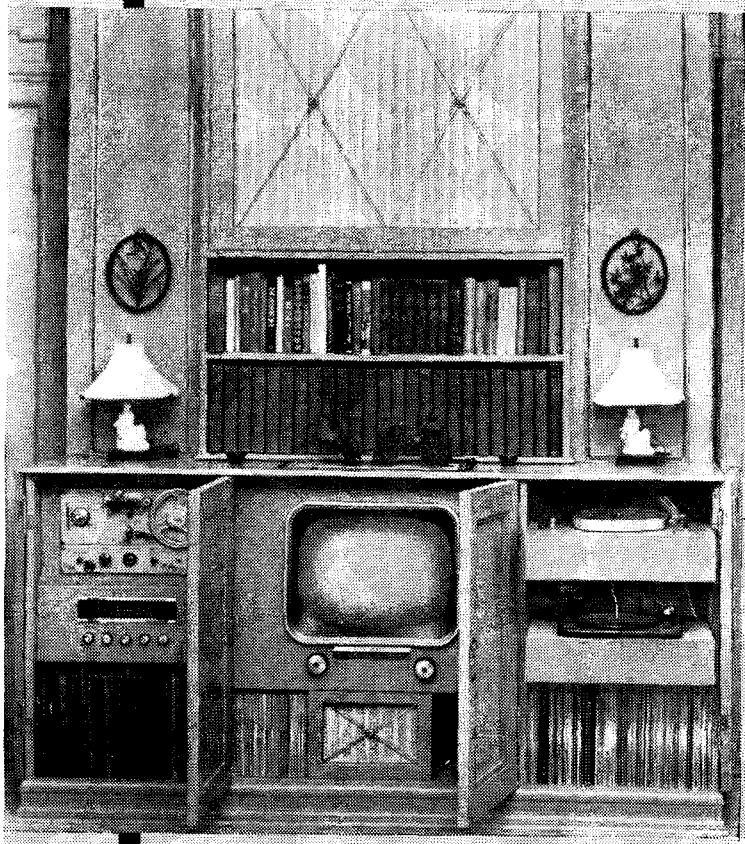

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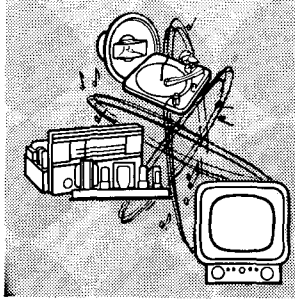

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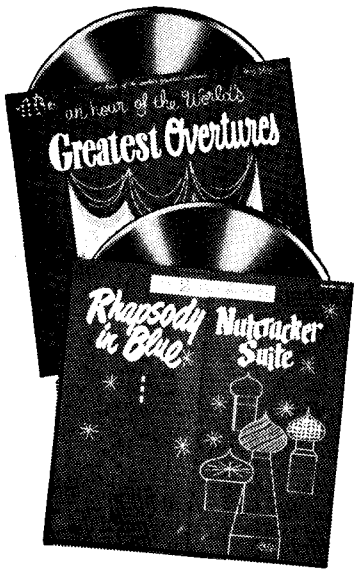

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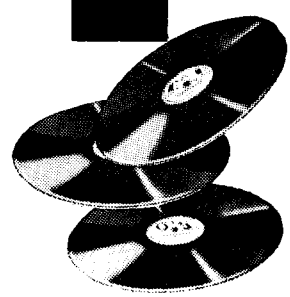

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